

Sight and Sound

Altman's high farce

Spielberg's apocalypse

'Philadelphia': the odd couple

Michael Mansfield QC on

'In the Name of the Father'

Obsession: the Western

Plus 28 pages of film

and video reviews

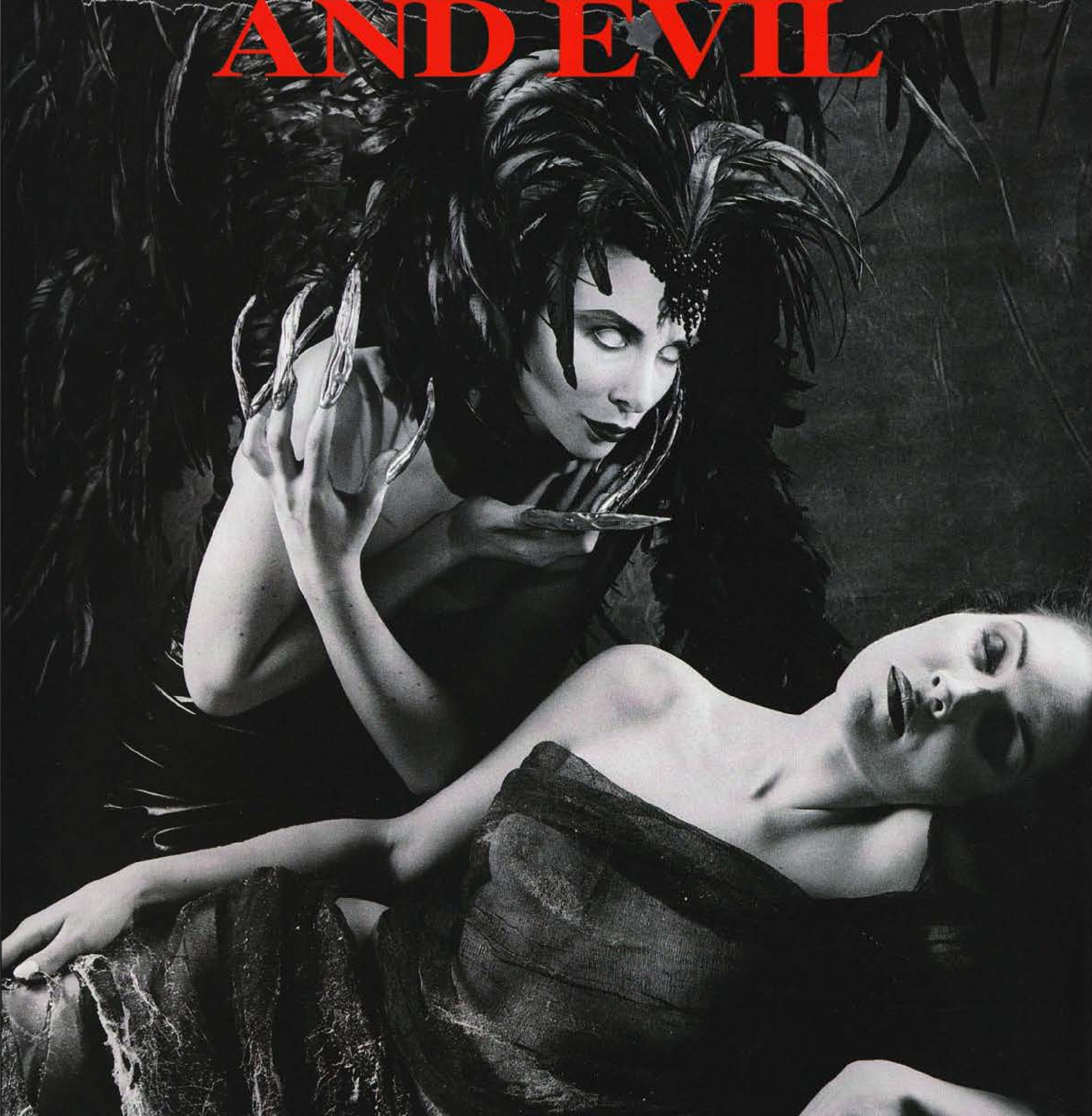
Power of restraint

Anthony Hopkins in 'Shadowlands'

WINNER
OF TWO
MAJOR
MAGAZINE
AWARDS



BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL



REDEMPTION

TOTAL VIDEO ABSOLUTION

FUTURE RELEASES INCLUDE *FRANCO'S SADOMANIA*, *EROTIKILL*, *THE AWFUL DR ORLOF*,
EXORCISME, *SADISTEROTICA*, *VIRGIN AMONG THE LIVING DEAD*; *ROLLIN'S FASCINATION*
AND THE SLEAZE CLASSIC *BARE BEHIND BARS*!

Sight and Sound
(incorporating Monthly
Film Bulletin)
Volume 4 Issue 3 (NS)
21 Stephen Street
London W1P 1PL
Telephone 071 255 1444
Facsimile 071 436 2327

Editorial

Editor
Philip Dodd
Deputy editor
Jonathan Romney
Associate editor
Pam Cook
Assistant editor
Rebecca Russell
Editorial assistant
Colette O'Reilly
Research assistant
Adam Hodgkins
Contributing editors
J. Hoberman, Pervaiz Khan,
John Powers, Mike O'Pray, Tony
Rayns, Jane Root, Amy Taubin
Sub-editor
Vicky Wilson
Picture editor
Millie Simpson
Design and art direction
Esterson Lackersteen
Page make-up
Spy Graphics
Origination
Precise Litho
Printer
St Ives plc

Advertising sales

Mark Pearson
Hucksters Ltd
Riseden, Tidebrook
Wadhurst, East Sussex
Telephone 0892 784804
Facsimile 0892 784796

Business

Publishing director
Caroline Moore
Assistant
Charlotte Housden
Managing director
BFI publishing
Colin MacCabe
Newsstand distribution
UMD. Telephone 071 490 2020
Bookshop distribution
Central Books
Telephone 081 986 4854
US distribution
2nd class postage paid at
Rahway, NJ, and at additional
mailing offices. Postmaster:
send address corrections to
Sight and Sound, c/o Mercury
Airfreight International Ltd Inc.,
2323 Randolph Avenue,
Avenel, NJ 07001
Subscription price is \$56.00
Newsstand distribution by:
Eastern News Distributors Inc.

Annual subscription rates

UK £27.00
Europe £32.00
US airspeed £32.00
Overseas surface mail £32.00
Overseas airmail £56.00
Special rates apply to BFI
members
For subscription queries
contact: Subscription
Department, Sight and Sound
Tower House, Sovereign Park
Market Harborough
Leicestershire LE16 9EF
Telephone 0858 468888
Facsimile 0858 434958
Binders available from Sight and
Sound 071 636 3289. UK £7.00,
overseas surface mail £9.00

The British Film Institute exists
to encourage the development
of film, television and video in the
United Kingdom, and to promote
knowledge, understanding and
enjoyment of the culture of the
moving image. Its activities
include the National Film and
Television Archive; the National
Film Theatre; the Museum of the
Moving Image; the London Film
Festival; the production and
distribution of film and video;
funding and support for regional
activities; Library and Information
Services; Stills, Posters and
Designs; Research; Publishing
and Education; and the monthly
Sight and Sound magazine



Published monthly by the
British Film Institute
ISSN 0037-4806

Sight and Sound

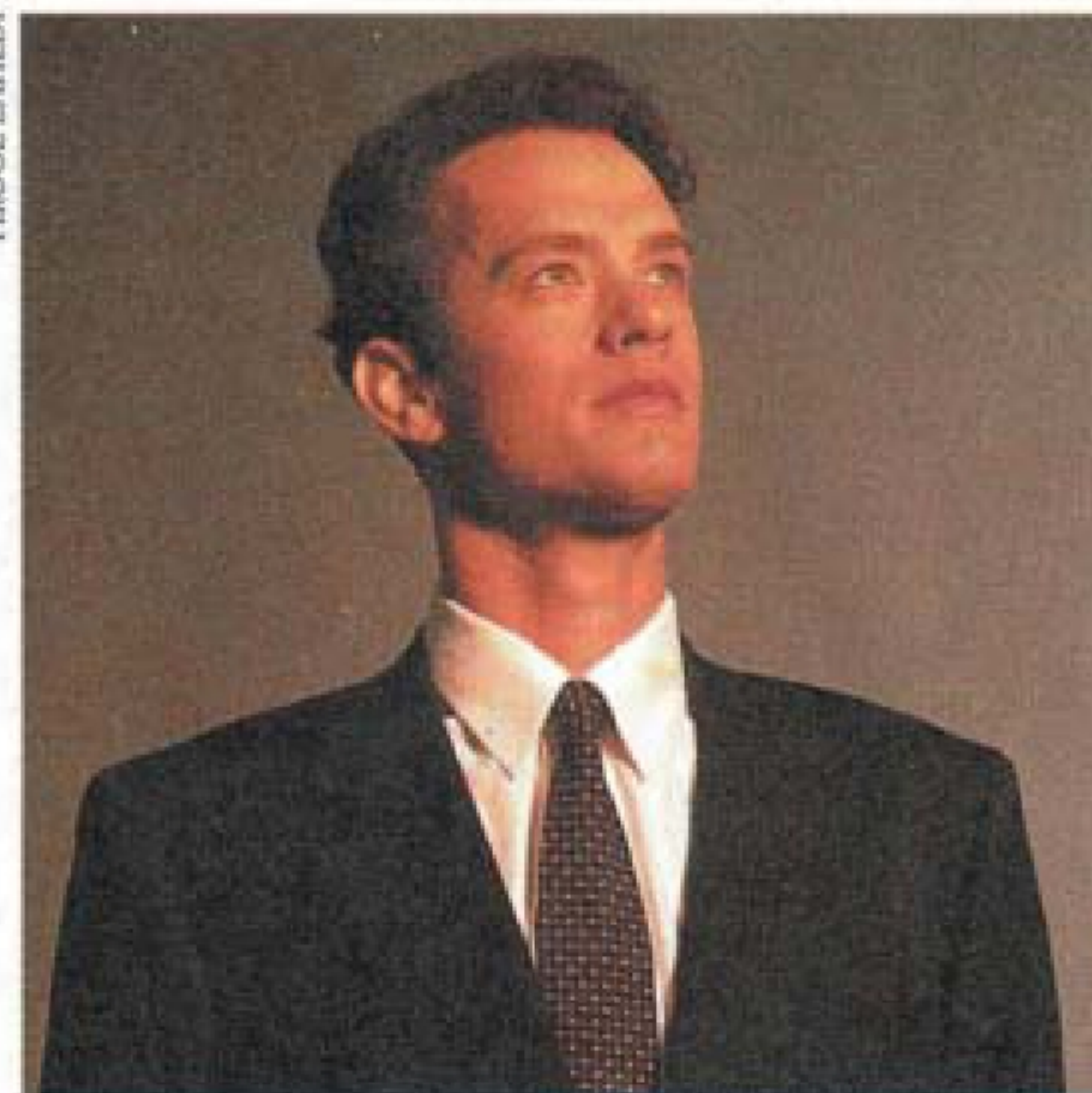
March 1994



'Short Cuts': 8



'In the Name of the Father': 7



'Philadelphia': 24

Features

IN THE TIME OF EARTHQUAKES

Comic and complex, *Short Cuts* gathers up all Altman's revealing obsessions. By Jonathan Romney
Plus Howard Mandel talks with Hal Willner **8**

WITNESS

With *Schindler's List* has Spielberg imagined the unimaginable? By Simon Louvish **12**

FEELING ENGLISH

A very emotional film, *Shadowlands* gives the lie to the cliché that English cinema is cold and unfeeling. By Richard Dyer **16**

VALLEY BOYS

Stanley Baker, Richard Burton and Anthony Hopkins are often grouped together as Welsh stars. Do they share in a tradition? By Geoffrey Macnab **20**

THE ODD COUPLE

For Hollywood, *Philadelphia* is a breakthrough. But why does it matter? By Amy Taubin **24**

COLINE SERREAU: A HIGH WIRE ACT

Are women taking over French comedy? And what is so singular about Serreau's humour? By Ginette Vincendeau **26**

Regulars

EDITORIAL Necessary freedoms **3**

BUSINESS Jimi Hendrix and Larry Fishburne... Sean Penn... Ted Turner **4**

WRITER'S BLOCK

Michael Mansfield QC on *In the Name of the Father* **7**

OBSESSION

Russell Hoban on Robert Aldrich **31**

BOOKS Action movies; Graham Greene; television drama; US cartoons; Robert Shaw **32**

LETTERS Censorship... Costume pictures... *The Piano* **64**

COVER

Photograph by Platon. The cover of the February issue was by Fred Oringer/Lamoine/Katz

Film reviews

Bronx Tale, A	36
Crise, La	37
Free Willy	38
Hear No Evil	39
Heaven & Earth	39
In the Name of the Father	41
Kafka	42
Noorderlingen, De/ The Northerners	43
Northerners, The/ De Noorderlingen	43
Pelican Brief, The	44
Philadelphia	45
Schindler's List	46
Shadowlands	48
Short Cuts	49
Son in Law	51
Three Musketeers, The	51
Tombstone	53
Wayne's World 2	54

TV films

Bambino Mio	55
Bullion Boys, The	56
Railway Station Man, The	56
Wall of Silence	57

Video

VIDEO CHOICE Mark Kermode and Peter Dean on the ten best, plus the rest of the releases **58**

THE UNLIKELY LADS Ray Galton and Alan Simpson on Hancock's *The Rebel* **61**

WIND UP Peter Dean on the video business **63**

Next issue on sale 22 March



'Schindler's List': 12

CATALOGUE

- TVT1084 Annabelle Partagee £15.99
- TVT1085 Battle of Algiers £15.99
- TVT1076 Danzon £15.99
- TVT1038 Daughters of Darkness £12.99
- TVT60 Double Life of Veronique £15.99
- TVT1105 Dr Mabuse £15.99
- TVT1079 Elvira Madigan £15.99
- TVT7 Hearts of Darkness £13.99
- TVT1077 Homework £15.99
- TVT1087 Honeymoon Killers £15.99
- TVT1072 Labyrinth of Passion £15.99
- TVT1016 Law of Desire £15.99
- TVT1073 Le Cop 2 £15.99
- TVT1070 Les Valseuses £15.99
- TVT1074 Man Bites Dog £15.99
- TVT32 Matador (box set) £21.99
- TVT1069 Mon Pere Ce Heros £15.99
- TVT62 Noce Blanche £15.99
- TVT1014 Pepi, Luci, Bom £15.99
- TVT61 Romuald et Juliette £15.99
- TVT34 Sir Henry at Rawlinsons End £12.99
- TVT1083 Sweet Emma, Dear Bobe £15.99
- TVT30 The Icicle Thief £15.99
- TVT1066 The Magician £15.99
- TVT1081 The Seventh Seal (box set) £ 21.99
- TVT1075 The Silence £15.99
- TVT63 These Foolish Things £15.99
- TVT1089 Through a Glass Darkly £10.99*
- TVT35 Trust £15.99
- TVT29 Volere Volare £15.99
- TVT1018 What Have I Done to
Deserve This ? £15.99
- TVT1068 Winter Light £15.99
- TVT1088 Olivier Olivier £15.99
- TVT1031 Liquid Sky £15.99
- TVT1107 I was on Mars £15.99
- TVT1106 A Bout De Souffle
(Breathless) £15.99
- TVT1093 Hairdresser's Husband £15.99
- TVT1101 Leolo £15.99
- TVT1015 Matador £15.99
- TVT1108 The Adjuster £15.99
- TVT1065 Wild Strawberries
(boxset) £ 21.99
- TVT1109 Cinema Paradiso £15.99
- TVT1096 Jamon Jamon £15.99
- TVT1115 Pandora's Box £15.99
- TVT1094 J'Embrasse Pas £15.99
- TVT1090 Jacquot de Nantes £15.99
- TVT1110 Just Another Girl on the IRT £15.99
- TVT1117 Ingmar Bergman Box Set £ 49.95
- TVT1111 Man Bites Dog Box Set £ 21.99
- TVT 1119 The Blood of a Poet £15.99
- TVT 1099 The Old Lady Who
Walked In The Sea £15.99
- TVT 1096 L'Homme De Ma Vie £15.99
- TVT 1137 La Fille De L'Air £15.99
- TVT 1124 The Tune £15.99
- TVT 1078 The Voyage £15.99
- TVT 1153 Diary of a Lost Girl £15.99
- TVT 1140 L'accompagnatrice £15.99

Sight
and
Sound



TARTAN VIDEO
offer



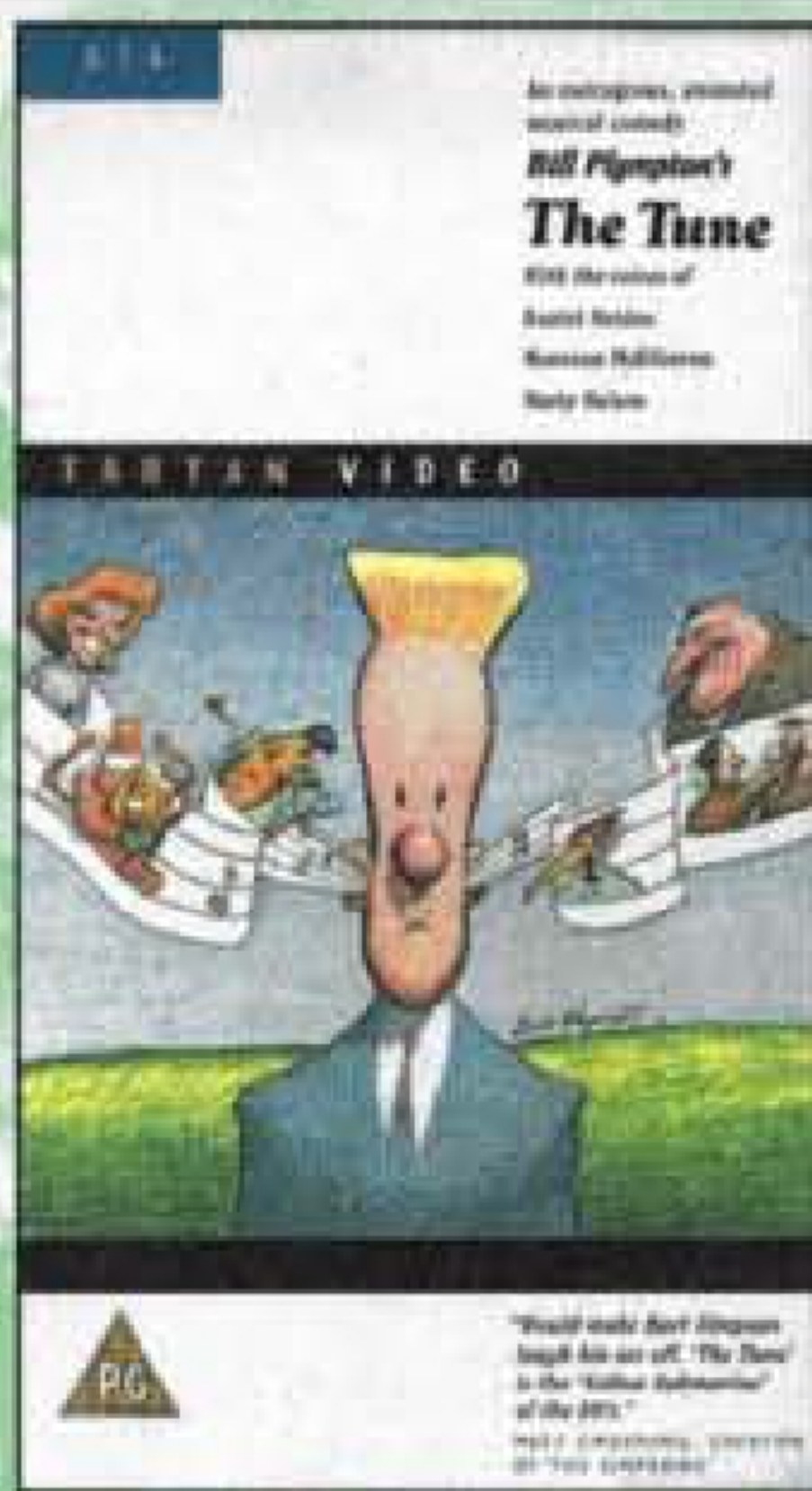
Sight and Sound and Tartan Video join forces to offer the readers of the UK's pre-eminent film publication the finest in independent and world cinema. Films of distinction and enduring excellence digitally remastered for superior quality and presented with extensive liner notes. This outstanding collection of beautifully packaged films is now available on VHS and Laserdisc in the original aspect ratios. Watch out for exciting offers appearing in every issue.



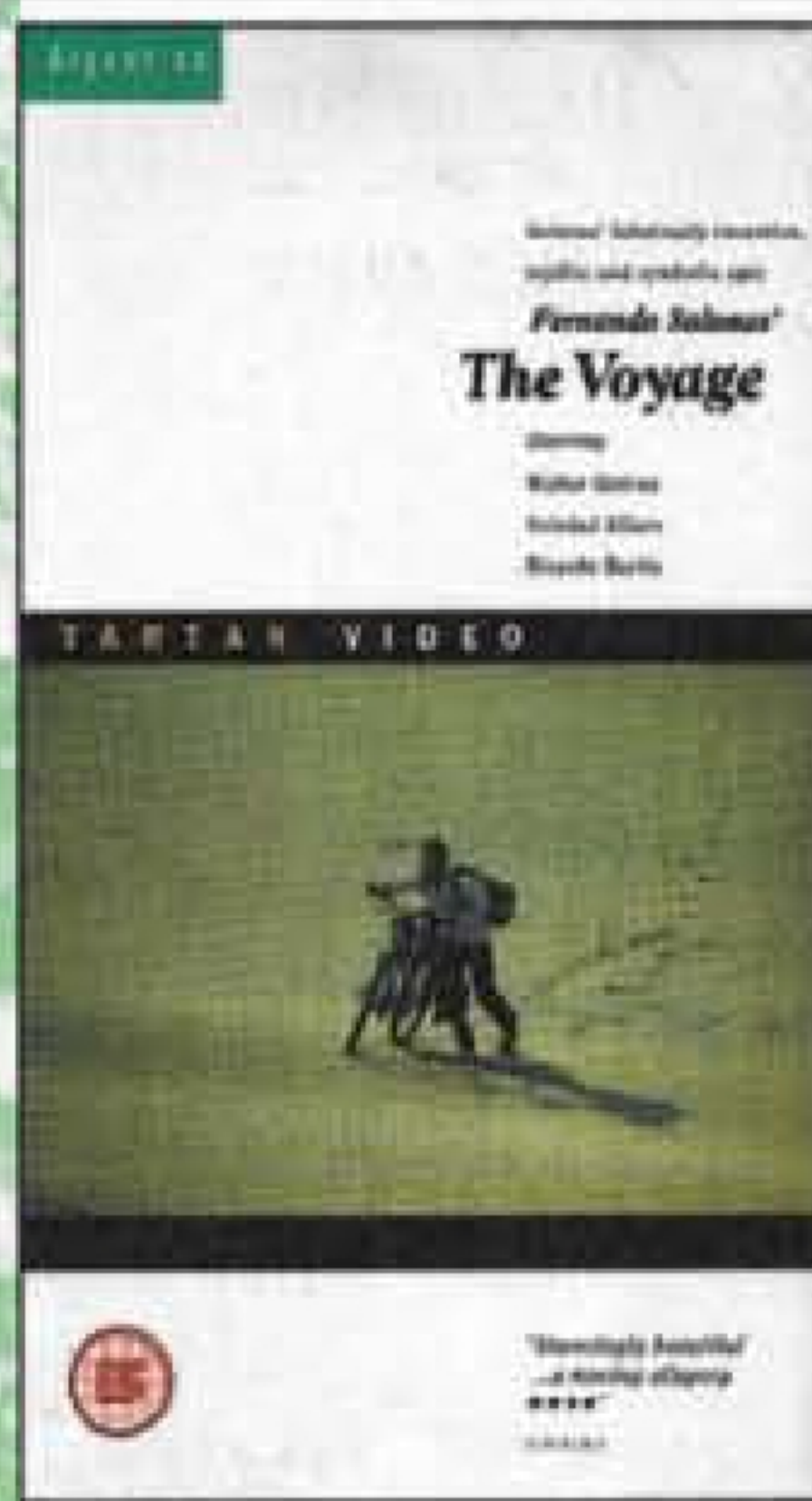
Bergman's haunting THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY for only £10.99*

Ingmar Bergman's film is an intense, rigorous and disturbing study of the doubts, uneasiness and creeping paranoia of contemporary life. The first of his religious trilogy, completed by "Winter Light" and "The Silence", this severe and introverted masterpiece, starring Max Von Sydow, won the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film in 1961. Normally priced at £15.99 "Through A Glass Darkly", is available through the Sight & Sound/ Tartan Video Offer
FOR THE EXCLUSIVE PRICE OF £10.99 (incl. P&P). Cat. No. TVT 1089

New releases for February 1994



THE TUNE
An outrageous, animated musical comedy from award-winning animator Bill 'Nik Nak' Plympton.
CAT NO. TVT 1124 £15.99



THE VOYAGE
Fernando Solanas' fabulously inventive, mythic and symbolic epic journey through Latin America.
CAT NO. TVT 1078 £15.99



DIARY OF A LOST GIRL
Legendary screen icon Louise Brooks in Pabst's vivid exploration of a corrupt society.
CAT NO. TVT 1153 £15.99



L'ACCOMPAGNATRICE
From the acclaimed director of 'An Impudent Girl', Claude Miller's touching and deeply sensitive account of a young accompanist.
CAT NO. TVT 1140 £15.99

THE CEMENT
GARDEN



Exclusive merchandise offer

From the acclaimed novel by Ian McEwan and available to rent from 30th March, "The Cement Garden" is stylishly represented on this black T-shirt at the exclusive price of just
£8.99 (incl. P&P) CAT NO. TVS 001 Please quote when ordering



CREDIT CARD HOTLINE! Simply call the Sight & Sound/Tartan Video Offer hotline on **071 437 5695** to order your choices instantly (all major credit cards accepted).

TO ORDER SIMPLY COMPLETE THE FORM BELOW LISTING THE CATALOGUE NUMBER AND TITLE OF ITEMS REQUIRED. MAKE CHEQUES AND P.D.'S PAYABLE TO "TARTAN VIDEO LTD". POSTAGE AND PACKING IS INCLUDED IN THE PRICE

Total order value £..... I enclose a cheque for the total made payable to Tartan Video Limited, or charge my credit card for the total value of £..... ☐ VISA ☐ ACCESS (Tick Circle)

Card Number Expiry Date Name Address

PLEASE CUT (OR PHOTOCOPY) THE FORM AND RETURN TO:- TARTAN VIDEO LTD., METRO TARTAN HOUSE, 70 WARDOUR ST., LONDON W1V 3TH.
TEL NO. 071 437 5695 FAX. 071 438 1822 Please allow 28 days for delivery. *Special offer is valid until 31st March 1994

ALL TITLES ARE ALSO AVAILABLE FROM HMV, VIRGIN, OUR PRICE AND ALL GOOD VIDEO RETAIL OUTLETS

Necessary freedoms

Contributors to this issue

Paul Burston is editor of the gay section of *Time Out*
Richard Dyer is Professor of Film Studies, University of Warwick

Peter Goodwin is a freelance writer specialising in broadcasting

Russell Hoban is working on a new novel *Fremder*. His collection of essays *The Moment Under the Moment* is published by Cape

Nick James is a freelance film critic

Kevin Loader is executive producer for drama at the BBC

Simon Louvish is a novelist and critic who has recently completed a study of *It's a Gift*, to be published in June

Geoffrey Macnab is the author of *J. Arthur Rank and the British Film Industry*

Howard Mandel is a New York-based music critic

Robert Murphy has published several books including *Sixties British Cinema*

Amy Taubin is the author of a forthcoming study of *Taxi Driver*

Ginette Vincendeau is the co-editor of *Popular European Cinema*

The price of liberty may not quite be eternal vigilance. But it is wise to make a regular check on what new threats to freedom of expression are germinating in legislative crevices, and what old ones are crawling out from under judicial stones.

A quick sift through events of the last few weeks yields a varied crop. First, there was the reporting of Gerry Adams' New York visit. The reaction of most British newspapers showed how bad the British press is at defending anyone's freedom of expression other than its own. The treatment on television highlighted, if anyone had ever been in any doubt, the comic grotesqueness of the UK government's broadcasting ban.

Adams, like it or not, was the big story. He was interviewed, like any other big story, on major talk shows broadcast across the US. But in the UK, we once again had to be protected from the dangers of his vocal pattern by having his words dubbed by an actor. There was a wonderfully bizarre moment on BBC2's *Newsnight* when the presenter, Jeremy Paxman, tried to engage Adams in argument, only to be confounded by the BBC's need to deny Adams his own voice. Paxman looked to be jousting with a ventriloquist's dummy.

But it was not only in Britain that the Sinn Fein president's voice was dubbed. CNN and NBC Superchannel also voiced over or blanked out Adams on services covering Europe and beyond. That is because they are UK-licensed services and (rather timidly) plead that they have to obey British law. Their services to the UK are the same services that cover the rest of Europe, so Britain's shame is broadcast across the continent.

Second, we have the proposed amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill by David Alton MP, which would restrict the availability of certain films. In a letter to this issue of *Sight and Sound*, Alton explains that the purpose of his amendment is "to set the principle that no film containing degrading or gratuitously violent scenes liable to cause psychological damage to a child, or to present a child with an inappropriate role model, should be viewed in any place to which children have access." Mr Alton may go on to say that such films could still be viewed in both cinemas and film clubs, but that doesn't get away from the fact that for a majority of the population without access to specialised cinemas,

this is a serious curtailment of cultural rights. And what if the same logic were extended to the violent sado-masochistic masterpiece of a novel, *Jane Eyre*? Should that be banned from homes and schools?

Third, there has been the fate of *Maxwell: the Musical*. This was prevented from opening (and probably killed, at the cost of £1 million and a hundred jobs) by an injunction applied for by the Attorney General on the grounds that it could prejudice the coming trial of Maxwell's sons.

Outside the chambers of the High Court, most of us would deem that judgment silly, given the coverage the Maxwell case has already garnered. But most of us are also likely to shrug our shoulders and say, "it's only a musical, so is there really a threat to free discussion?" There is the same temptation with the broadcasting ban and David Alton's proposed amendment. The ban can be circumvented by voiceovers, so is it really restrictive? And the amendment – clearly well intentioned – will only affect porn films, won't it?

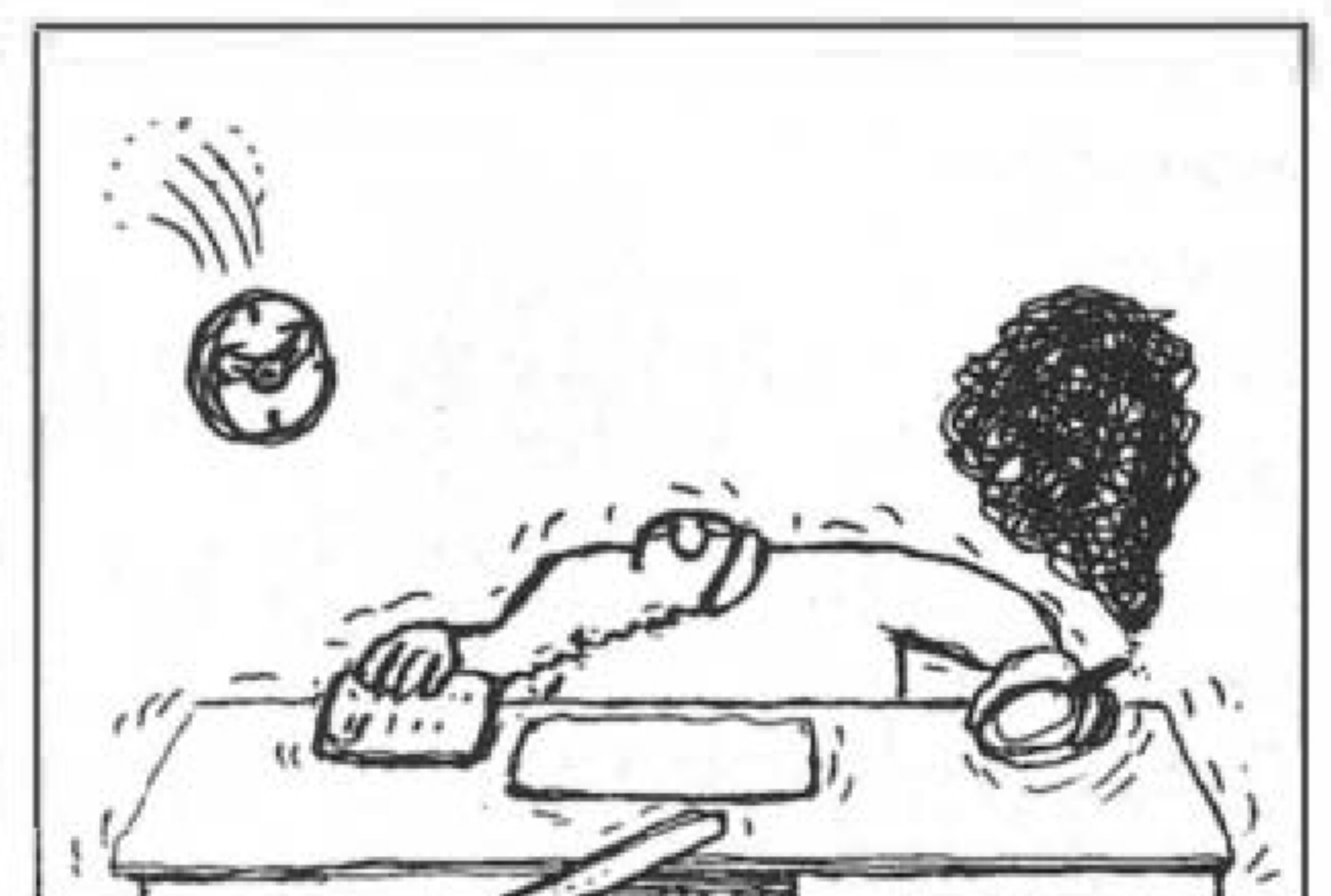
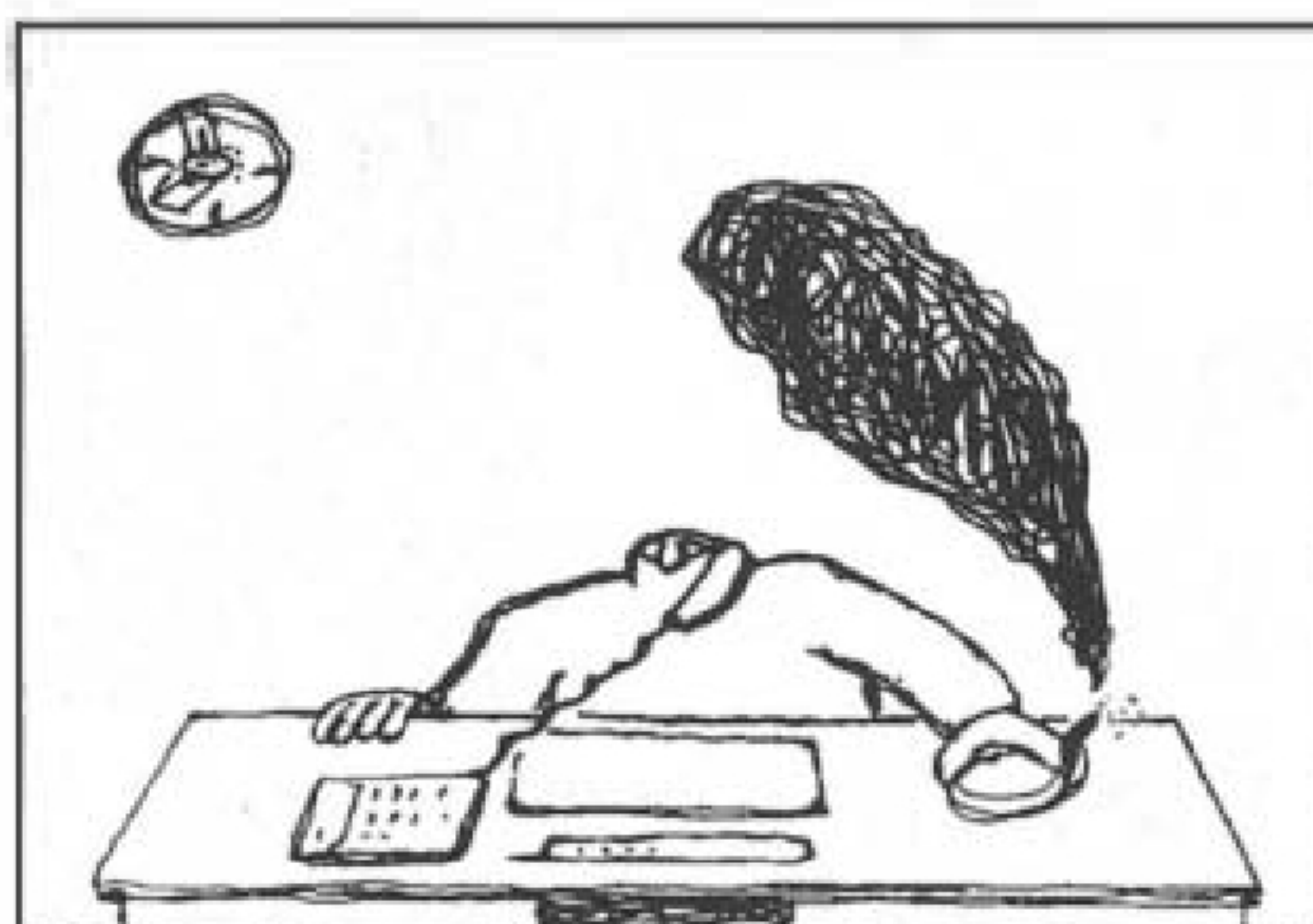
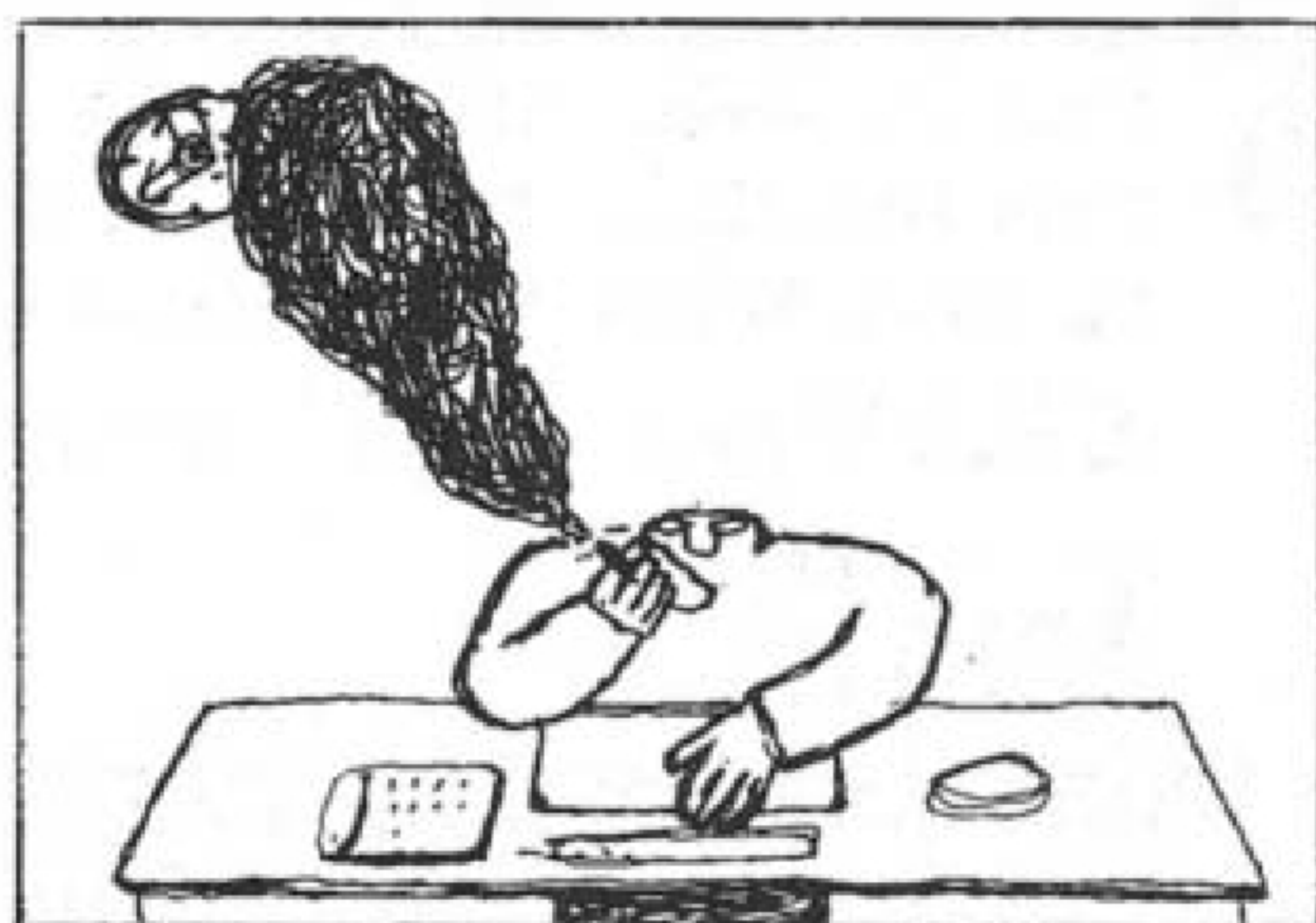
In each case, the temptation to turn the other cheek should be resisted. *Maxwell: the Musical* is just the latest case in which discussion about major issues of immediate public importance has been suppressed by the judiciary under the specious grounds of contempt of court. In this case, it was a musical; it could equally well be an article, book, film or television programme.

The broadcasting ban is still doing what the government intended it to do – brand as beyond argument or negotiation a major political force in Northern Ireland. From the ITA banning of a *World in Action* in 1971 because it included Sinn Fein and IRA interviews through Home Secretary Leon Brittan's successfully "requesting" the BBC not to broadcast a *Real Lives* programme, to the censored dramas listed by Michael Mansfield QC in his article on *In the Name of the Father*, there has been a long tradition of censorship about Ireland on British television. The broadcasting ban reinforces that tradition.

These three threats to our freedom of expression cannot be seen or judged in isolation. They are signs of a culture uneasy with itself, feeling it will be contaminated by malign forces if it does not banish them. It is a tragedy that Britain increasingly sets itself up as a fortress – neurotically guarding itself from the enemies, without and within.

JERRY ON LINE #1

James Sillavan – Peter Lydon ©



'Great preview Jerry, what a timely tear-jerker! I'm still crying damn it...sniff...crying at my courage to let you kill off the hero at the end...blub...crying because I know the movie's going to make a lot of money...choke...crying because I can't work out how we can make a sequel.'

The business

● Old rockers never die, but films about them do tend to fade away. *Tina: What's Love Got to Do With It* did well enough around the world. But Oliver Stone's *The Doors* was scarcely a hit, and Jim McBride's Jerry Lee Lewis biopic, *Great Balls of Fire*, bombed completely.

Nothing daunted, ex-Palace producer Nik Powell is about to launch *Backbeat*, with Stephen Dorff essaying a rather shaky Liverpool accent as Stuart Sutcliffe, the 'fifth' Beatle. Somewhat further down the line comes *Hammer of the Gods*, about Led Zeppelin drummer John Bonham, which Mike Figgis was at one stage slated to direct.

And finally, in an announcement that will send either a thrill or a chill through 60s survivors, Larry Fishburne, whose rock 'n' roll pedigree includes playing Ike Turner in *What's Love Got to Do With It* (and being nominated for an Oscar for his performance), is planning a more sympathetic musical portrait when he produces and stars in a biopic about Jimi Hendrix.

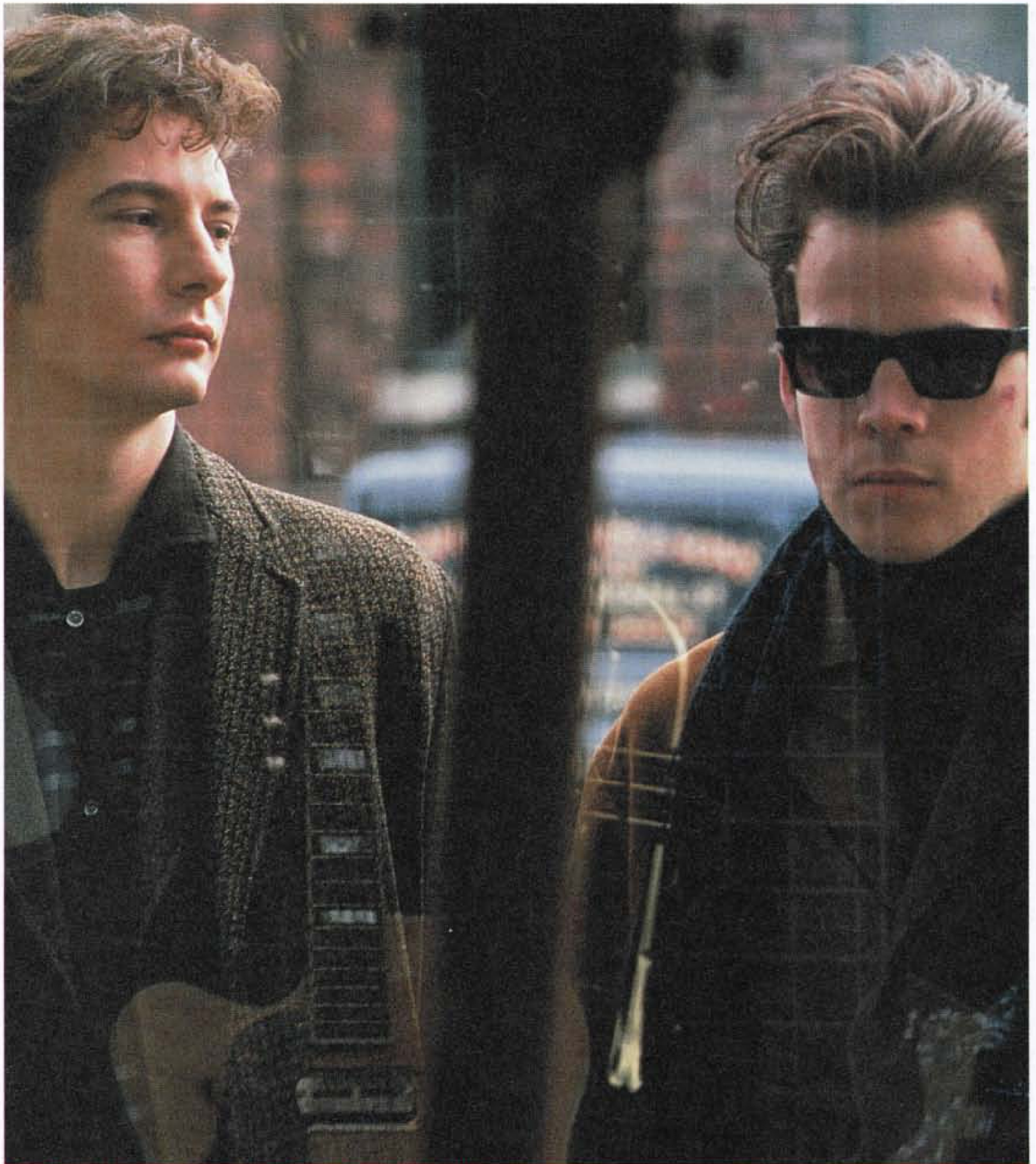
Meanwhile, if there is anyone out there with a shelved script about Billy Fury, Mr Busy – who, by a macabre coincidence, conducted the last-ever interview with the forgotten genius of British rock – would be only too happy to try to raise the money. And I'd do it for a fraction of the percentage the British pop business ripped Billy off for, too.

Clearly politicians believe that people in the film business are fools – or, if not fools, not worth talking to in a sensible way. As a matter of fact, I am not, for once, referring to the Thatcher/Major government's lamentable track record when it comes to cultural support for the cinema. I'm talking about Boris Yeltsin.

Now, Mr Busy has never had the personal pleasure of a one-to-one with Big Boris. But he was present at a meeting organised by the Great Democrat at the 1991 Moscow Film Festival in the dying days of the Gorbachev era, at which the level of political analysis was particularly low, since Yeltsin obviously believed he was talking only to fools or film-makers.

At that stage of history, the problems of political reorganisation were far from Boris' mind: he was focused firmly on power. And that was to be achieved by rubbing the incumbent regime. Thus, intoned Yeltsin in that tone of gentle reason we have all come to associate with him, the problems of the Soviet Union were to be found in the fact that all Party members (correction: all Party members then in power, since Yeltsin was at that stage one but not the other) had luxury dachas in the woods around Moscow. Take them away and democracy would dawn, he declared.

I mention this only because Vladimir Zhirinovskiy is now saying pretty much the same thing about Boris. The big difference, of course, is that he isn't only saying it to film-makers.



Rave from the grave: 'Backbeat' revives 'fifth' Beatle Stuart Sutcliffe

● Still on the subject of Mother Russia, last month's Berlin Film Festival witnessed a curious aftershock of the changes that have taken place in the territories of the former Soviet Union. The Berlin festival has always – or at any rate for the past 15 years or so – prided itself on being a bridge between east and west, and has had a few difficulties adapting to the fact that, since the chasm no longer exists, a bridge is no longer quite so necessary. But the old personal contacts remain, notably those established between Sovexportfilm, the former sole agent for all movies produced in the Soviet republics, and Hans-Joachim Schlegel, the festival's Soviet specialist.

Schlegel was reportedly a little miffed when the festival's accompanying Market kicked Sovexportfilm out and replaced it

with Eurasia, a new independent sales company which was initially run by two former Sovexportfilm execs, Oleg Sulkin and Eugene Zykov (they have since fallen out and Zykov has departed). Eurasia is at present in severe financial difficulties, mainly because sales of Russian films are no better now than they were in the days of the singing tractor drivers. But the company – backed for the time being by the State Committee for Cinematography (which, as Goskino, was almost permanently at loggerheads with Sovexportfilm) – was still in the Market this year, under the splendid name of Kino Rossii. Sovexportfilm remained on a day pass, operating out of its long-time Friedrichstrasse office in what used to be East Berlin.

Schlegel, however, made sure that most of the films in the Official

Selection were Sovexportfilm-represented, including the new Kira Muratova movie. Kino Rossii's line-up was little more than a couple of Market screenings of VHS videos.

Le Carré enthusiasts at least will be pleased to know that the Cold War still lingers in one or two pockets of the European cultural firmament.

Poor old Unifrance. Readers may recall that the French government-backed organisation jumped in to fill the gap when Lionel Chouchan's horror festival was kicked out of the up-market ski resort of Avoriaz last year. Loudly trumpeted by Unifrance chairman (and leading French producer) Daniel Toscan du Plantier, the plan was to fill Avoriaz's cultural void with a festival of recent French movies – a sort of back-home version of the annual Sarasota junket, in which a plane-load of French film-makers, critics and cultural bureaucrats (not necessarily in that order) jet off to Florida every November to sit

around on the beach and promote French films to plane-loads of American producers, distributors and promotional executives (very much in that order).

Alas, it was not a success. For some reason, French people on vacation in Avoriaz showed no more inclination to see the films they didn't turn out for at home just because they were in a festival, while foreign guests appeared less ready to tramp around in the snow for a week than they were to sit on a beach in Florida. Funny, really.

● Apologies to all concerned with *Highlander III: The Magician*. In the gap between Mr Busy writing that the producers were unable to come up with Christopher Lambert's salary and February's *Sight and Sound* hitting the newsstands, Davis/Panzer Productions did just that. So Lambert is back, the film is in production and late twentieth-century cinematic culture will soon be enriched by its release.

Trust Sean Penn to stir it all up. Although the former Mr Madonna made a brief (and impressive) return to the screen recently as the sleazy lawyer in 'Carlito's Way', his basic career goal is still to be regarded as a director, not an actor.

For some time, he has been working on a project called 'The Crossing Guard', in which he will star as well as direct and write. Penn plays a man released from jail after serving eight years for killing a girl while drink-driving. When he gets out, he is pursued by the girl's father, while the man's ex-wife simply wants the whole affair forgotten.

As if the subject matter (strongly reminiscent of Chabrol's 'Que la bête meure') was not enough to ensure emotional turmoil, Penn has pumped things up even further with his casting of the other two roles: Jack Nicholson and Anjelica Huston. This will mark the first time the two have appeared in a film together since their acrimonious – and very public – split as a couple in the late 80s after

more than 12 years co-habiting. It may well even be the first time they have spoken to one another since.



Career moves: Sean Penn in 'Carlito's Way'

● If the last you heard about plans for a Paramount takeover was in this column, prepare yourself for a shock. After six months of legal wranglings, Barry Diller of teleshopping channel QVC – that bizarre example of cultural progress which features well-manicured hands dangling cheap

jewellery under an array of credit-card-order telephone numbers – is now almost certain to acquire Hollywood's most prestigious studio.

In the meantime, Ted Turner has all but finalised his acquisition of both Castle Rock Entertainment, the Rob Reiner-Billy Crystal company, and New Line Cinema, the brash independent that cruised from the generic waters of *A Nightmare on Elm Street* to *Blink* and the upcoming \$20 million special effects movie, *The Mask*. This last stars *In Living Color*'s Jim Carrey as yet another adult cartoon character transferred to the big screen, this time from Mike Richardson's distinctly marginal Dark Horse Comics.

New owner or no, however, New Line is not giving up the old warhorses. Freddy may have died in *Nightmare on Elm Street VI*, but he'll be back again soon in Wes Craven's *Nightmare on Elm Street: The Real Story*. This is the first time Craven has been behind the *Elm Street* camera since episode one, and the story is strikingly post-modern: it stars Heather Langenkamp (Nancy in *Nightmare*) as an actress whose career has been blighted by her identification with that role. Craven himself turns out to have been no more than an amanuensis passing on information from the 'real' Freddy.

Can this, I wonder, be what the estimable John Carpenter meant on television the other night when he talked about finding "a new direction for the horror movie"?

Forget all that stuff about Hollywood being a factory concerned only with profit. A recent survey decisively proved that movies are the least profitable form of image-based entertainment. Published at the end of last year by a New York communications research company, the survey revealed that the film business' profit margin averaged out at a scant 8.7 per cent (meaning you'd be better off putting your dosh in a Post Office Savings account), compared with 17.2 per cent for broadcasters (television and radio combined), and 19 per cent for cable TV companies.

Top of the league came the guys who handle the hardware: cable-system operators averaged out at 21.5 per cent. They may need the cable programme companies, who may need the movies. But there might be a lesson to be learned from the fact that the further you get from creativity, the bigger the profits.

Put this together with another survey which indicated that over a third of Hollywood's income comes from blockbusters like 'Jurassic Park' (now nearing \$1 billion in revenues) – which account for perhaps 5 per cent of the film business' output in terms of footage – and the lesson is clear: movie producers are crazy. But I've been saying that here for ages anyway.



VIDEO-ON-DEMAND

Ring that picture

This spring British Telecom will be conducting a modest technical trial of a possible new service in the households of 60 of its employees near Ipswich. The service to be tested is video-on-demand. And the press has already gone into hyperbole mode over it. "New software for sending TV down copper cables could put BT on the digital superhighway," was one representative headline. So how near is BT to transforming our entertainment lives?

Technically, probably very near. To be able to dial up a video over your existing telephone line requires two crucial pieces of technology. The first will enable the large amount of information involved in a moving picture to be squeezed into the sort of copper wires that constitute most of BT's current network. The second is to handle the requests for particular videos and play them out to individual customers as and when they want.

BT has the first with ASDL technology which, according to the company's laboratory tests, enables it to transmit what are described as "VHS quality" pictures over its existing lines. There is, however, a distance limit on a satisfactory signal – perhaps 6,000 to 10,000 feet from the video provider.

BT has got the second technological key from computer software giant Oracle. The company has developed the software technology – Oracle Media Server – that can handle the huge number of transactions and store of data involved in video-on-demand. At its European launch in January, Oracle chairman James



Abrahamson confidently claimed that the media-server technology "has been laboratory tested and is deployable now."

So unless something goes unexpectedly wrong, this spring's trial is likely to confirm the lab tests – that video-on-demand is technically feasible (at least to a significant proportion of BT customers) here and now. But technically possible is not the same as commercially viable. Oracle says that it has costed out its side of things. It says that with a million customers, it can deliver the system – back-end server, set-top box and software – for £50 per head per year. On its own, that may sound within the bounds of commercial reality, but on top there are going to be the very likely, very considerable price of necessary improvements to BT's network, substantial marketing

and administration costs, and so on. All this is before any money has been paid for rights to the videos that are going to be demanded.

So BT might have to charge a hefty annual subscription for the service in addition to the charge for each video watched. That could put it at a substantial price disadvantage compared to the local Blockbuster. As the price war between the ferries and the Channel Tunnel is beginning to show, the 'old-tech' providers of a service can give the newcomers a serious fight.

A BT video-on-demand service may also have a serious disadvantage in terms of product. Dialling up a video seems very attractive if you imagine selecting from a comprehensive and up-to-date Hollywood library. But Hollywood majors do not yet seem over-eager to sign deals which could throw their video rental, sell-through and pay-TV business into turmoil.

There has been much discussion about other services using the same technology, including home shopping and personalised newspapers. But these are unlikely to set the pace for persuading consumers to introduce the new technology into their homes. That will have to be done by entertainment video-on-demand. And without up-to-date Hollywood product, even the cleverest technology and most realistic prices don't make video-on-demand anywhere near such an attractive proposition to home consumers.

The interactive superhighway may be under construction, but as they say on the more familiar roads, watch out for major delays. Peter Goodwin

Two outstanding films

now available on video

A compelling and sensual lovestory, charting the emotional voyage of two very special women.

"Well played, touching and remarkably funny". *Sight & Sound*

"Excellent... passionate... a feature debut of amazing grace and poise"
The Times

"Scenes of sapphic passion"
Sunday Times

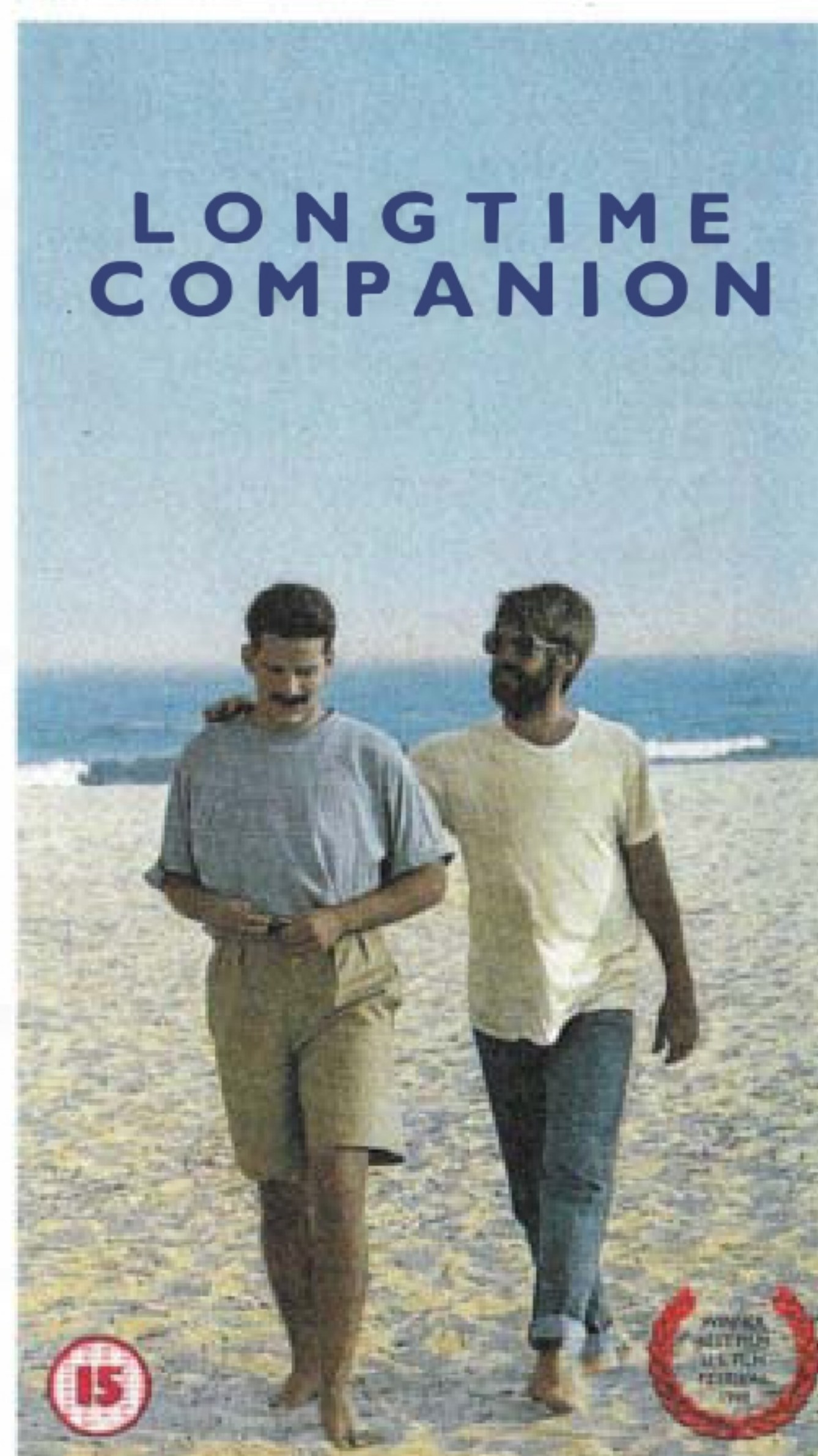
"Reaches the parts other films on this subject haven't even considered"
Radio Times Film & Video Guide

Pulses with a fabulous soundtrack of classic fifties music.

Official entry at Deauville, Telluride and Toronto Film Festivals.



Desert Hearts



Longtime Companion

A vital and inspirational statement about the onset of the AIDS epidemic.

"Excellent, honest and deeply affecting"
The Guardian

"A prime example of what independent filmmakers were doing years before *Philadelphia*"
Vox

"Moving and full of impact"
Daily Mail

Starring Bruce Davison - Oscar Nominee and Golden Globe Winner.



WINNER BEST FILM
U.S. FILM FESTIVAL 1990



Available from HMV, Virgin, WH Smiths and all good video stockists

video rights limited

Vancouver Film School

If you seek intensive hands-on industry based training in the motion picture arts, we offer 4 of the best foundation programs in North America:

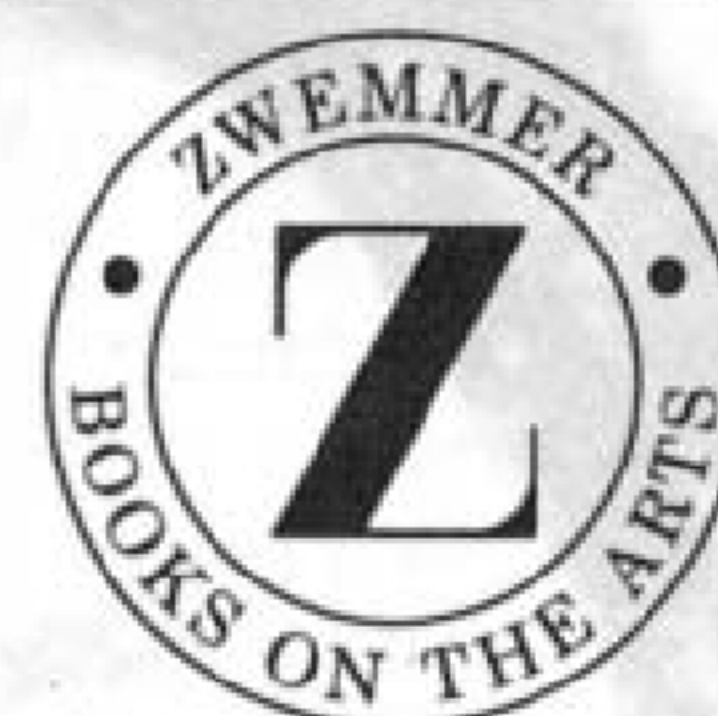
- ★ Film Production Techniques
- ★ Digital Post-production
- ★ High-end 3D Computer Animation
- ★ Classical Animation



For detailed information call:
1-800-661-4101
or write: #400 - 1168 Hamilton Street,
Vancouver, B.C. Canada V6B 2S2

Zwemmer

Books on Cinema
& Film



Zwemmer's Media Art Shop at 80 Charing Cross Road has an international reputation for stocking a vast range of new and in print titles, both UK and foreign, on every aspect of cinema and film.

All titles are available through the Zwemmer Mail Order Department, which supplies books to customers worldwide. The department issues regular quarterly catalogues of forthcoming, new and standard publications on all aspects of the media arts, and has just brought out a new Film List Catalogue. This contains a comprehensive list of monographs on producers, directors, and actors, together with publications on film genre, and film and cinema history, theory and criticism.

To obtain a new film catalogue free of charge please complete and return this coupon.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Post code: _____

Please return to: Zwemmer Mail Order Department, 24 Litchfield Street, London WC2H 9NJ Tel: 071-379 7886 Fax: 071-836 7049

Jurassic Justice

By Michael Mansfield QC

Whatever the predictable snipes and gripes of the establishment, the singular and truthful message of *In the Name of the Father* is that the English Criminal Justice system permitted a wrongful conviction and endeavoured to cover it up. The consequences are not just personally disastrous for Guiseppe Conlon, the father who died in custody, and for his son, Gerry, who languished in prison for 15 years, but also bear upon any society which condones or colludes in such a deed or which ignores that justice cannot be arbitrary and that one family's pain affects all.

The courage which underpins the film has to be set against an extraordinary climate of fear and censorship perpetrated by the British government in relation to the affairs of the North of Ireland. Numerous statutes and court actions have all but done away with freedom of speech. There is a monstrous regiment of filmic narratives that have faced re-editing, delay or non-transmission – *Shoot to Kill*, *Death on the Rock*, *Suspect Community*, *Mother Ireland*, *Behind the Mask*, *Gone for a Soldier*, *The Commitment*.

By coincidence, I saw *In the Name of the Father* in Dublin, where I had been invited to speak at Trinity on freedom of speech in the wake of the Irish government's recent decision to lift their broadcasting ban. The English version of the ban, combined with various provisions in the Prevention of Terrorism Act, the Police and Criminal Evidence Act, the Official Secrets Act and the ever-present threat of civil action, severely limits informed debate. This has a particular relevance to the case of the Guildford Four, where there are still a number of unanswered questions.

There was only a limited hearing in the Court of Appeal, where the Crown, in a carefully worded statement, conceded that the convictions were unsafe primarily in relation to the unreliability of the confessions. The subsequent criminal proceedings against some of the police officers involved resulted in an acquittal, and once again these questions were not raised, let alone answered. Those proceedings also had the effect of stopping public comment while they were pending and of delaying the judicial enquiry by Mr Justice May, who has so far still only published an interim report in relation to the Maguires.

The film asks the questions. They are: 1. Who took part in preventing the defence from discovering the existence of a statement by an alibi witness for Gerry Conlon? 2. Who decided that the Balcombe Street seige defendants who confessed to the explosions in the Guildford case would not be prosecuted? 3. Who authorised the amendment of forensic science schedules so the connections between these incidents would be excluded? Such questions are ever more important when there are attempts by Michael Howard, backed by a number of High Court judges, to curtail the effects of the Judith Ward decision and to limit prosecution disclosure to the defence, and when the Royal Commission on Criminal Justice



MICHAEL MANSFIELD QC

Forget the local inaccuracies of 'In the Name of the Father'. Jim Sheridan's film is a powerful indictment of British injustice

and the present Criminal Justice Bill have provided nothing for the victims of miscarriages of justice.

That *In the Name of the Father* raises these questions overrides the many areas of poetic licence taken by the film – despite the legitimate criticism that can be made about 'faction'. Although the distortions may become hostages to fortune for those who are unwilling to accept the basic truth, such sacrifices were necessary to ensure a compelling presentation. Fifteen years into two hours won't go! Perhaps Gerry didn't bring sausages for Annie Maguire, or share a cell with his father; the Maguires did not share the same dock as the Guildford Four; almost certainly Gareth Peirce would not have said some of the things Emma Thompson did, nor did she do the advocacy in the Court of Appeal in front of only one judge.

The alternative, according to Jonathan Miller, would have been to give up the idea of a dramatic film in favour of a recital of real testimony, as in *Shoah*. But such testimonies have already been heard – for the Guildford Four in Gerry's book *Proved Innocent* and in Paul Hill's *Stolen Years*, and for the Birmingham Six in Hugh Callaghan's *Cruel Fate*. But the readership of these books is negligible compared to the enormous audience for *In the Name of the Father*, already competing with *Jurassic Park* – perhaps it should have been called *Jurassic Justice*.

Daniel Day-Lewis described the dilemma in an interview in the *Guardian*. "All creative works are interpretive. By omission you lead people to believe some things and lead them away from believing others. It is a hugely arrogant assumption I suppose that by interpreting the truth you have as good a chance of remaining close to it as you do by trying to honour every detail. But I don't believe that any of what might be considered the misleading details of the film are dangerously misleading."

The vehicle for the message of injustice is Guiseppe Conlon. For him, there is no par-

don, no opportunity to hear his conviction quashed, no walking free. The tension between father and son is a microcosm of the larger canvas of confrontation between generations, between communities, with the Church, with the state. That tension builds up grippingly in the opening sequences of British soldiers and armoured vehicles commandeering the streets and alleyways of working-class Belfast. The guilt we should all feel for the wrong that follows is shouldered by Day-Lewis as Gerry in another of the contrapuntal performances for which he is known: *My Beautiful Laundrette* against *A Room with a View*; *The Last of the Mohicans* against *My Left Foot*; *In the Name of the Father* against *The Age of Innocence*.

Two more different personalities than Emma Thompson and Gareth Peirce could not be imagined. But the essence of the part is cleverly constructed: much of the time you only glimpse her steady progress (always in her Renault 5, which she reckons needs defending) as she manoeuvres her way around the hurdles and obstructions. Her determination, power and sensitivity are graphically portrayed.

If there is any substantial deficiency in the film, it is the missed opportunity in the climactic court scene for a lucid, hard-hitting speech which would detail the deceit and piece together the jigsaw. Fine examples of this kind of summing-up occur in films such as *JFK* and *To Kill a Mockingbird*. Instead, the speech Peirce delivers is more of an emotional outburst which fails to pin the responsibility to the wall and thereby to pre-empt the detractors already sharpening their swords in the British press.

The cast has about it the feel of a team acting in unison. Such solidarity goes a long way to quashing the vituperative rumour-mongering along the corridors of power which still believes it would have been better had the Guildford Four been hung. Michael Mansfield's 'Presumed Guilty' will appear in paperback on 11 April



Asking the questions: Daniel Day-Lewis as Gerry Conlon undergoes interrogation

Rich, allusive and comic, Robert Altman's 'Short Cuts' is a reminder that the director has made a career out of celebrating the apparently random. By Jonathan Romney

IN THE TIME OF EARTHQUAKES



● The last word spoken in Robert Altman's film *Short Cuts* is "lemonade". We hear it as the camera tracks out over a briefly shaken Los Angeles, as two partying couples toast to survival in the face of a minor apocalypse. As so often happens with Altman, who is famous for his habit of scrambling soundtracks to the limit of comprehensibility, the word is audible but not entirely noticeable, certainly not impressing itself on you as central to the film's meaning. Yet, in an oblique fashion, that is precisely what it is – an operational password for the entire film. For 'Lemonade' is the title of a poem by Raymond Carver, and the poem's subject is also the film's real subject, as well as its structural principle.

Short Cuts is based on nine stories by Carver, who died in 1988 aged 50, having established himself as the poet laureate of small, desolate, claustrophobic middle American lives. 'Lemonade' itself is not directly adapted in the film, although its theme – What if this had happened, rather than that? What then? – is foregrounded in the episode involving Jack Lemmon, and runs throughout the film, both in the narratives themselves and in the way they interlock. In the poem, a man ponders on his son's drowning; he is convinced he would still be alive if only he had not gone to fetch lemonade that day. The lemonade, he reasons, would not have been there if only there had not been lemons in the shops. So he tries to pick his way back causally to a prelapsarian moment: "It all harks back to first causes, back to the first lemon cultivated on earth."

Carver knows there is no first lemon, and Altman knows it too. There is no way of untangling the mesh of cause and effect, hence the gloriously unruly tangle of chance that governs *Short Cuts*. The credits divide the cast list conveniently into nine family sets of characters, plus supporting players, but in reality the groups are not separated neatly from one another; rather, they intermingle, meeting, playing, straying with seismic effect into each others' lives. Each group has its own story, but no story belongs solely to one group. Altman plays with an illusion of order by framing the narratives between two urban catastrophes during which all the characters are effectively united simply by virtue of being in the same boat. The sense of unity is illusory, though, imposed as it is by narrative contingency. There is no start or finish, no first or last lemon, only the all-pervasive smell of lemonade. Savour it, or baulk at its bitterness, that's all you get in life, and you have to drink it.

There is no first lemon in Robert Altman's career, either. Looking back on the director's exceptionally diverse history, no clear thread is immediately apparent. We can impose an overall narrative on it, but only if we give in to the temptation continually to ask, 'what if?' There is the fact that after the international success of his

1969 film *M*A*S*H*, Altman went on to make a number of movies whose eccentricity wilfully flew in the face of box-office logic – the flight fantasy *Brewster McCloud* (1970), the dreamlike *3 Women* (1977), the bleak science-fiction vision *Quintet* (1979). He also made some that worked over genres in a way that seemed to tap in directly to the sceptical Zeitgeist of the 70s – notably his brutal demystifications of the frontier Western and the Philip Marlowe myth in *McCabe and Mrs Miller* (1971) and *The Long Goodbye* (1973) respectively.

But what if Altman's career had been more coherent? What if his 1980 shot at a grandly fanciful comic-book epic, *Popeye*, had been the intended box-office smash? (Indeed, what if its star Robin Williams had actually been audible at any point in the film?) And what if the administration at Fox had not suddenly changed just in time to scupper the commercial hopes of his 1980 satire *Health*?

Pure speculation, of course, but all these factors contributed to one of the exemplary adventures in American cinema – the strange situation in which the most ambitious, wayward director of his generation (Altman, remember, preceded the Class of Movie Brats) suddenly found himself having to reinvent his career on a shoestring, having blown his luck not only with the major studios but also with his own ill-fated production company Lion's Gate. Hence an extraordinary spate of low-budget ventures into chamber cinema, often drawn from theatre: the remarkable one-hander for Richard Milhous Nixon, *Secret Honor* (1984), which did for Tricky Dicky what Syberberg did for Hitler; *Fool for Love* (1985), *Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean* (1982). There were other off-the-cuff projects for television, such as the adaptations of Pinter's *The Dumb Waiter* and *The Room* (1987), and a version of that creaky tub-thumper *The Caine Mutiny Court-Martial* (1988), a small miracle of a film which testily jump-started that somnolent genre, the courtroom drama.

It's tempting to consider that had Altman's Hollywood fortunes been more consistent, this whole daredevil chapter might not have happened. Altman himself is sanguine about his whole story and aware of just how random can be the elements that impinge on his progress. Visiting Britain for *Short Cuts*' screening at last November's London Film Festival, he cited the example of his *Buffalo Bill and the Indians* (1976), co-written with his protégé Alan Rudolph, and after *McCabe and Mrs Miller* his second scathing debunking of the legends of the Wild West.

"*Buffalo Bill* was released on Independence Day 1976, which was the Bicentennial of the country. Nixon had just resigned in disgrace, and the whole country was licking its wounds, and I come out with this picture and say, 'Hi folks, here I am, let me tell you what assholes you are and how America's myths are blah blah blah blah...' No body wanted it. At a dif-

ferent time in history, that film could have been a big hit."

Short Cuts too falls wonderfully into this schema of apparent randomness. Altman first read Raymond Carver's stories on a plane journey. Inspired by them, he started planning a Carver film, and got as far as selecting the locations and signing up a number of actors, including Tim Robbins, Peter Gallagher and Fred Ward. But finally the finance was not available. While pondering his next move, he was offered a project called *The Player*. Those same actors found their way into that film, which in 1992 turned out to be Altman's first commer-



Sublime embarrassment: Jack Lemmon as the lost father

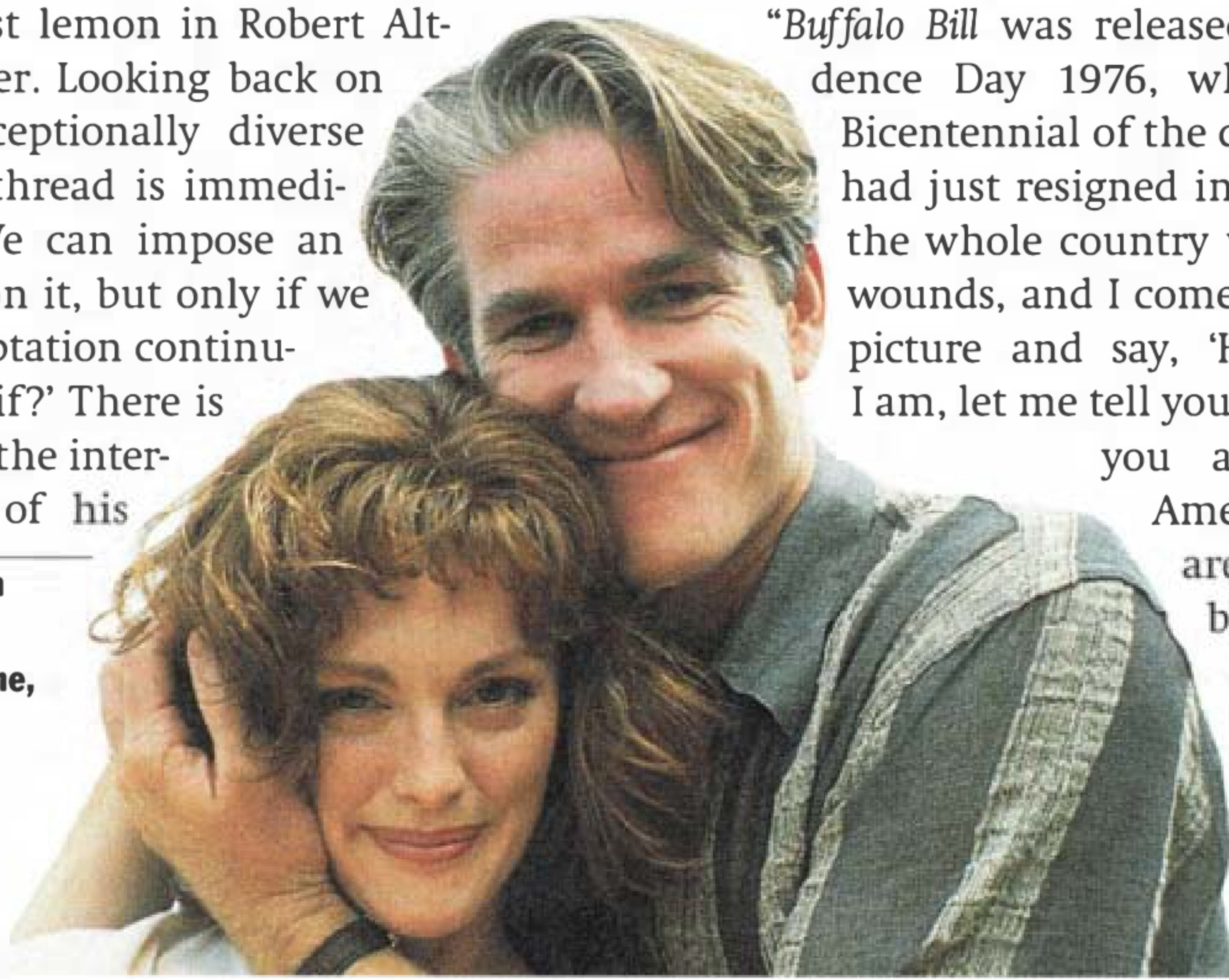
cial and critical success in years – as well as a modish *succès de scandale* among the Hollywood mandarins, at once outraged and flattered to see their world lampooned. *Short Cuts* was financed on the strength of that film.

The Player was notable for playing an extreme version of a trick that Altman had used before, and fully intends to use again – the interweaving of real and fictional universes. In *The Player*, a host of familiar Hollywood faces played themselves, raising the interesting question of what being 'oneself' might mean in a city predicated entirely on performance. But the most cunning variation on this effect came in Altman's television series *Tanner '88: The Dark Horse* (1988), in which real-life US politicians including Robert Dole and Pat Robertson were drafted in to be encountered by Michael Murphy's fictional Democrat presidential hopeful. Altman intends to push the method further in his next production, *Prêt-à-Porter*, which he is filming this year in the Paris fashion world.

"In *Prêt-à-Porter*, we're using much more reality. There's not much reality in *Short Cuts*, except the presence of the game show host Alex Trebek [who appears early on in a concert scene]. In *Prêt-à-Porter*, I will probably push the mix between reality and fiction as far as I've ever pushed it. I'm dependent on it, because I can't recreate the amount of people in that world – especially when you get into the fashion shows, the press, the photographers. So I have to use a lot of reality."

Unlike *The Player*, *Short Cuts* plays less on reality *per se* than on the real. Carver's low-key, minimally stylised portrayals of the doldrums and zero moments in blue-collar living led him to be counted as a leading exponent of that amorphous school known as 'Dirty Realism'. He wrote about dead marriages, dead-end jobs, typhoons in teacups, minor misunderstandings that blow up into little household apocalypses – but apocalypses in aspic. What's ►

Passing in LA: Lily Tomlin in Altman's 'Short Cuts', opposite; Matthew Modine, a young hopeful, right



◀ remarkable about these stories is the way they merge explosiveness with absolute stillness. A typical story, one of those in *Short Cuts*, is 'Jerry and Molly and Sam', in which a fatigued father contrives to lose the family dog, then has to retrieve it. When he finally finds the dog, he simply contemplates it, and the story ends on a suspended moment: "He sat there. He thought he didn't feel so bad, all things considered. The world was full of dogs. There were dogs and there were dogs. Some dogs you just couldn't do anything with."

Altman and his co-writer Frank Barhydt take a very different approach. The episode becomes a source of high farce, the dog a benign comic focus for the chaotic rage of Tim Robbins' blustering cop. There's clearly more meeting the eye – more energy, more incident – in Altman's version than the moments of cold, clear deadness that Carver's original stories are imbued with. Yet Altman claims that he leaves out everything that Carver leaves out – and precisely what *that* is, he says, is "judgment, in most cases. I make a little bit more judgment than Carver made. I have a tougher task in a way. It's very hard to do films as minimalism, because the audience is there and they see every square inch of that screen. They see wall-



Bringing it all back home: Tim Robbins in 'The Player'

paper and they see rugs and they see shirts and expressions and weather – until all of the descriptive passages that you have in a book are *there*.

"Carver uses no descriptive passages, so I don't believe a Raymond Carver story can be literally translated to a visual medium. So I just tried to take the feeling from Carver, the type of incident he dealt with, and express that in a way that tells the same story for an audience. I don't think that I could take any *one* of his stories and make a film out of it."

How did Altman and Barhydt decide which stories to use, and which ones would lead into which others?

"They do it themselves automatically. You take one base story, you throw it up on the wall, and it's like vines – they grow where there's space to grow in and out of one another." The image of vines perhaps expresses what's most peculiar to the film. It's certainly true that, as some Carver specialists have pointed out, the film does not strictly adhere to the writer's spirit; it's at once too upbeat and too cynical for that. It only rarely displays the stoic empathy that the stories solicit for their characters; instead, Altman's characters redeem the claustrophobic quality of their lives by the energy

and charisma with which they *perform* (to the extent that some of these lives look somewhat glamorous *because* they're incarnated by the likes of Tom Waits or Frances McDormand). But it is the connections between the episodes that make the film – the sense that they're all bunches of event growing on the same tangled vine. And it's when we become aware of the incongruity of these connections that the film transcends its merely anecdotal base.

There are moments of sublime embarrassment in *Short Cuts*, notably in the sequence where Jack Lemmon, as the estranged father of the son that he hasn't seen for years, turns up at the hospital where his young grandson is in casualty. It's a painful situation in itself, but the film pushes it further by having the father deliver a monologue recounting the banal indiscretion that years ago led to his banishment from the family. Here most of all, the spirit of 'Lemonade' (could Lemmon have been cast purely for a conceptual pun?) makes itself felt. The father's reminiscence represents a crisis in itself, but one that is totally inappropriate to the crisis happening in the hospital ward. It's as if he has wandered from one story into another, suggesting that life's most dramatic moments are the result of inadequate separation between different narratives.

"This is what happens every day of your life," says Altman, "but we don't recognise it so much because we can't take the involvement. Somebody gets hit by a car and you stop and look in the street, and you think, 'I don't want to see that,' so you go the other way. But people who *don't* go the other way see more of that story, and the people who are actually involved in that story have *another* story. These things go on all the time, and it's the juxtaposition of these lives that makes *Short Cuts* interesting."

The Carver stories operate on two levels. Each one is very much like a closed box, a miniature in which a single core of event, or lack of event, is to be contemplated – in the tradition of modernist short story narrative since Chekhov, Joyce, Mansfield. At the same time, however, the stories taken together, and the regularity of the themes and styles, make an overall human comedy made up of small mosaic pieces. *Short Cuts*, though, functions only through the concatenation of parts – the clash of micro-narratives sparking ironic parallels and negations off each other.

It's a technique that has formed the basis of what is probably the most celebrated strand of Altman's work. The idea of sprawling ensemble pieces made of varying, decentred dramas is one he famously perfected in *Nashville* (1975). At one point he planned a follow-up, *Nashville*,

Somebody gets hit by a car and you stop and look in the street, and you think, 'I don't want to see that'

Nashville, with some of the same characters, and *Short Cuts* could be seen as the pay-off of that aborted project (Altman plans eventually to make *More Short Cuts*). But there are variations to this approach. *Nashville* derived its unity from having different characters doing different business in one setting – a place that in its iconic status as an anti-Hollywood, America's great *other* dream factory, opened the film up to an allegorical state-of-the-nation reading. *A Wedding* (1978) similarly used a single setting, this time to follow the conventions of situation comedy to their extreme conclusion.

Short Cuts differs from *Nashville* in its relation to place – it is not primarily the portrait of a specific city, but simply uses Los Angeles as a convenient, anonymous venue to bring its various protagonists together. (As Frank Barhydt points out, "apart from the palm trees and the weather, there's nothing indigenous to LA, nothing in the characters of the people.") However, the city's anonymity brings its own meaning to the film. Where the city of Nashville forms an arena in which individuals intermingle, with politics and country music as the uniting factor, *Short Cuts* captures the cellular essence of LA, a city in which separate zones, separate homes, are linked by highways. You can imagine each segment to be equivalent to a family cell – and things start happening when characters step out of their own territory into other people's. The theme is seen in undiluted form in the episode based on the story 'Neighbors'. In the film, there is no life-transforming catastrophe as there is in Carver's story. A couple simply make free with the apartment they're caretaking; but our sense of unease is no less powerful, just because we expect the worst – we know they should not be there. As with the Jack Lemmon episode, we receive a sense of *trespass*: lines have been crossed.

Despite the sense of impending chaos that is perhaps inevitable in a film that juggles 22 lead parts, there are plenty of guide rails in *Short Cuts* to ensure that we know where we are. One is the use of familiar faces in the cast. ("I don't have to tell you too much about these people," says Altman. "You do the work for me by recognising them.") Another is the use of a nightclub singer, played by Annie Ross, to act as a chorus, casting a sardonic torch-song commentary throughout the film. And another is the way the diversity of incident is framed between the two minor apocalypses.

At the beginning of the film, the city is sprayed against medfly, a pest which leaves harmless blemishes on fruit (what could be more suggestive of the Californian obsession with cosmetic surfaces?). The end of the film – which, beware, this paragraph reveals in full – is rather more violent. At the very second that Chris Penn's repressed, brooding character Jerry unexpectedly smashes a rock down on a young girl's head, an earthquake erupts. It's a horribly suggestive moment. Perhaps Jerry's pent-up rage is the entire city's; perhaps, because of him, heavenly wrath is being visited on the community. But you could read it more cynically as a self-conscious sleight of hand, a playfully apocalyptic gesture in which Altman plays God and brings all the film's diffuse

Cutting it

Howard Mandel talks to Hal Willner, musical director of ‘Short Cuts’, and to performer Annie Ross

A celebrity producer in his own right, Hal Willner was musical director on the *Saturday Night Live* TV show and MD on *Night Music*, an innovative series which featured leading rock, blues and jazz musicians in unprecedented collaborations. Willner applied the same eclectic principle to a series of all-star tribute albums, in which artists as diverse as Debbie Harry, Elvis Costello and Sun Ra paid homage to the music of Nino Rota, Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus and the Walt Disney cartoons. For *Short Cuts*, he has assembled a set of torch songs by the likes of Elvis Costello and U2’s Bono.

Everybody comes to Tess’s in *Short Cuts*, where Annie Ross (as Tess) sings to the back-up of a quirky, swinging band. And like the squawk box in Altman’s *M*A*S*H*, or the dozen or so country songs in *Nashville*, Tess/Annie and her music serve simultaneously as connective tissue, Greek chorus and fulcrum for a multitude of incidents and characters.

“My projects happen mostly by accident,” claims Willner. Don’t believe the “accidental” part. Willner has always shown a canny insight for matching artists with repertoire and an intuitive grasp of how to underscore narrative with sound.

In all, Willner’s strengths are audio correlatives of Altman’s restlessly associative camera. Annie Ross, an actress since childhood and prominent jazz vocalist since the late 50s, performs songs in *Short Cuts* that are ironic commentary and/or aching counterpoints to the psyches and souls of everyone in hearing range, herself included.

“I went to Toronto to hear what Annie’s doing now,” Willner explains. “She travels with a musical director, doing arrangements of songs she recorded while she was in the trio Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, things from her solo records, tunes she picks up here and there. I recorded four of her shows and picked out some things I thought were really wonderful – a version of ‘Marijuana’ from the 30s, ‘A Nightingale Sang in Berkley Square’, ‘A Foggy Day in London Town’, ‘Can’t Get Started with You’.

“I’d read the *Short Cuts* script; I had a feeling for the stories, and whether a particular song would fit in the film or not. I sent the composite tape I made to Elvis Costello, Donald Fagan, Gavin Friday – people who wouldn’t

normally write her type of material. Then I did the usual producer thing, calling publishers and talking about the project to everyone I ran into. We got a lot of tapes in response. The most interesting one came from [the late R&B lyricist] Doc Pomus’ family, with 15 songs on it from the end of Doc’s life, when he was writing with Doctor John. Most of these songs had never been performed.

“I played that tape for Altman, who said, ‘Jesus, *perfect*, we could just use this tape.’ We ended up using five of those songs. Then it was just Annie the actress, Annie Ross as the character Tess Trainer. Of course, as in working with any artist, I thought her input was very important. I didn’t force a song on her that she didn’t want to do. There were songs I would have really liked her to do that she didn’t feel she could.

“I didn’t have to tell her how to sing. I would re-arrange things, suggest on ‘Full Moon’ she speak a section, things like that. She was what we’d call a real trouper.” Willner chuckles. “Because we threw some curve balls at her. She’s used to a certain style.

“I based the sound of this band on the mid-50s Miles Davis band with Milt Jackson and Thelonious Monk. But other than the vibes player, none of the musicians in Tess’ band are really ‘jazz’ musicians. Terry Adams plays rock ‘n’ roll piano with NRBQ. Greg Cohen plays bass with Tom Waits. The drummer Bobby Previte is pretty successful playing and composing new music. The trombone player Bruce Fowler worked with Zappa and Captain Beefheart for years. They had to learn to play together quickly. Even though I’d been there three months, they came to Santa Monica only nine days before the shoot.”

The band seems quite natural on stage behind Tess in her fictional venue: a huge food-and-booze hall where the resident chanteuse purveys hard-hearted sentiments night after night to an unlikely mix of personalities. The band’s naturalness was essential, as Ross recorded her songs live on the soundstage instead of overdubbing.

“Somebody involved with the production came to Bob and said, ‘Now, we’ll pre-record Annie, and then she’ll lip sync to the songs,’” Ross recalls. “And Bob said, ‘Uh-uh. I don’t want that. I want it live.’ He asked me, ‘Are you up for it, Annie?’ And I said, ‘Yeah.’ Because that’s what I do.

“I told Bob I need to sing before an audience, to get the audience reaction to what I’m singing. And one day he said to me, ‘OK, kid, tomorrow night – you got about 500 people coming to hear you.’

Ahhhhh! But you’ve got to jump in that deep water, and that’s what I did. After all, I had to give the impression I’d been doing these songs for a long time.”

Ross kept the film’s dramatic requirements in mind throughout the preparation of the musical aspects of her role. “Hal prepared the selection of songs for me thinking of the mood of the film, and he also had me exploit my very deep low register, which I’ve not had much occasion to use. It fitted in with the darkness of my situation in the film.”

Tess is central to the sole *Short Cuts* episode not adapted from a Carver story. Often drunk and insensitive to her screen daughter, portrayed by Lori Singer (who plays classical cello convincingly in her own scenes), Tess delivers ‘To Hell with Love’, ‘I Don’t Know You’, Elvis Costello’s ‘Punishing Kiss’ and Bono’s ‘Conversation on a Barstool’ with a don’t-give-a-damn cynicism that cracks at the film’s end. One might take Tess as Altman’s example of a pop artist, her daughter his representative elite artist, their tragic missed connection emblematic of the arts’ uneasy relations, as well as of the vulnerability of anything of beauty in crass LA.

It’s not giving anything away to say that nobody escapes unscathed in *Short Cuts*. As Ross sings, the characters are all ‘Prisoners of Life’. “‘If you’re looking for a rainbow, you know there’s going to be some rain,’” she quotes from the soundtrack’s penultimate song. “I think it says that very well.”

But ‘Prisoner of Life’ segues on Willner’s soundtrack album into the defiantly upbeat ‘I’m Gonna Go Fishin’,’ originally written by Duke Ellington for Otto Preminger’s *Anatomy of a Murder*, and given lyrics by Peggy Lee. “I didn’t find that song for Annie; she did it on an album she made in the early 80s,” says Willner. “When I was researching her material I came across this song, and I had read the script. So what came into my mind was the story of the fishermen who find the dead body. Altman thought it was great.

“I always thought he would put it in, juxtaposed with some of those scenes with the fishermen, but early on he said, ‘Yeah, this is what we’re going to end the movie with.’ ‘Prisoner of Life’ became the song Bob put at the beginning of the film. Then he goes back to it at the end, and he wanted to put ‘Fishin’ after it.”

‘I’m Gonna Go Fishin’ may be the most upbeat song Annie Ross sings in *Short Cuts*. “Yeah, well, sure, that has something to do with it,” Willner says, assuming a mock schlockmeister voice. “You gotta leave the theatre happy, y’ know.”



Looking for a rainbow: Annie Ross as Tess

threads together, packing all his characters back in the narrative toy box.

“That’s just coincidence,” Altman says of the ending. “I’m sure that for every earthquake that’s ever happened, some very strong, acute dramatic event has happened in somebody’s life – I just happened to be there at this particular incident. I needed to polarise the beginning and end of the film – these people’s lives never really came together, they just occasionally crossed in a very haphazard way, so that’s something that was a common experience. I wouldn’t be surprised if in *More Short Cuts* there’ll be another two events. One of them might be the California fires.”

This closing image of the all-powerful narrative deity suggests a director who likes to keep a tight rein on his creation. But, Altman says, only one type of control interests him: “the control to be able to change and let ideas come in from my collaborators. To have the ability to say ‘Yeah’ and turn the piece this way or that. *Not* say, ‘Wait a minute, you said you were going to do this and you’d better stick to it.’”

Altman’s list of recent and future projects may suggest a sense of multi-directional crazy-paving, but there’s a flexibility and ambition there that he’s always had, and that directors a third his age rarely evidence. Already chalked up: a stage opera version of the novel *McTeague* (the source of Von Stroheim’s *Greed*), with composer William Bolcom; a short documentary recording the hoofers’ musical *Black and Blue*; producing Alan Rudolph’s new film *Dorothy Parker*, itself a multi-character sprawler in the Altman tradition. Planned after *Prêt-à-Porter*: a Mata Hari project; another collaboration with Frank Barhydt about Kansas City’s boomtown years during the Depression; a two-film version of playwright Tony Kushner’s *Aids* diptych *Angels in America*; a film called *Cork* with Harry Belafonte, “about blackface and entertainment from the turn of the century”. Altman admits, “I’ll never do all of those. It’s like *pommes frites* – you throw the potatoes in and then whichever one pops to the surface is done first.”

Altman also offers another, perhaps more apposite analogy, that applies just as well to his career as a whole – reckless, unruly, wilfully patchy – as it does to particular films like *Short Cuts*. “It comes down to what occurs to me. It’s like doing art – I’m not doing Rembrandts or Corots, I’m doing Rauschenbergs. I’m doing collages. If suddenly I want to stick into my painting a photograph of a flat-iron, it just goes in.” *‘Short Cuts’ opens on 4 March and is reviewed on page 49 of this issue*

WITNESS

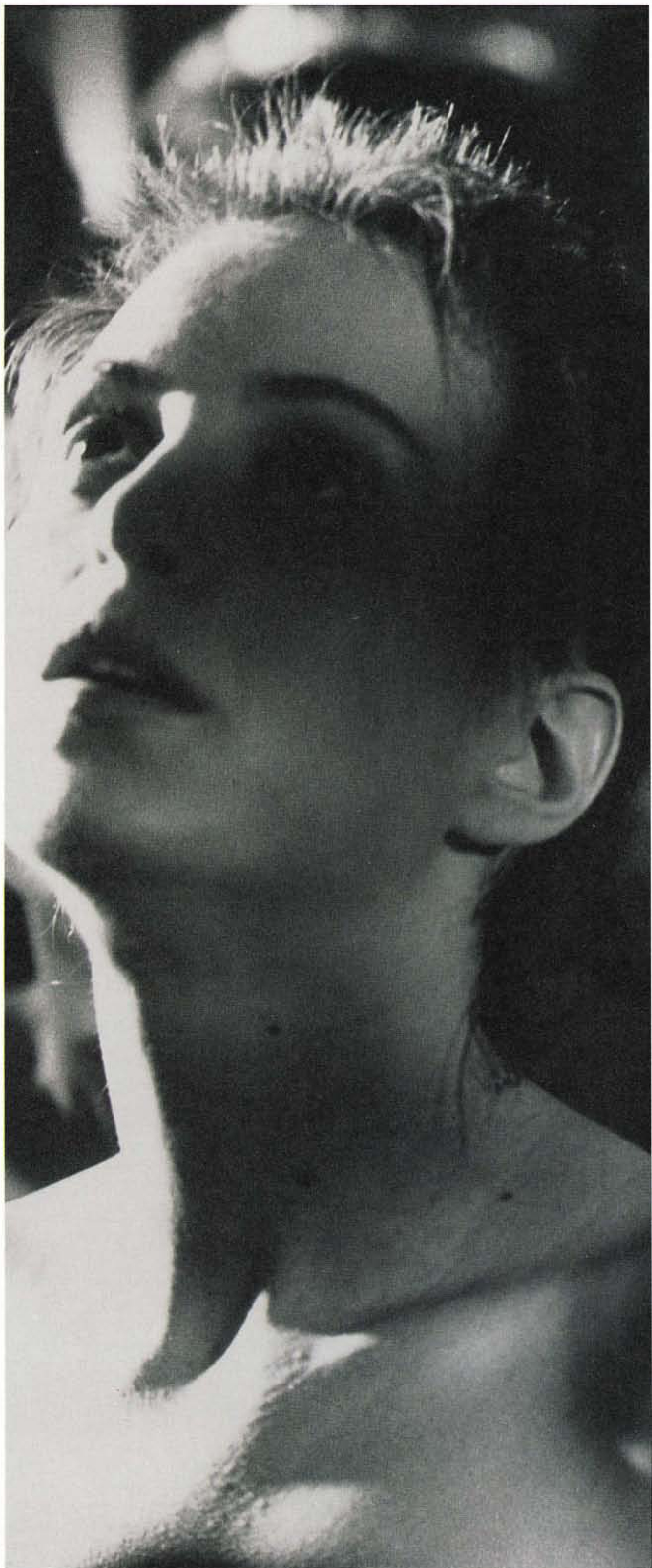
● Steven Spielberg's latest venture, *Schindler's List*, raises an old question about the limits of imagining the unimaginable. The Holocaust is not a new subject in film, and has defeated many well-meaning efforts to overcome the over-familiarity of those iconic images of Nazi concentration camps and their abused inmates. These images have lost their power to shock. We face a classic syndrome of 'compassion fatigue'.

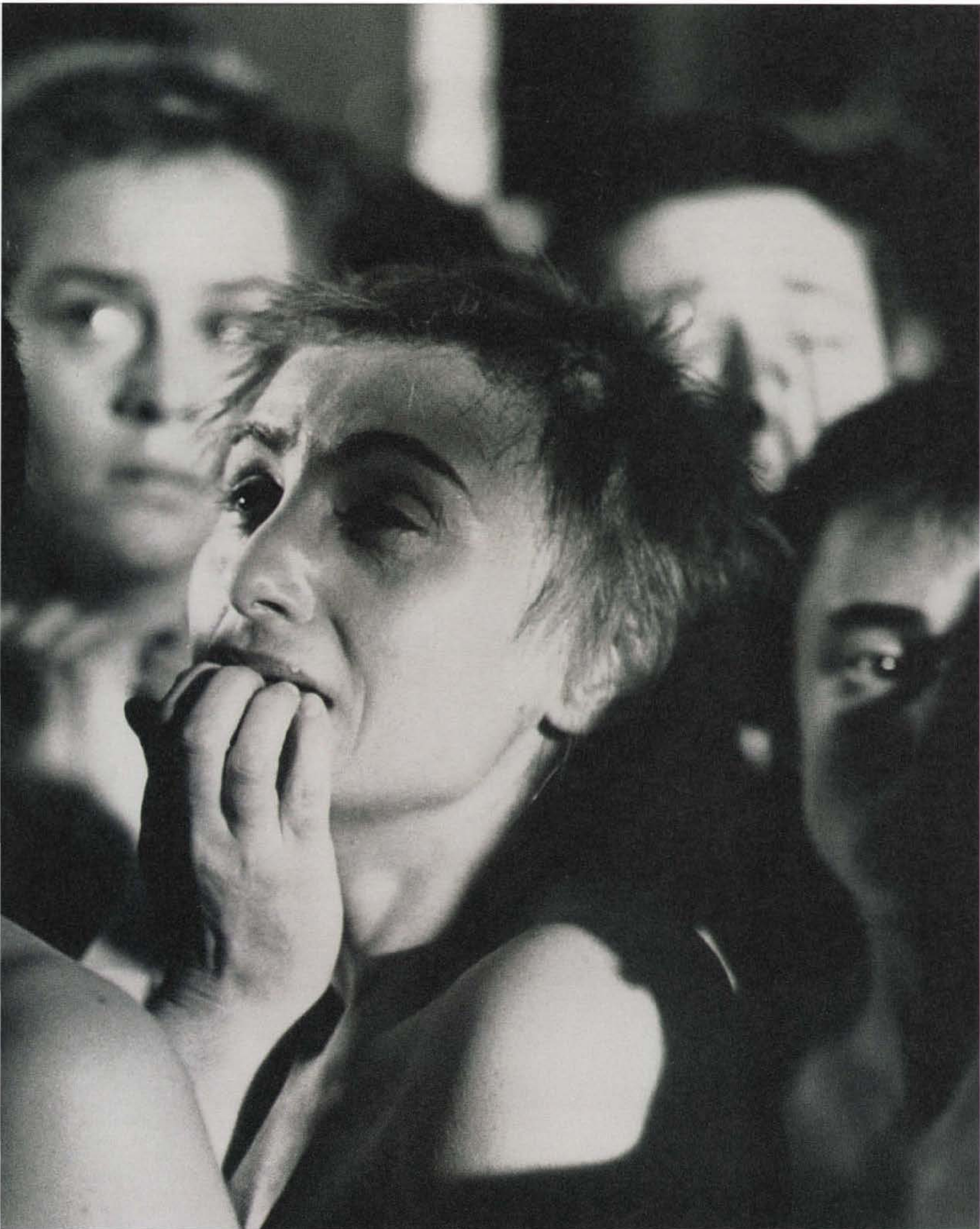
Is Spielberg's 'Schindler's List' more than a ride in a Holocaust theme park? And how has the film imagined the unimaginable?
By Simon Louvish

In the late 70s, when documentarist Claude Lanzmann embarked on his massive nine-hour epic on the Holocaust, *Shoah*, he abandoned the familiar imagery completely. Rejecting archive footage, Lanzmann constructed his entire enterprise from a rigorous series of talking-head interviews framed in the director's own quest for answers in the current locations of the actual events. This was done partly because Lanzmann claimed it was not possible to determine which archive footage came from which camp, or which date. Film of Treblinka has come to be used as Auschwitz and vice versa. Lanzmann's obsession was to provide a precise and indeed pitiless verification of the events through their survivors' memories. The word was all; the picture, a means to an end, although in the final analysis the faces of the speakers, as they struggle sometimes reluctantly to fulfil Lanzmann's brief, convey a world of painful emotion.

Steven Spielberg, at the opposite end of the scale, goes back to the old dramatic principle of narrative film-making: show, don't tell. The Holocaust will be painstakingly reconstructed, in all its horror and misery. The transport trains will roll, the ghetto will be populated and depopulated, even the chimneys of Auschwitz-Birkenau will belch forth anew in the full depiction of that particular hell on earth, albeit recreated in 'documentary-style' black and white, often with handheld cameras and with wide-angle lenses darting about, even allowing at times the soft focus of an ersatz snatched shot.

A great deal of trepidation has accompanied this project. American Jewish committees have expressed concern. An outcry prevented Spielberg from using the actual location of Birkenau camp. His riggers and painters made up the fading houses and frames of Krakow's surviving Jewish ghetto. Was this to be a *Jurassic Park* with Nazis replacing T-Rex and Raptosaurus? Could the Hollywood brat survive ►





◀ a close encounter with the ghosts of a very European cataclysm?

Schindler's List, based on Thomas Keneally's *Schindler's Ark* (the book was published as *Schindler's List* in America, presumably because the mass American audience was not expected to know the word Ark), contains in its concept another pitfall. As Keneally remarks at the start of his book, it is the tale of the archetypal "good German": the righteous man who might redeem Sodom. Oskar Schindler was a playboy businessman who, by setting up a metal factory employing Jewish slave labour to manufacture first ordinary metalware and then, supposedly, shell casings for the German war effort, saved over a thousand Jews, randomly picked from the ghettos and mostly unqualified for manual labour, from certain death in the last years of the war. Gradually progressing from an almost detached opportunism to a paroxysm of subterfuge and cunning, his exploits extended (allegedly – some accounts tell it otherwise) to rescuing 'his' labourers in person from the very jaws of Auschwitz and snatching children away from the SS by convincing the guards that their little hands were needed to polish the narrow shell casings from the inside. Six thousand descendants of the original *Schindlerjuden* live today, mostly in Israel, and have kept alive the memory of this extraordinary man.

Spielberg has used this tale as an anchor for his reconstruction. He is clearly aware of the magnitude of his task. All the Hollywood brat's prodigious cinematic experience, as filmmaker and film-watcher, is brought into play. A Sabbath candle's wispy smoke cuts into the sinister steam of a thrusting transport train. The SS liquidators of the Krakow ghetto clatter up courtyard stairs in an after-image of the Cosacks in Eisenstein's *Strike*. People remaining illegally in their houses hide in coal cellars, under floorboards, even inside a piano as the footsteps of the murderers echo. The children hiding in the stoves of the emptied labour camp, later, evoke echoes of *Jurassic Park*'s brats hiding from the brute Raptors, but also of any action drama's tricks of the trade.

In his previous Second World War epic *Empire of the Sun* (1987), Spielberg misjudged J. G. Ballard's stone-faced narrative and sentimentalised the young boy's journey through the Japanese war machine. Given his practically unlimited resources, 'show, don't tell' became a literal commandment. When Ballard recounts the whole of Shanghai on the move in panic as the Japanese approach, Spielberg shows us the whole show in frame with an old-style cast of thousands. Very little is left to our imagination, therefore our imagination is atrophied for the duration: we are, as is the principle in the contemporary American film, passive consumers of the emotions pasted so powerfully on the screen. The result is what psychologists call, I believe, "flattening of affect" – everything is the same if represented in the same manner: *Terminator 2*, *Total Recall*, science fiction fantasy, crime, romance, *Home Alone*, Holocaust, war. Finally the penny has dropped and Spielberg, for one, has understood that this method can no longer hold water if he wishes,

as he does, to undertake that great taboo of the American film – to educate, not only entertain.

If you want to send a message, use Western Union – that old shibboleth of Hollywood's moguls. In truth, of course, 'entertainment', even at its blandest, always purveyed values. Good or bad, well intentioned or reckless – we did not require Golden Turkey Medved to tell us that movies make morals. At least Spielberg has now dropped the pretence – he could hardly stand up and say that *Schindler's List* was made purely to amuse us. This is, in fact, a return to one of Hollywood's more honourable traditions, that of the 'social conscience' film. From *I Am a Fugitive in a Chain Gang* (Mervyn LeRoy), through *Intruder in the Dust* (Clarence Brown), or *Crossfire* (Edward Dmytryk) and indeed back to Griffith and Vidor, this is part of Spielberg's heritage and he has plainly yearned to connect his obvious penchant for the gargantuan with that nagging need.

What other agenda is he following? The Holocaust has, of course, featured in Hollywood films before. Its main purpose, throughout the 50s and 60s, was clearly politically



Consuming lives:
Liam Neeson as
Oskar Schindler in
'Schindler's List', top;
the trains roll on the
way to destruction,
centre; the opening
doors, bottom

partisan – to justify the State of Israel. Thus the Holocaust served as backdrop to Otto Preminger's *Exodus* (1960) and other Zionist liederes such as Daniel Mann's *Judith* (1965) and Melville Shavelson's *Cast a Giant Shadow* (1966). Only in the 70s did Hollywood, in the shape of the television series *Holocaust*, begin to tackle the thing in itself, and then in a highly sanitised mode. It occurred to me then, watching parts of that series, that the Germans might have tried to make the Jews into soap, but the Americans succeeded. Such dubious thoughts are part and parcel of my Israeli heritage. We became so familiar with the institutional commemorations of the Holocaust, such as the Yad Vashem memorial, to which every visiting head of state has to pay homage, preferably on bended knee, that we coined the unkind phrase: there's no business like Shoah business. This crack was reinforced as memorialisation became an industry, spawning countless books including coffee-table volumes of lost letters, portraits of the dead, lists, endless lists. And cynicism grew as right-wing politicians such as Menachem Begin used the Holocaust to justify the bombing of Beirut in the 1982 Lebanon War.

The Zionist view of the Holocaust, to which Spielberg is heir, is the outcome of an inherent ambivalence: the natural requirement to respond as Jews somehow, some way, to the enormity of our national, or ethnic, or religious trauma, and the Israeli ethos of being a phoenix risen from the ashes, a rejection of the victim complex, subjects rather than objects. In this syndrome we too, like Ballard's boy Jim, identified in part with the oppressor German, the soldier with the gun, rather than with the bedraggled, cowed and sheeplike diaspora Jew. None of this is in Spielberg, who like most American Jews, having lived a fantasy Zionism, is locked into the cult of the victim, victims like fellow artist Art Spiegelman's cartoon Jews, the mice of *Maus*, harmless creatures menaced by the fat Nazi cats. Of course, the Nazis themselves represented us as rats, in *Der Ewige Jude* – the Eternal Jew (Fritz Hippler, 1940).

This cult of victimhood, which Spielberg can't escape from, is now a growing force in a particular American discourse, the cult of 'survival' and 'endurance'. The new Holocaust Museum in Washington can hardly contain its visiting crowds, and has plugged into a certain 'politically correct' idea of everyone as a survivor of some real or imagined trauma. Young women in college who have been harassed, even verbally, by male fellow students are classed as 'abuse survivors'. Hollywood is never far behind these trends. One can see in Oliver Stone's current release *Heaven & Earth* a typical example of the cult of endurance, this time of the Vietnamese woman surviving the horrors of her country's own holocaust. But Stone's despicable farrago of syrupy sentiment and misjudged bathos (did you know the Vietnam war was just bad karma?) serves only to point up Spielberg's awareness of the pitfalls lurking for his own eulogy to the victims of war.

Spielberg has taken on an impossible task and has almost succeeded. His central drama, displacing our unredeemable anguish at the fate of the victims to the dilemma of the good

German Schindler, is intelligently handled. Steven Zaillian's screenplay has improved on Keneally's worthy but dull non-fiction book. (I know it won the Booker Prize for fiction, but some mysteries are beyond my ken.) In the book Schindler is portrayed as fairly sympathetic to the Jews from the outset, but in the film he starts out as an opportunist who thinks he has come across a great scam to make big bucks. The brilliantly cast Liam Neeson is credibly directed as he is drawn further and further into a moral morass where his basic worth as a human being is to be tested. That most men and women in his position failed that test in those dreadful circumstances points to the glory of Schindler's reluctant sainthood. This central hub of the story works.

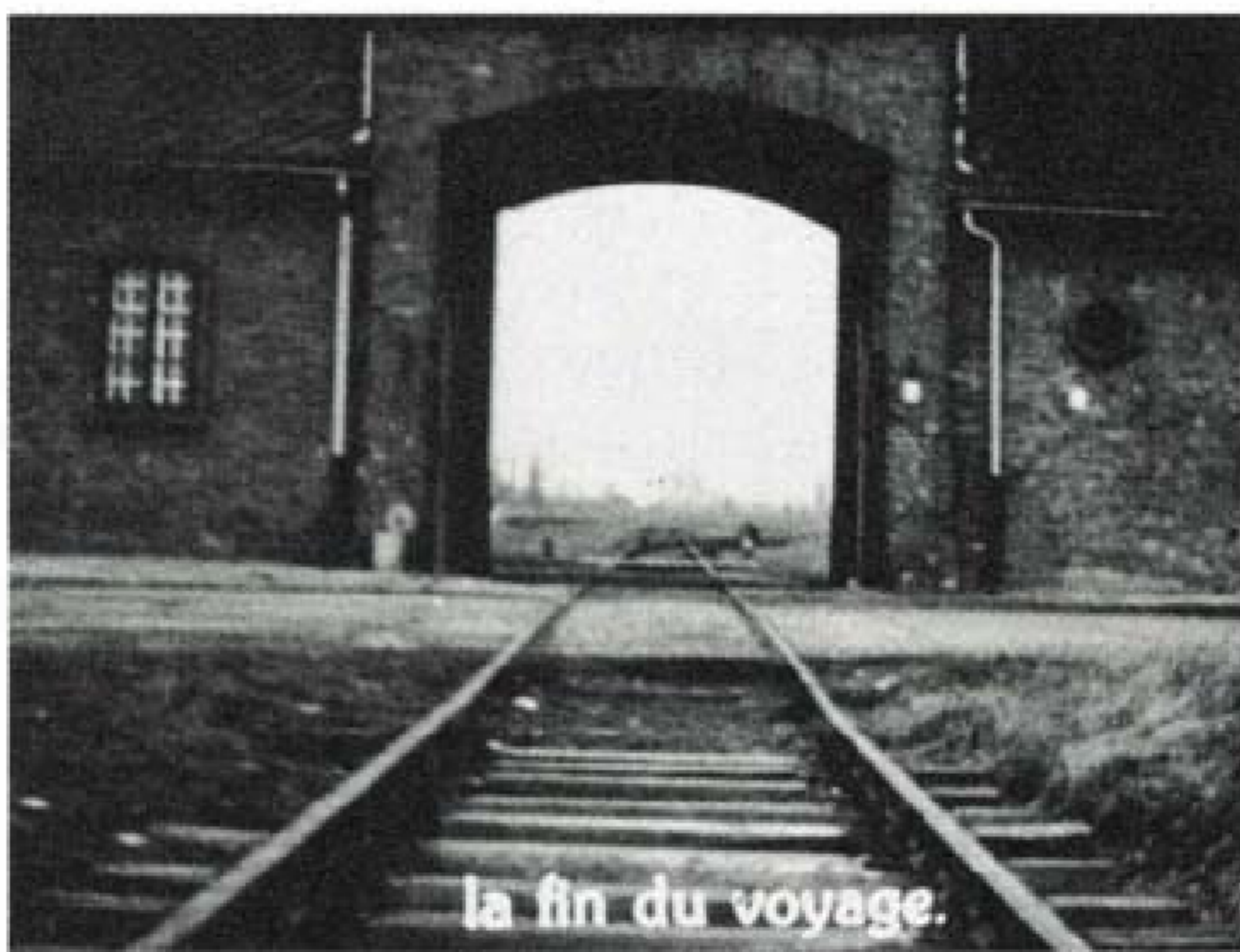
But Spielberg is not content. His craft as a storyteller vindicated, he wishes to utilise his grand resources to show us the Shoah, no holds barred. The muddy camp, the brutal executions, the hordes of exhausted Jewish prisoners, the transports, the mass exhumation and burning of corpses. He wants to show us hell.

He cannot. Let us quote another, more authoritative source on the Holocaust, the Italian Primo Levi who chronicled his Auschwitz experience in his searing book *If This Is a Man*. Here is his description of the camp at the brink of liberation, in 1945: "Ragged, decrepit, skeleton-like patients at all able to move dragged themselves everywhere on the frozen soil, like an invasion of worms..." This cannot be recreated. Finding a handful of thin actors to demonstrate the 'selections' of fit or unfit prisoners to be sent to work or to destruction does not convey it 'as it was'. The actors cannot act this state of being which another Holocaust writer, the forgotten 'Katzetnik' (aka Yehiel Dinur), described as being on another planet, a wholly separate and different mode of being.

We cannot be consumers of this image. We can only unleash our inadequate imaginations in response to the stories that we hear. In this, Claude Lanzmann, I believe, was right, though he too had another agenda: more Zionist than Spielberg, he conceived of his *Shoah* as the ultimate justification for the State of Israel. But his own obsessive rigour defeated this abstract ambition. What we remember from *Shoah* is not the shrill call of polemic but the hypnotic gaze of all those talking heads. The light behind the eyes, illuminating dark memories.

Documentary and fiction, we are told, appear as different genres and cannot, some might say, be compared. But in fact neither genre has a claim to automatic veracity, to 'true life' as against the 'story'. Documentaries, too, tell tales, sometimes with greater mendacity since we assume that we're seeing it 'as it is'. Not so; we have to exercise our judgment either way. So *Shoah* challenges us to hear and see the witnesses and like a judge to make up our own minds about the stories they relate.

Shoah, too, has a 'righteous gentile' – the Polish courier Jan Karski, who called upon by two Jewish activists is persuaded to go into the infamous Warsaw ghetto to see for himself so he can tell the world, the British and the Americans, what is happening in Europe to the Jews. This interview takes up roughly 40 minutes of



An empty world: Claude Lanzmann's 'Shoah', where the recreation of the past in all its horror is resisted

Lanzmann's nine-hour film. The old man, tall and aristocratic, walks forward and settles in a chair. He says: "I will now go back 35 years." Then his eyes fill with tears, he shakes his head, blurts out, "No, I do not go back," and walks out of the frame, clambering over his interviewer. Lanzmann's camera pans back to an empty chair. Then the old man, having composed himself, returns.

Again and again, Lanzmann's strategy is to leave in what other film-makers cut out. Where other directors use meaningless cutaways to cover dialogue where picture is missing, Lanzmann uses them even to cover the pauses in the courier's account. He wants us to feel the difficulties of memory, the gap between reality and recollection. And then the witness speaks, and we are forced to listen, forced to seek the images in our own minds. The director impels us to pay attention. We cannot walk away untouched. Lanzmann is cruel both to his interviewees and to his audience. You will sit here. You will tell. You will listen. This is important. You are not allowed to leave.

Spielberg's melodrama is compelling in more traditional ways. Narrative drive, sinuous camera movements, impeccable cutting, glistening nocturnal lighting. It is 'back to basics', to old-fashioned craft values: the *noir* lighting in the commandant's office in Auschwitz as Schindler seeks to bribe with diamonds the ox-like figure seated before him, a bar of shadow hiding his eyes; the shimmering infernal fire of the crematorium chimney. It all has a terrible beauty, the cinematographer's seductive lure. The nicely crafted performances: Liam Neeson as Schindler, Ben Kingsley as the Jewish accountant Stern, Ralph Fiennes as the tormented brute Amon Goeth. Spielberg even gets away with everyone talking in *zese strange Cherman accents, hein?* – which jar at the beginning, and then become steadily more acceptable. It is, all in all, probably his second best film to date, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* being, for sentimental reasons, my favourite.

But at the end of the day, the most Spielberg can do is to draw his spectators, for the three hours the film runs, into his Holocaust theme park. See, the amazing Schindler factory. Quake at the imminent departure of the train transports. Shiver as you pass beneath the Dantesque archway with snow falling over "Arbeit macht frei". Like Schindler, perhaps, you stand on a hill overlooking the ghetto,

gaping at sights and sounds that you cannot comprehend.

In the first post-war generation, when the events were fresh in European minds, some film-makers tried the impossible. Among many films based on Holocaust stories, two in particular – Gillo Pontecorvo's *Kapo* (1960) and Andrzej Munk's *The Passenger* (1963) – concentrated on recreating the camps, albeit with limited resources. Munk's is by far the more interesting film, focusing on the relationship between two women, a prisoner and a guard, who meet by chance on a ship some time after the war. The camp is recalled in disconnected images which undermine the willed process of forgetting. Hell is not coherent. It refuses to make sense, except as a tool of an individual conscience. Primo Levi was aware as well of the limits of recollection and analysis: "Our language lacks words to express this offence, the demolition of a man. In a moment, with almost prophetic intuition, the reality was revealed to us: we had reached the bottom. It is not possible to sink lower than this..." But Levi knew that he had to believe that "even in this place one can survive." That this was true in his case was a matter of luck, not much more.

Spielberg and Keneally's Auschwitz is made comprehensible by the coherence of its narrative. There is even, in this hell, a happy ending. As in Dante's Virgil, some people are allowed to climb out, if not to paradise, at least to safety. Even this can be endured. Survival seems a matter not of chance, but of the consequences of a *good deed*. Despite the horror, a comforting reassurance. Right at the end of his film Spielberg slips badly, as the survivors, directed towards "a city over there" by a Russian soldier, march forward to the tune of the Hebrew song 'Jerusalem the Golden'. Spielberg is probably unaware that this is a Six Day War ditty weighed down by a very particular ideological baggage. But here it is used as an artifice to mix into the line of present-day Schindler-Jews as they line up to place stones upon the real man's grave. This is a moving sequence, a Lanzmannesque invasion of the actual into the simulation. It is, ironically but perhaps unsurprisingly, the most memorable scene in the film.

In the United States these kinds of reservations cut little ice with the mass audience. *Schindler's List* is already a runaway success. The audience, accustomed to vicarious living, is responding to the Holocaust theme park. But there might remain those of us who are less moved by these inevitably ersatz images than by the bald, bare contours of Lanzmann's tormented talking heads.

I shall remember Spielberg's film as a superbly crafted work by an intelligent professional director. But I shall recall much more powerfully Jan Karski, *Shoah*'s Polish courier, refusing to remember and walking out of the frame, leaving me to contemplate what horrors endure in a man's mind so fresh for over 30 years. It is that empty chair, not Spielberg's sound and fury, which raises the hair on the back of my neck. Sometimes neither images nor words, but only echoes, can prevail. *'Schindler's List' opens on 18 February and is reviewed on page 46 of this issue*



FEELING ENGLISH

'Shadowlands' is further proof that English cinema is far from emotionally cold. Like many English films it shows that concentrated feeling can be expressed very powerfully through understatement. By Richard Dyer

● Is this your idea of a typically English film? An emotionally inexpressive, middle-aged, middle-class white man meets a somewhat more outgoing, somewhat younger, middle-class white woman; they marry but their contentment is cut short by her dying of cancer. The setting is an earlier period of the twentieth century, and there are scenes of Oxford University ceremonial and of verdant, unspoilt countryside. The acting is unemphatic, the direction unobtrusive and the music has something of Elgar about it.

This is a description of *Shadowlands*, but it misses something out: the film makes you cry. Wave after wave of tears will engulf many viewers, the next one catching you unawares, just when you thought you had not tears left to shed. Does this mean that it is, after all, not a typically English film?

It is odd that a national culture that has, repeatedly and characteristically, thrown up the likes of the Brontës, Catherine Cookson, Vera Lynn, the Rolling Stones and, forgive me, Shakespeare, should have the reputation for being emotionally cold. (And I say nothing of the rest of Britain or those whose parents were not British born, the contributions of Shirley Bassey, Robert Burns, Linton Kwesi Johnson, Annie Lennox, George Michael or Dylan Thomas.) Similarly, it is a skewed view of English cinema that sees nothing but frigid dramas and tepid comedies, that treats Gainsborough, Hammer and the *Carry Ons* as exceptions, that fails to feel the emotional pull of *Comin' thro' the Rye*, *Brief Encounter*, *If...* or *Letter to Brezhnev*.

Shadowlands thematises this matter of English emotionality. The middle-aged white man in question is not any such, but a famous lecturer on English Literature, C. S. ('Jack') Lewis. The film takes care, moreover, to establish him as a don of love, discoursing about courtly romance and the transcendent perfection of unattainability, as well as being an inspirational preacher and weaver of magic in his children's stories. With equal care it establishes counterweights. There is the lower-class (in Oxford terms – his father is a village school-teacher) student Whistler, who reads books because he loves them, not because they're on the course, and is unconvinced by Lewis' dry

discourse on romance and the superiority of unattainable, indeed notional, love. And of course there is Joy Gresham, the white woman the white man marries, who calls him on his assumption that feelings are better in books than in life, something which is borne out not only in the story of the film, their love, but is also expressed visually.

When they marry properly (before God and in bed), Joy gives up writing and takes up knitting and Jack is seen bringing books home from work but not actually reading them any more. The film's movement is from early, interior shots in which he (and his brother Warnie) are always seen reading and drinking tea, to the final sequences in the radiance of the English countryside, with not a book or a cuppa in sight. The one constant is his (and her) faith, their love and her death being the apotheosis of his belief that pain is a gift from God, that, as she puts it, "the pain is in the happiness – that's the deal." The romance literally embodies the theology and, as suggested by the last surging (music, camerawork, rolling green valley) shot, his love for God is enriched by his experience of love in the here and now.

The message might then seem to be that life is better than art, that English culture, at any



The lost boy: Anthony Hopkins as Lewis with his dying love Joy (Debra Winger), above; Hopkins alone in a dark world, opposite

rate, is without the feeling that real life, love and death can provide. Yet the schematic, and in direct plot terms irrelevant, character of Whistler provides the ultimate corrective to this view. He leaves Oxford because – this is the only construction one can put on it – he rejects its dessicated treatment of literature. Yet at the end of the film he has himself become a teacher. It is not literature and learning as such that he rejects, so much as an unemotional, 'unlived' approach to them. Hence his father's living, humanist credo, "We read to know we are not alone," which he offers to an uncomprehending Lewis at the start of the film, eventually becomes the film's watchword, with Lewis himself seen passing it on to the next generation of students. What Whistler rejects, and Lewis learns to reject, is unemotional culture, what passes for English culture in official discourse. Whistler's devotion to literature itself proclaims that English culture is not unemotional, and in turn the film itself is evidence of this. It is a typically English film, awash with feeling. Why do we persist in thinking that English cinema is unemotional?

One reason is that English cinema does, like *Shadowlands*, repeatedly deal with characters who are not directly emotionally expressive. Even Gainsborough, Hammer and the *Carry Ons*, for all their libidinal excesses, are about the release of feelings and desires in hitherto emotionally restrained or repressed characters. These films display the release of inhibitions in the characters themselves, in the abandonment of wicked ladies drawing back the seventh veil, in the snarling lust of people turned vampire or werewolf, in the unflagging dirtiness of boobs, bums and puns.

In the other English cinema – the cinema of *Brief Encounter*, Dirk Bogarde and *Howards End* – the opposite is true: feeling is expressed in what is not said or done, and/or in the suggestiveness of settings, music and situation. Because in this sort of cinema characters do not shout, burst into tears or lunge with lust, some assume they do not have feelings or desires. They may not behave in a direct, high-octane emotional way, but this does not mean that the performances, of the actors and of the film itself, may not convey such feelings.

Some of the great emotional moments in ►

◀ British cinema occur when the performance allows the pressure of feeling to be felt beneath a flatness of expression. In *Millions Like Us* (1943), when Gordon Jackson asks Patricia Roc to marry him, something she has been wanting him to do for ages, she simply says, "I don't mind," and the whole of her aching desire is there.

In *The Blue Lamp* (1949), Mrs Dixon (Gladys Henson) is brought news that her husband, PC George Dixon (Jack Warner) has been killed; she is holding a bunch of flowers in her hand, and just says, "These flowers want putting in water." This moment has been brilliantly analysed by Charles Barr in his book *Ealing Studios*. It's the kind of thing that is often dismissed as typically English inhibition – here she is told her husband is dead and all she can do is not deal with it by fussing on about flowers. But the flowers were grown and lovingly tended by Dixon, an expression of sensibility, and her care for them expresses her care for him. More than that, her not saying anything conveys that sense that grief cannot be spoken, that feelings are too enormous for words. As Barr says, it is the simplest of scenes cinematically, and its emotions are easily missed, yet once discerned, overwhelming.

Shadowlands is like this. Though there is Elgarishly emotional music at points, for much of the time there is no music. The camera is still and takes are longish, although never to the point where it becomes stylistically noticeable, as in Ozu or Akerman. The script and the performances are plain and, to use a word I've been trying to avoid, understated. There is no unique expressive virtue in understatement and reticence – I bow to no one in my admiration and pleasure in Lana Turner's shrieking, flashing car ride in *The Bad and the Beautiful*, or Alain Delon, Annie Girardot and Nino Rota on the roof of Milan Cathedral in *Rocco and His Brothers* – but nor is understatement lacking in emotional power.

Should one call such an approach to emotion 'English'? On the one hand, it is found in the middle-class cinema of most countries, no less in *Babette's Feast*, *The Chess Players* or *Tokyo Story* than in *Brief Encounter* or *Maurice*. There is a reason why, wherever it is found, it may get labelled 'English'. As the first industrialising,

Her not saying anything conveys that grief cannot be spoken, that feelings are too enormous for words

trading middle class and the leading nation of bourgeois imperialism, England led the world in the establishment of certain norms of middle-class culture. We have been associated with them ever since and our tourism industry is based on them. It makes us fail to see both the unofficial, dissident elements of middle-class culture and non-middle-class culture as having their English typicalities.

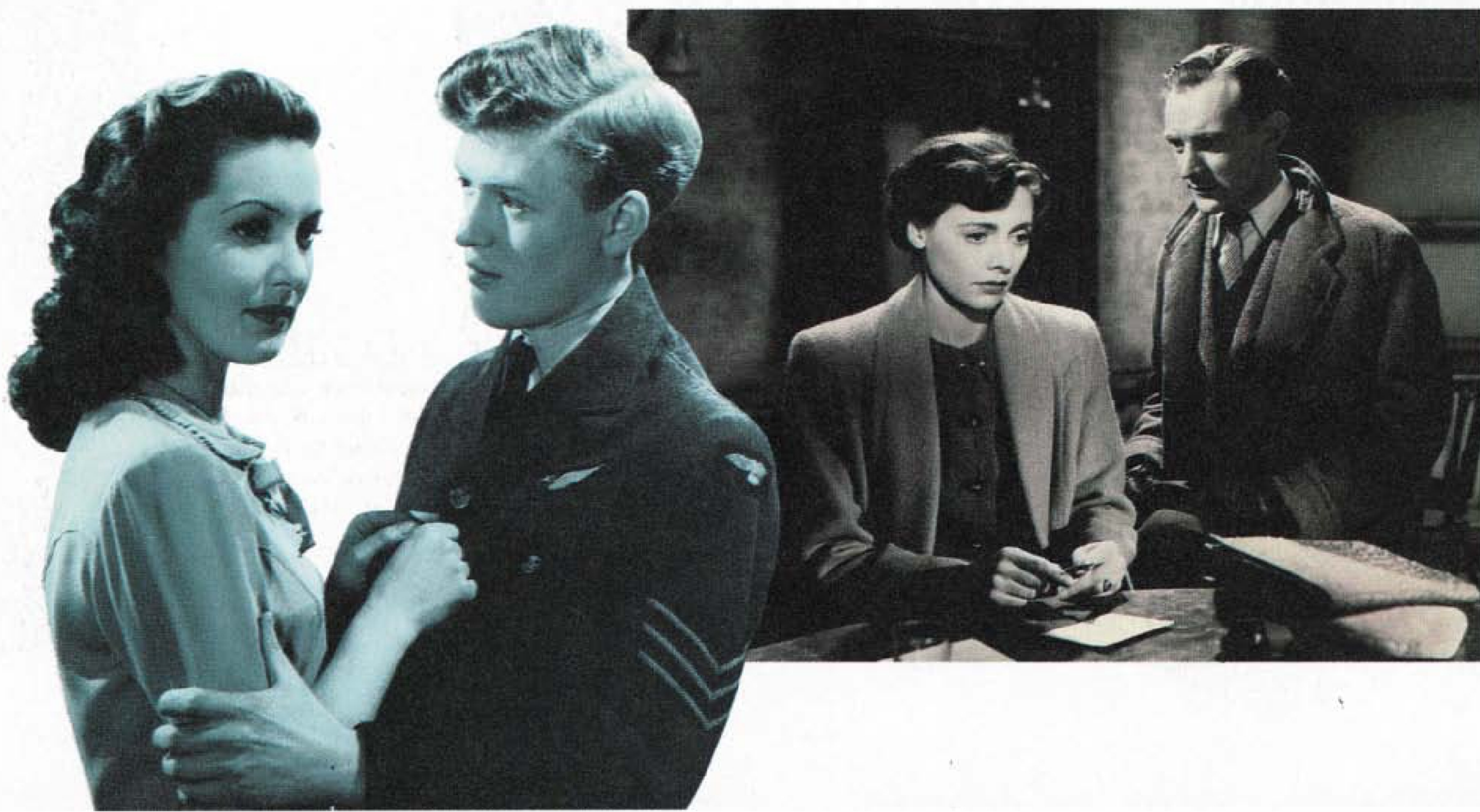
On the other hand, isn't this kind of emotionality indeed only white and middle class? In her interview with Andrea Stuart in *Sight and Sound* (February 1994), Gurinder Chadha says that she thinks of her film *Bhaji on the Beach* as "a very English film". I think she is right. It has something of the gentle, bumbling quality of Ealingesque comedy, the portmanteau realism of 40s cinema, the slice-of-life realism of the 60s and the ability of a television series like *Coronation Street* to allow fierce feelings to break into a cheerful and witty atmosphere. It also has, in the scene of reconciliation between Hashida and Oliver, the ability to move you with actors doing next to nothing, the camera simple, unnoticeable and in exactly the right place, and only a flush of music at the end – very 'English' in other words, as are the other understated qualities I've suggested.

Contemporary English films (and television) have one difference from their predecessors where unhistrionic characters are concerned: the moment of tears. In *Brief Encounter* Laura (Celia Johnson) turns her head away not only from her lover Alec (Trevor Howard) but from the camera as well, so that her tears cannot be seen. Today it might only have been from Alec. A major climactic moment of *Shadowlands* occurs when Jack and Joy's son Douglas sob together after her death. A close-up ensures that we see one tear well up and begin to fall from Douglas' eyes; a mid-shot shows us Jack

collapse weeping on Douglas' shoulders – but this all takes place in the attic, away from the eyes of others, and the film cuts to a more discreet shot of them from behind in silhouette as they continue to weep. In *The Remains of the Day* Mr Stevens hears Miss Kenton weeping in her room, goes to her, gives her a banal domestic instruction and withdraws; but the film stays now with her as she weeps, dwelling on the tears rolling down her cheeks. It is a key trope of contemporary television – as I wrote this there were examples in *A Touch of Frost* and, as there usually are, in *Casualty* – that characters maintain their reserve in company, but the moment they are alone howl with grief. These are all still 'characters who do not express their feelings', but whereas earlier British cinema might leave one to infer their inchoate emotions, contemporary practice provides this moment, no doubt under pressure from the idea that emotions do have to be 'let out'. But it does not mean that English cinema has therefore become more emotional – it simply signals a shift in the culture of emotional expression.

The whole question of the perception of emotion in British cinema and culture has been exacerbated by the success in recent years of the heritage film. The danger of this genre is that it will collapse feelings – humdrum as well as surging – beneath the detail of its production values. There is still a pleasure to be had from these for their own sake. The fascination of the appearance of old things, a museum pleasure so consummately reproduced in heritage movies, is a legitimate enough reason to go to the cinema, and it is perhaps only because I take it for granted that I find it not enough to see me through *Little Dorrit*, *The Bridge* or *The Remains of the Day*. Nor do I require a sense of the otherness of oldness as in *The Piano* or *Dangerous Liaisons*, nor the foregrounding of oldness as an idea, as in *The Draughtsman's Contract* or *Orlando*. The project, of suggesting the emotional life of worlds that we freeze into tableaux when we trip to the past in museums, stately homes and heritage trails, is a perfectly fine one by me. But when I realised that the first thing I wondered about the first shot of Miss Kenton in *The Remains of the Day* was where she – or the props person – had got her teacup, I somehow knew that I was not going to get beyond that to the

The English look: Patricia Roc and Gordon Jackson in 'Millions Like Us', right; Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard in 'Brief Encounter', far right



sense of unexpressed feeling that the film seems to want to tell us is there to be expressed.

Remarkably, *Shadowlands* avoids this problem. The costumes and setting are meticulous and the overall look of the film is very nice, but even when such elements are distracting, they are not lifeless. I did notice Warnie Lewis' tea mug, for instance, a concave-shaped one with grey exterior and coloured interior, what would have been called very 'contemporary' in the 50s, very post-Festival of Britain. It looks odd on his nondescript desk, among the clutter of books and in front of his *Times* with announcements still on the front. But that is part of the excellence of the set decoration, its recognition that periods are not stylistically homogenous, that we import bits of the latest fashion in mass production into homes that are a jumble of things we got from our grandparents and things we bought when we first had a place of our own and so on. Similarly, although everywhere looks clean, with a penchant for attractive, subdued colouring, it doesn't look luxurious or even comfortable – Joy Gresham's stove looks a trial, Jack and Warnie's house is cold, the hospital is bare. There is some sunlit celebration of Oxfordiana (to which I am deeply resistant) and some summer green, autumn orange countryside (to which I'm not), but though you register all this, they don't become the only reason for staying in the cinema.

The problem of lifelessness – of costume films about emotionally inexpressive people being emotionally inexpressive films – is clear when one considers *The Remains of the Day*. What made the book a compelling read was the organisation of its telling around two enigmas that the reader wanted to know the answer to: what was it that tarnished Lord Darlington's reputation in the 30s, and what will happen when, in the present of the narrative, Mr Stevens meets up again with Miss Kenton? Each of these is clearly signalled from the start, and there is much at stake for Mr Stevens in both. Without these, it would be more irritatingly evident that the dryness of the book's narration, told in the person of Mr Stevens, is at bottom a literary exercise, an accomplished pastiche of English restraint. The film has neither the drive of the enigmas – it is merely Mr

Attenborough is a curious case in British film culture, an intensely emotional and absolutely mainstream figure

Stevens going on a journey and having memories – nor, to any useful degree, the ponderous, self-deceiving narrative voice. It becomes then a sequence of images and incidents that depend on the way they are handled to convey any sense of there being something emotional at stake, and what with the irritatingly burbling score and the camera endlessly drawing our attention to the fixtures and fittings, such handling does not occur. Perhaps some viewers do pick up on the feeling. I found Anthony Hopkins so meticulously proper as to be a cypher, though perhaps it was only my mood that made me not feel the anger and love in Emma Thompson's annoyance, bafflement and moment of weeping.

It is the failure to give space for the emotions of their characters (which need not be big or violent emotions) to come across that can scupper heritage films, though need not: consider the beatific radiance of the last part of *Babette's Feast*, the fierce desires of *The Piano*, the deep melancholia of *The Gold Rimmed Spectacles*, the glowing father/son relationship in *A Room with a View*, the bitterness in *A Handful of Dust*, or nearly all of *Shadowlands*.

In its emotionality, *Shadowlands* is also a characteristic Richard Attenborough product. Attenborough is a curious case in British film culture, an intensely emotional and absolutely mainstream figure in a supposedly unemotional national tradition. I am thinking of him here as a performer as well as a director. Much of his most memorable acting has had a quality of concentrated emotion: his hysteria as a young stoker under fire in *In Which We Serve*, the sense of damnation in his Pinkie in *Brighton Rock*, his relishable awfulness in *Private's Progress* or *Loot*, his all-stops-out jolly rendition of 'I've never seen anything like it!' in *Doctor Dolittle*. Probably his most celebrated performances

now, though, are at awards shows – here come the tears, we say to ourselves as his name is announced; he is effusive, generous and lachrymose like no one else. (Easy tears, say some – but why are tears worth more when they are difficult? A put-on, say others, as if reticence is not also put on.) Such performance qualities also characterise his films as director – and direction is only another kind of performance. The journalist critics' reaction to *Oh! What a Lovely War* was much derided by superior people at the time, who poured scorn on the 'how we cried!' effusions of Dilys Powell and the rest. That film, *Ghandi* and *Cry Freedom* have been denounced by 'progressive' critics who manage to contort themselves into praising profoundly reactionary film-makers like Michael Powell, Howard Hawks or Yasujiro Ozu (all of whom I too love and admire). Yet Attenborough did not have to spend his energies and years on raising money for mass-audience, liberal-message projects (a point not lost on the ANC), projects that are more concerned with being emotionally effective than analytically correct.

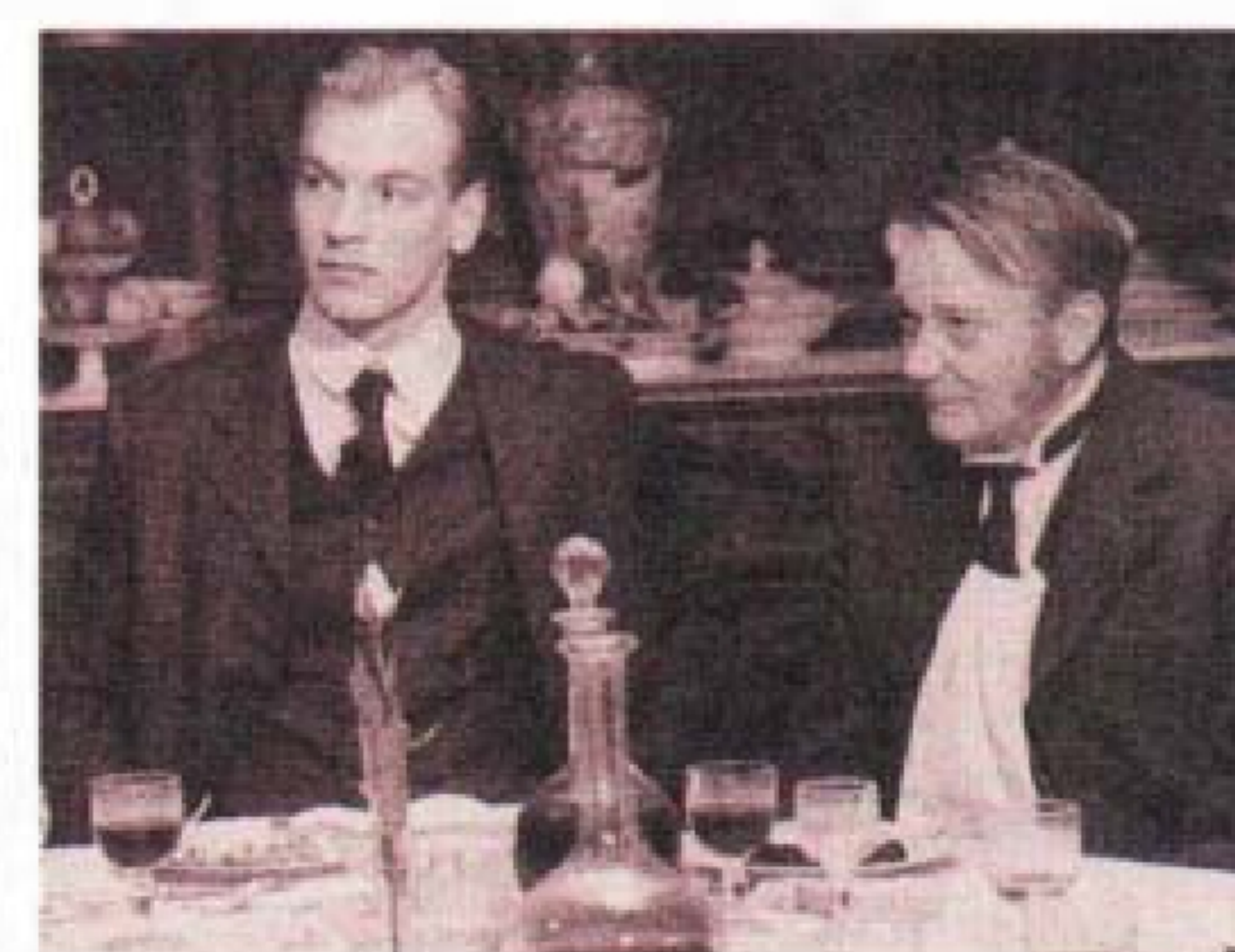
What Attenborough's films lack, though, is edge. Perhaps because they are so emotionally direct, they also do not grasp the nature of emotional restraint, the pressure of convention, the fear of vulnerability, the wish not to upset others. The reticence of the *Shadowlands* characters is an unexplored given; excellent as Anthony Hopkins and, especially, Debra Winger are, there is no sense of the struggle to express feeling. Take a scene of emotional reticence from a different, perhaps unexpected source. When John Wayne awkwardly plonks down his cactus rose in the midst of the rush of the restaurant kitchen in *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance* (1962), his desire to express thereby his love for Vera Miles is as much a wonder of tenderness triumphing over self-protection, of delicacy in the hard frontier, as is the blooming of a rose on a cactus. It is the sense of the social, historical and psychological dimensions of emotional expressivity that *Shadowlands* lacks. As a result, though I cried buckets, it stays in my memory less keenly than most of the other examples I have cited – but not because it's an 'unemotional English film'.

'Shadowlands' opens on 4 March and is reviewed on page 48 of this issue

Pain and passion: an attentive Terence Alexander in 'Comin' thro' the Rye', below; Jimmy Hanley comforts the forlorn Gladys Henson in 'The Blue Lamp', right



Lost horizons: Julian Sands and Denholm Elliott in 'A Room with a View', top right; Hopkins and Emma Thompson in 'The Remains of the Day', right





How has the cult of the Celtic hero shaped the way we view the careers of the Welsh stars: Stanley Baker, Richard Burton and Anthony Hopkins? By Geoffrey Macnab

VALLEY BOYS

"There is a class of Welshmen, original and unique to themselves, powerful and loud and dangerous and clever and they are almost all South Welshmen and almost all from the Rhondda Valley... they are an alien race and nobody knows where they come from or what they are." (Richard Burton, obituary for Stanley Baker, *Observer*, 11 July 1976.)

● Middle-aged, on the short side and tending to corpulence, Sir Anthony Hopkins may be British cinema's brightest star of the moment, but he is altogether too unwieldy to make a conventional leading man: his voice, stature and sheer bristling intensity count against him. Instead, he finds himself playing the sorts of roles which might have been reserved for Charles Laughton a generation or two ago. Whether croaking "Esmeralda" as Quasimodo in the CBS Tele-movie of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, whispering "Clarice" as Hannibal Lecter in *The Silence of the Lambs* or roaring disapproval at Fletcher Christian as Captain Bligh in *The Bounty*, in his best parts he is always chafing against imprisonment of one kind or another: by language, class, body, duty or just plain bars. Interviews, press releases and even Michael Feeney Callan's unauthorised biography *Anthony Hopkins: In Darkness and Light* confirm the impression of an actor with an angry, in-built resistance to being typecast.

What once seemed to rankle with Hopkins more than anything was being assessed on his 'Welshness', being treated as an atavistic, sec-

ond-generation Richard Burton. As one journalist observed, "He reckons Welsh talent is a big myth. Apart from Burton, Stanley Baker and Dylan Thomas, Wales hasn't produced too many stars." ('20 Things You Didn't Know about Anthony Hopkins', *Sun*, 9 July 1988.) Perversely, though, by protesting he merely served to reinforce the myth: cussedness was part of the package. My aim here is not to consider Hopkins' career or acting style in detail; both have been written about extensively elsewhere. My real concern is his pained entanglement with that strange, artificial cult of the Celtic hero, how the cult feeds from literature and folklore into cinema, and how it affects the way we think about British stars, Richard Burton and Stanley Baker in particular.

A murderous love letter

Shortly after Stanley Baker's death in June 1976, Richard Burton penned an extraordinary tribute on his behalf. *Lament for a Dead Welshman*, a "murderous love letter", as Burton called it, is a rambling, mournful dirge, part obituary, part manifesto, which evokes the South Wales valleys, whence both actors emerged, with a mix of bitterness and awe. "What the hell can you do if you come from such a murderous background?" Burton asks before going on to describe the bleak, denuded landscape he and Baker inhabited as children: "Those low hills, those lowering valleys, the Rhondda fawr, the Rhondda fach, and their concomitant buses

and grey roofs and pit-heads and dead grass and crippled miners and cages endlessly falling with your father inside and smashed to bits."

Baker's father was indeed injured in a mining accident; lost his leg and with it his job. Times were just as hard as you would expect them to be. Still, in Burton's account suffering and deprivation take on a roseate hue. Even a little youthful delinquency is there to be celebrated. He recalls with relish the way Baker used to "pelt the privileged as they came out of the grammar school because he was disallowed entry" and refers to his old friend as a "terrifying old boot... with a face like a clenched fist." Above all, he suggests that Baker lived life on a mythic scale; that he was a colossus who, "with a convulsive heave... shrugged off the mighty mountains and strode across Europe."

In his enjoyably hagiographic biography *Rich*, Melvyn Bragg does something similar for Burton. At least, he first of all provides a context against which the tall tales told by the Welsh bards about their heroes must be judged: "They [the Welsh] needed their myths. For the Twentieth Century facts were that they were a small, oppressed and exploited people, in thrall to the then almighty English, and their sole singularity was the Welsh language, and only a quarter of them spoke that."

Having issued this proviso early on, Bragg proceeds to weave a fine, embellished tale which even Thomas Mallory would struggle to match. He casts Burton as a latterday Celtic



RONALD GRANT (2)

king, Elizabeth Taylor as an improbable Guinevere, and suggests that every problem the actor faced in his private and professional life was a challenge he would have to overcome before he would “properly be able to call himself a hero.” Even Burton’s (indeed legendary) drinking is incorporated into the grand narrative without in any way affecting his status: “another layer was added to the story: that of the hero taunting the fires of destruction and proving himself to be indestructible.”

Of course, compelling though this may seem, the myth of the drunken, visionary screen actor turns out to be as spurious as that of the drunken, visionary writer. While it is perhaps almost possible to cobble together a tradition of rugged, bibulous Welsh screen stars, with Burton and Baker in the vanguard, Anthony Hopkins as their direct descendant and Rachel Roberts as the token woman, it can only be done by excluding just about everybody else. Take Ray Milland, for example (his *The Lost Weekend* apart) or Donald Houston or even Ivor Novello: if Baker is, as Burton suggests, “the authentic, dark voice of the Rhondda”, where does Novello fit in? A glowing matinee idol, suave and smooth, he is as far removed from Burton and Bragg’s archetype of the Celtic hero as it is possible to be. For a start, he didn’t have acne. (Both Baker and Burton were pockmarked and proud of it.) And then there was his voice. It wasn’t guttural enough. According to popular wisdom, the great Welsh actors

should speak as if they still have grit in their lungs. No less an authority than Raymond Edwards, one-time head of the drama department at Cardiff Castle College and tutor to Anthony Hopkins, waxes scientific on the subject in *In Darkness and Light*: “The South Wales actor has an advantage in the voice. I have come to believe that it is an inherited quality derived from the mines. Generations of coal workers have lived in cramped, acrid environments where they cannot stand up properly in the mine shafts and they are breathing appalling air. The consequence of this oxygen deprivation is that they breathe very deeply and use dilated nostrils and a stretched and open air passage. These are the specific requirements of voice projection, as taught to aspirant actors.”

Nor did Novello have the saturnine, self-destructive streak which characterises all the best Celtic heroes. While their English oppressors have made a virtue out of losing politely, chirping ‘play the game, play the game’ as they trot over the trenches towards the enemy guns, the Celts, though equally enamoured of noble failure, have more of an appetite for brooding: convention demands that they be as despondent in defeat as they are exultant in victory. It is here that Burton and Baker are at their most obliging. Notions of loss, disappointment and betrayal are central to any understanding of their careers and of how they managed to become ‘stars’. They were both frequently accused of squandering their gifts. Towards the

Powersteering: Stanley Baker stars in ‘Hell Drivers’, opposite; Richard Burton in ‘The Spy Who Came in from the Cold’, above

end of his life, Baker himself acknowledged that he had made more than 80 films, and “all but five of them had been bad”. Burton was charged with an ever-grosser dereliction of duty. He had been acclaimed as the greatest classical actor of his generation, but had abandoned Stratford and the Old Vic to seek riches in Hollywood. Critics were shocked to see him appearing in a toga in the Cinemascope epic, *The Robe*, and accused him of acting with his knees. (One might argue that this was a compliment: it’s hard to think of many British actors with equal genuflectic appeal.)

A literary Elvis

After Burton’s death in the summer of 1984, an event which made front-page news on both sides of the Atlantic, his many obituarists were quick to quote Gielgud’s off-the-cuff remark about “his rather mad way of throwing away his theatre career”. They failed to appreciate that it was precisely this wastrel, carefree quality which made Burton such a star in the first place. Although, as Bragg points out, he was one of the highest-paid actors of all time, precious few of his screen performances are especially memorable. His range was limited, and he was only really at his best when playing losers. Defrocked priests, disgruntled teachers and crumpled, seedy spies were his speciality. (There was a little purple patch in the mid- ▶

◀ 60s, when *The Night of the Iguana*, *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* followed each other in fairly rapid succession.) Even a bad Burton performance has a certain gravitas and pathos. In his latter years, in films such as *Absolution*, where he is a tormented teacher at a Catholic public school, or 1984, as John Hurt's torturer, or as the lead in Tony Palmer's interminable *Wagner*, he looks like a withered monument, a sort of Welsh, literary Elvis gone to seed. And, indeed, his performances often seem as perfunctory as those of the late, great king. Like Presley, he could always take consolation in his voice, which stayed wondrously intact even as everything else went. As *Time* magazine observed in its obituary, he "spoke with a tympanic resonance so rich and overpowering that it could give an air of verse to a recipe for stewed hare."

The Pygmalion story

There is a word in Welsh which doesn't really translate to English, but means something akin to yearning and homesickness – *hiraeth*. Burton and Baker suffered from it in abundance, even seemed to relish it. Exile was the inevitable consequence of their success. After all, there wasn't much of a film industry in Wales, and had they stayed in Britain, most of their earnings would have been swallowed up by the exchequer. Burton, therefore, retreated to Switzerland, while Baker eventually set up house in Spain. From their foreign dens, the pining for their homeland grew ever more intense. "Stanley was inwrought with his valley and so am I with the idea of the valley, that incomparable valley, burned and black," wrote Burton in his *Lament*. But he was lying beside the pool in Los Angeles at the time. Opulence, guilt, exile, even treachery and deceit – the myth of the self-destructive Celt incorporates them all.

Not that the myth is entirely without foundation. In their lives and careers, Baker and Burton were indeed enacting some sort of version of the Camelot story, but in a far more modest way than their hagiographers suggest. There was nothing particularly magical about their departure from the valleys. Their Merlins were inspirational schoolteachers. As Gwyn Williams points out in his critical history *When Was Wales*, during the Depression the traditional escape route from the pits was the "exam obstacle race". And the traditional refuge for the escapees was back in the classroom: Wales became "notorious for its over-production of school teachers". But these schoolmasters weren't always sympathetic to their own culture and heritage. As Williams puts it, they suffered "from a tribal self-contempt and a species of shame", and "saw it their duty not simply to introduce their students to the world of the English language, but to eradicate every trace of Welshness they could get their self-justifying hands on."

Seen in this light, Burton and Baker's story is arguably more akin to *Pygmalion* than to *The Sword in the Stone*, and implies the same compromises. Hirsute Eliza Doolittles, they were given elocution lessons and gradually wrenched away from their class and background. It is a familiar enough tale in twenti-

eth-century Welsh folklore, one which Emlyn Williams had already enshrined in his play *The Corn Is Green*. Williams had been coached all the way to Oxford by his feisty Yorkshire schoolmistress Miss Sarah Greene. From there, he had proceeded to the West End and a hugely successful career as actor and writer. Arguably, though, the price he had to pay was estrangement from the very people he made his reputation writing about. (By contrast, the great Welsh writer and dramatist Gwyn Thomas was so put off by his experience of Oxbridge college dining rooms, where "the high-pitched pecking accent of the Southern English pained my mastoid bone", that he hurried back to Wales as soon as possible, and stayed put. Perhaps as a consequence, his work was never appreciated outside his native country.)

There was inevitably something of the Faustian pact about the arrangement between Richard Burton (né Jenkins) and his teacher, Philip Burton. In exchange for a career and a new surname, Burton sacrificed his roots. His sense of exile is made painfully obvious in the film version of *Under Milk Wood* (1971), largely instigated by him, where, as the narrator, he wanders morosely round Lower Fishguard, observing the antics of Captain Cat *et al*, intoning Dylan Thomas' words, but always remaining on the periphery: he can tell the story, but cannot take part in it. Similarly Baker, whose first major role was as a sadistic Lieutenant in *The Cruel Sea* (1952), soon found himself playing all manner of Englishmen. The pair were condemned to be outsiders, though deracination was a vital part of the myth. In all their best roles, they look out of place and out of time.

It is inevitable that Baker and Burton are yoked together. They grew up in adjoining valleys. As teenagers one was the other's understudy in an Emlyn Williams play. Then, as young Jack-the-lads, Burton remembers, they "smashed windows and broke trains and lusted after the same women and drove through the continent together, pustular and acne'd and angry and madly in love with the earth and all its riches." But even if their biographies do read like a stale variation on the buddy movie, it's hard to think of two actors less alike. Burton was larynx and Baker was physique.

"He has the muscles, sinews and solidity of a young oak tree... he is the handsomest and most manly looking man in British films," enthused a *Daily Express* journalist about Baker in 1959, before going on to bemoan the lack of decent parts he was given. A schoolboy boxing champion with a renowned mean streak, Baker had even managed to terrify his teacher, Glynne Morse. Morse recalls first meeting him in the autumn of 1939, as the Second World War was about to break out: "It was at this time of violent eruption that Stanley Baker stuttered onto the stage of my life. It was the beginning of term at Ferndale Secondary School and among the new boys stood Stanley, dark, satanic." (Quoted in Anthony Storey's *Stanley Baker, Portrait of an Actor*.) Baker's air of menace must have put off casting directors as well: it's an indictment of the British film industry of the period that the 'chaps', well bred and in their flannel trousers, still monopolised most

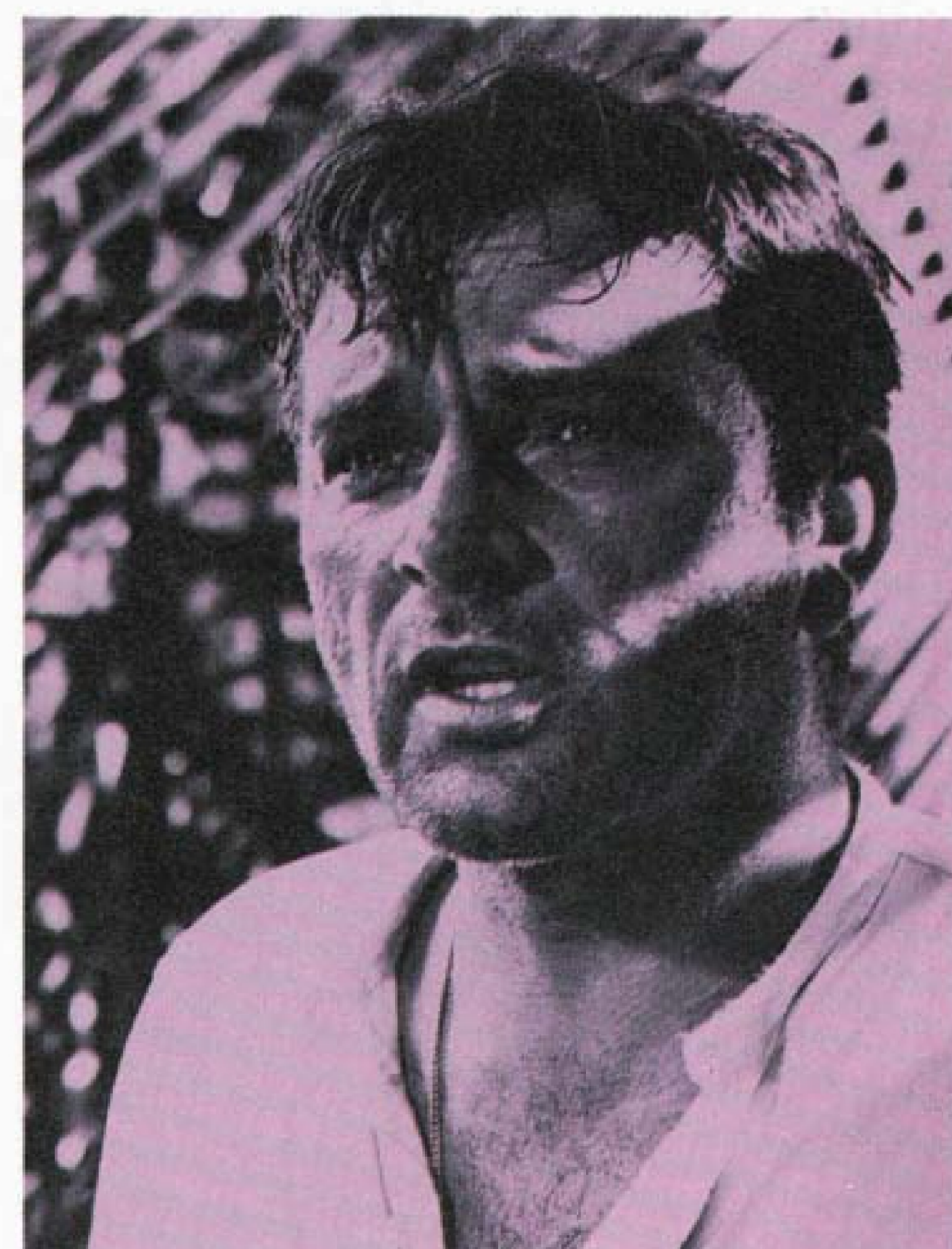
of the leading roles. Bogarde was offering his endless reprises of Simon Sparrow in the *Doctor* series, Kenneth More and John Gregson were hooting their way down to Brighton in their antique cars, Jack Hawkins was looking suitably sagacious, but there was no room for Stanley Baker in the league of gentlemen. He was down in the basement, playing the thugs and heavies, and might never have been given the chance to come up and show his true mettle had it not been for Senator McCarthy and the House Committee on UnAmerican Activities: Baker's handful of most striking performances were in pictures directed by Cy Endfield and Joseph Losey, both of whom had fled to Europe from Hollywood when the anti-communist witch hunts got under way.

They spotted Baker as an actor in the mould of Lee Marvin or Robert Ryan, a craggy, roughly hewn, square-jawed bruiser who had 'attitude' in abundance. Endfield first used him in *Hell Drivers* (1957) opposite an equally stubborn Patrick McGoohan. Here he plays a petty criminal, just released from prison, who finds a job driving lorries full of ballast round narrow country lanes. It doesn't sound a particularly promising scenario, but it at least showed he was capable of handling leading roles without in any way diminishing his characteristic surliness: even as the hero, he bristles and frowns and looks as if he is carrying the sorrows of the world on his shoulders. His best-known film with Endfield is *Zulu* (1963), which he also produced. He plays Lieutenant John Chard, a deranged officer in a Welsh regiment who stubbornly resolves to defend a tiny mission station against 4,000 Zulu warriors. He stands inside his little home-made fortress, a manic glow in his eye, waving his revolver and exhorting his troops to fresh heroics.

Although attacked as racist at the time, the film, seen nowadays, has a vaguely surreal air. It is never quite clear why defending Rorke's Drift was so important in the first place. Without a political or historical context, the protracted battle seems less a jingoistic celebration of British derring-do than an elaborate formal ritual in which two warrior nations express their mutual appetite for bloodshed. This is even acknowledged in the film's absurd finale, where the Zulus line up on top of a hill and chant their approval of a sterling British performance. Chard is a suitably ambivalent hero. Cowardly at first, always bullying, there is a hint that he engineered the entire conflict simply so he could win his battle spurs and prove he is capable of doing more than building bridges. It's a febrile, edgy piece of acting from Baker, whose discomfort at playing somebody from the 'officer class' is always apparent.

Embarrassed by acting

Perhaps his quintessential role, though, was in Losey's *The Criminal* (1960), where his performance as Johnny Bannion, a professional crook, was apparently modelled on Albert Dimes, a real-life underworld figure. The part finds him at his most adamant. Surly, authoritative, he refuses to kowtow to anybody, sneering at police officers and prison warders, raising his fists or his voice when anybody gets



Homesickness: Stanley Baker as the professional crook in 'The Criminal', above; Richard Burton in 'Under Milk Wood', top right; Burton in the southern states in 'The Night of the Iguana', far right; Anthony Hopkins in 'The Bounty', right



in his way. It's a genre commonplace that the lawless individual will always be stifled by the system. Too arrogant to compromise, Bannion ends up dead in the very ditch where he had hidden his stolen money. In his new biography of the director, David Caute observes Losey "invariably used him [Baker] as the outsider, the loner who never fully belongs and does not wish to." The American seemed to see him as a battering ram to knock away at the genteel nicety and class distinctions which still exercised a stranglehold over British cinema.

Arguably, though, it was Baker's and Burton's identities which became blurred. All too often these Welsh heroes, full of antipathy for all things English, ended up cosseted within the establishment, knighted and asked to play English kings, generals, politicians or professors. Burton was cast as Henry II, Henry VIII, and even went so far as to play Churchill for television, surely a supreme act of treachery for a Welshman reared in the Rhondda. Baker played a range of police inspectors and army officers. However, even if their Welshness came under threat, they desperately clung to their masculinity. Both sometimes gave the impression that they felt slightly embarrassed by acting; that it wasn't a manly thing to do. Brawling, drinking, invoking the myth of the Celtic hero born with an abundance of natural talent must have been a way of compensating for the indignity of it all. Forced to wear flouncey costumes, pretend they were Anglo-

Saxons and prance around in front of the cameras, they could hide behind the coat-tails of their own national myths.

Back in the 80s American academic Tom Dardis wrote a book entitled *The Thirsty Muse* which charted the drinking habits of the usual literary culprits (Hemingway, O'Neill, Fitzgerald and so on) and came to the not very startling conclusion that they wrote better when they were sober. He also observed that most American writers and poets of his day seemed to have taken a temperance pledge. Even if they hadn't, the public no longer wanted to hear about their binges. A similar disillusionment seemed to set in with actors. Burton and Baker died early; Peter O'Toole, Richard Harris and the rest saw their status wane. In the earnest, clean-living 80s and early 90s, there was little tolerance for their self-indulgence.

Pliable and gentle

The rugged, boozing Welsh tradition should presumably have come grinding to a halt. Anthony Hopkins, however, managed to turn it on its head. He may have begun his career bellying and blowing: "I thought the only way to succeed was to be grim and angry and to punch people in pubs and get drunk." Arguably, though, only when he stopped drinking and started playing repressed Englishmen – only when the burden of the 'Burton myth' was lifted – did he really establish himself.

In recent films such as *Shadowlands* and *The*

Good Father, Hopkins has risked showing an emotional vulnerability which Baker and Burton might have frowned upon. (You can't imagine either of them blubbing just because Debra Winger has died.) The Welsh Tourist Board now uses him to help "sell" their country. He is figured on vast billboards, standing atop a soggy mountainside, inviting visitors to come and enjoy the fresh air and scenic views. His image is that of the friendly gatekeeper. A similar picture with Burton or Baker would have a different connotation. You can just imagine them as scowling, fearsome gargoyles, keeping guard of the Principality, who would defy, not invite, outsiders to come near.

This is Hopkins' great trick as an actor: to take those daunting, mythical-type figures and render them pliable and gentle. People trust him. There is something infinitely soothing about his voice. He may be most commonly identified with his Oscar-winning role as "Hannibal the Cannibal", but advertisers could probably feature him in a baby-food campaign without the public blinking. And he has even satirised the traditional Welsh hero. His Gwyn Thomas in the recent BBC drama *A Few Selected Exits* is no thundering titan out of the valleys, but a prissy, academic writer with a caustic wit. Unlike Burton and Baker with their capacity for undiluted rage, Hopkins has learned to go "gentle into that good night". And even if the myth does live on through him, it nowadays comes wrapped up in a skein of irony.

Is 'Philadelphia' a neat Hollywood Aids package or a groundbreaking movie, with its casting of Denzel Washington as the defender of 'family values'? Amy Taubin on Demme's film and the US reaction to it

THE ODD COUPLE

● A gay, white, corporate lawyer (Tom Hanks), who is fired from his white-shoe firm when his bosses discover he has Aids, hires a homophobic, black, storefront lawyer (Denzel Washington) to defend him in the discrimination suit he brings against his former employer. Nothing if not high concept, *Philadelphia*, directed by Jonathan Demme, is the first major Hollywood movie to deal with Aids since the disease was first recognised in the US in 1981. In that sense, it has been 13 years in the making and bears the burden of all the films that have not preceded it.

It is standard wisdom within the industry that 'difficult' films – and the presence of two major stars notwithstanding, a film about Aids is difficult – are review-driven. If *Philadelphia* had relied on the critics to bring audiences into the cinemas, it would have bombed in a week. Most reviews were not only tepid, they were wildly off the mark. Even the critics who were supportive overlooked most of what is interesting in the film. *Philadelphia* was dismissed as "too packaged" (as if films costing over \$25 million weren't always produced with an eye on demographics). Demme was scolded for leaving on the cutting-room floor the scene in which Hanks and Antonio Banderas, who plays his longtime companion, kiss on the mouth. The script was scorned as agit-prop and the characterisations as one-dimensional.

To be fair, some critics, myself included, were irritated before they saw the film by TriStar's schizoid advertising campaign. "No one would take on his case until one man was willing to take on the system" was the catch-line on full-page press advertisements that showed a healthy-looking Hanks and a poker-faced Washington with a gavel and a bit of Philadelphia skyline between them. This last-minute strategy to sell the movie as a generic discrimination case seemed not only cowardly but silly, considering the Aids angle had been at the centre of newspaper and magazine coverage for over a year and that Hanks, Demme and Washington had all given interviews in which they, at least, pulled no punches.

Demme was also burdened by his double-edged reputation. Those who pigeonholed him as a quirky independent seemed astonished that he hadn't spent TriStar's millions to make an *American Savage Nights*. Others thought that he was atoning (though insufficiently) for having coded the serial killer Buffalo Bill in *The Silence of the Lambs* as a gay man. Demme still denies that there are aspects of that character that could be read as gay (and I agreed until I went to a screening where people in the audience yelled "Kill the faggot" when Jodie Foster undid the safety catch on her gun). But he allows that the attack on the film by gay rights

activists made him aware of the lack of positive gay characters in movies.

The 'positive gay image' dilemma haunts Aids films as different as *Longtime Companion* (Norman Rene, 1990), criticised for confusing positive with bourgeois and prudish, and *The Living End* (Gregg Araki, 1992), which flies in the face of the positive-image brigades with its pair of narcissistic nihilist wannabes. Earlier this season the HBO adaptation of *And the Band Played On* (Roger Spottiswoode, 1993), a sharply scripted attack on the Reagan administration's Aids policy, turned laughable during a scene in a gay bathhouse that looked like a yoga retreat.

As Tom Hanks plays him, Andrew Beckett is a very appealing guy and, fortunately, much too complicated to fit whatever one might imagine a positive image to be. But Demme's expressed concern about positive images skews his depiction of Andrew's large suburban family, every member of which offers him nothing less than unconditional love. It also makes him wary of showing sexual intimacy between Andrew and his lover Miguel (although they dance cheek to cheek and, when Andrew is dying, Miguel kisses his fingers one by one). From a gay perspective, it would have been an affirmation to show Andrew and Miguel at least sharing a bed. And if such a sight had sent die-hard homophobes running from the cinema, so what? *Philadelphia* stops short of confronting straight viewers (to whom it is primarily addressed) with the kind of images that might trigger their homophobia. That's a failing, but it doesn't cancel out everything else the film has to offer.

Colour blindness

As for the packaging quibbles, the same critics who objected to the packaging of *Philadelphia* had no such problem with *Schindler's List*, which wears the mantle of Steven Spielberg as if it were the Shroud of Turin. It is not just their concurrent release that makes comparison between the two inevitable. Where *Philadelphia* constructs a narrative about Aids around a straight, homophobic lawyer's coming to consciousness, *Schindler's List* filters the experience of the Holocaust through a Nazi entrepreneur who saves over a thousand Jews. But unlike *Philadelphia*, which keeps its gay character in the foreground, *Schindler's List* presents the Jews as an anonymous mass, the background for Schindler's transformation.

Generically speaking, *Philadelphia* is a women's picture crossed with a courtroom drama. Like Camille, Andrew Beckett is mortally ill in the first reel and expires in the last – but not until a jury of his peers has rendered a verdict in his favour. *Philadelphia* may be more mainstream than Demme's previous films (it's

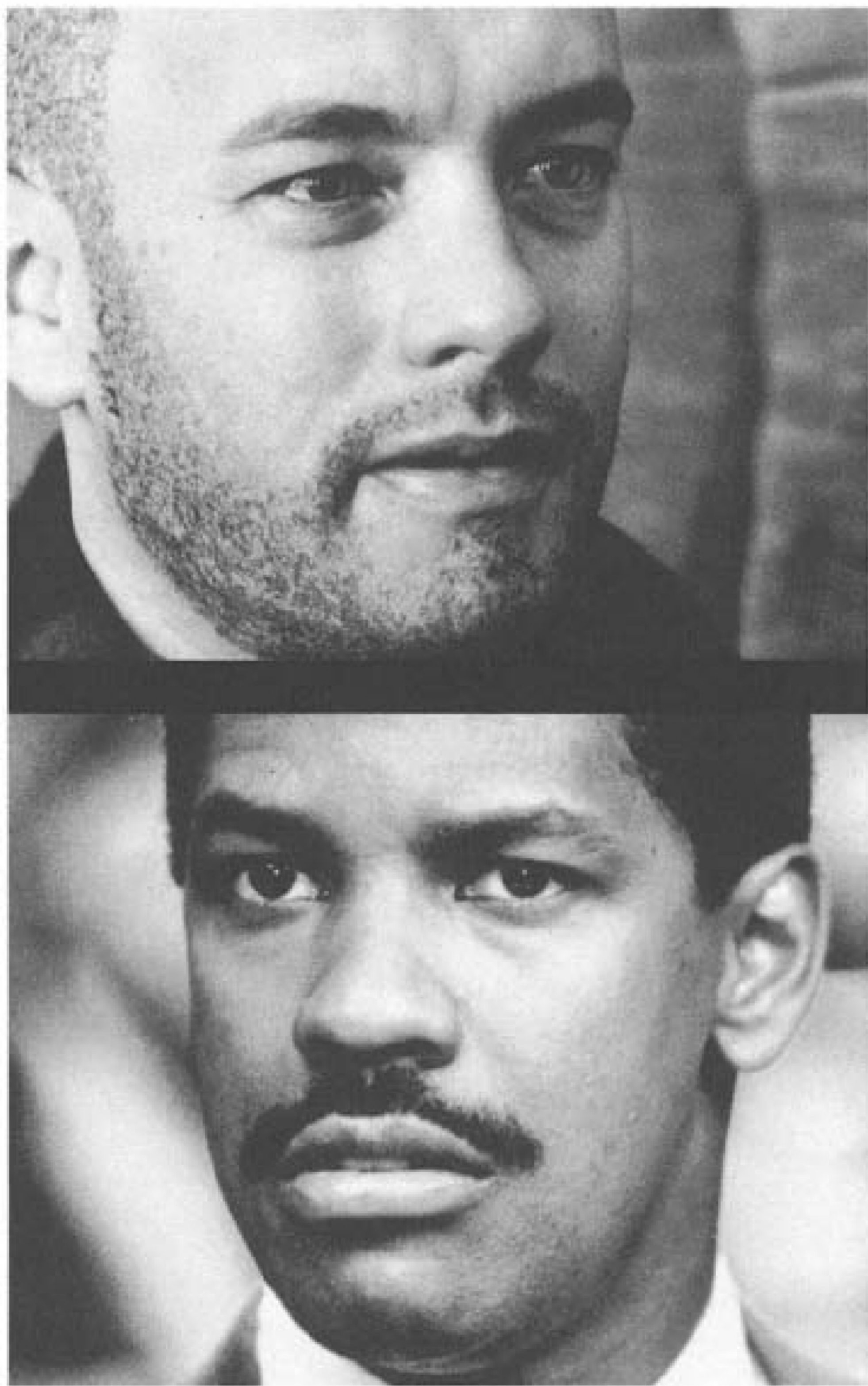
about the possibility of human connection rather than the inevitability of isolation), but like *The Silence of the Lambs* (1991) or *Melvin and Howard* (1980), it's an odd-couple story. The high-voltage relationship is not between Andrew and his lover, but between Andrew and Joe Miller (Washington), the lawyer who reluctantly agrees to handle his case.

Though Andrew is the showier part (Hanks, who goes through a physical transformation in the course of the film nearly as extreme as De Niro's in *Raging Bull*, is likely to win the Oscar), Joe is the central character. The narrative of *Philadelphia* is less about being gay and living with Aids than about being heterosexual and homophobic. Joe comes to understand how his homophobia, which he regards as integral to his manhood, underlies his fear and loathing for people with Aids. But *Philadelphia* is a breakthrough film not only because it deals with Aids and homophobia, but because it is the first major non-action Hollywood movie in which a black man personifies mainstream America. Joe's homophobia is a sign of his normality (he's a regular Joe); Andrew's white skin privilege is cancelled by his homosexuality and his disease.

Casting Washington in the lead guaranteed the film the black audience that otherwise might not have had much interest in the problems of a rich white homosexual with Aids. But Aids is rampant in inner cities, where it attacks not just gay men, but IV drug users and women. Regardless of how the disease is transmitted, homophobia has everything to do with its public perception, and homophobia is no less virulent among blacks than among whites. A homophobic society didn't create Aids or direct its early demographics, but it uses the epidemic as proof that homosexuality is a contagion.

What is interesting here is not that black audiences are coming to see Washington; it's that white audiences are reacting to him and to the film in a colour-blind way. Joe is not the first black character to represent family values (in that respect he's similar to the Danny Glover character in the *Lethal Weapon* series), but he is the first both to represent family values and to run the show (Glover played second to Mel Gibson's borderline rogue male) in a film that is not primarily about black identity (Joe is not Malcolm X). That Joe is African-American complicates his relationship to Andrew. He understands Aids discrimination from his own experience of racial discrimination (that is one of the reasons he takes Andrew's case), but having struggled for middle-class status he is desperate to keep a distance between himself and someone who is perceived as a social pariah.

As Brecht discovered during his exile in Hollywood, agit-prop is a form without honour in America. Middle-brow wisdom has it that a film



Outsider and insider: Tom Hanks as the Aids-infected Andrew, top; Denzel Washington as Joe Miller, defending family values

or a novel can take a political position only so long as no one comes out and says what that position is. That so much of *Philadelphia* has the ring of agit-prop indicates either courage or naivete on the part of the film-makers. But despite its determination to impart useful information about constitutional rights, homophobia and living with Aids in every scene, *Philadelphia* is not simply a political tract.

Passion for life

Demme combines a script (written in collaboration with Ron Nyswaner) that could have been produced as an after-school television special with an expressionist *mise en scène* no less gripping in its effect than that of *The Silence of the Lambs*, and then throws in a few scenes shot documentary style for good measure. It is the hybridity that makes the film formally interesting. Hanks and Washington, who are never less than movie stars, play scenes with people who may or may not be professional actors, but who actually have full-blown Aids. Supporting parts are played by performers from the avant-garde theatre (notably Anna Deavere Smith as a token black para-legal and Ron Vawter as the only Jewish, liberal partner in Andrew's firm) and by members of Demme's family. The mix-and-match casting suggests one of the film's major themes: that to be fully human means to recognise and respect the difference of the other.

As in *The Silence of the Lambs*, there are an

extraordinary number of extreme close-ups and shot-counter-shot sequences between the two main characters in which their faces, shot frontally and slightly from below, loom out of the shadows, seemingly close enough to touch. *Philadelphia* is an extremely tactile movie. Demme is out to make the audience as aware of Hanks and Washington's physicality as they are of each other's.

An attraction/repulsion dynamic, similar to that between FBI trainee Clarice Starling and genius serial killer Hannibal Lecter, connects Joe and Andrew. If the terror of contagion in *The Silence of the Lambs* had to do with the psyche (Clarice is warned that Lecter could infect her mind), here it is about the body – Joe's fear that he can be invaded not only by Andrew's disease, but by his sexuality. In *The Silence of the Lambs*, Clarice learns that Lecter is best kept at a distance. At the end of *Philadelphia*, however, Joe sits on Andrew's hospital bed and adjusts the dying man's oxygen mask. Considering that when Joe first learns that Andrew has Aids he pulls away from his handshake as if he's felt shit on his fingers and then runs to the doctor to find out if he could have caught the disease by being in the same room as someone who has it, he has come a long way.

Despite the close-ups that put the actors in the viewers' laps and the percussive use of camera movement, *Philadelphia* is extremely theatrical: it seems like opera. That is an effect of the frontality of the blocking and of the actors' gaze (not directly into camera, but sometimes deflected by as little as ten degrees). And the scenes are as disjunct as those of opera – one remembers them as recitatives, duets, arias.

The climax of the film comes in the only scene that is inflected with subjectivity. Joe has stayed behind after a party in Andrew's loft to coach him in the testimony he is to give in court the next day. But Andrew is less interested in his case than in showing Joe the place where he really lives. He has put on a recording of Maria Callas singing 'La mamma morta' from *André Chenier*. Wheeling the stand to which his IV drip is attached around the floor, he begins to translate the lyrics: "I am life, I am love, I am oblivion." Embers are still glowing in the fireplace, but that doesn't account for the crimson light that floods the room. Demme shoots Hanks from an angle high above his head, as if the music had transported him. Hanks' performance is extraordinarily subtle – only for a second or two does Andrew become so caught up in the aria that he crosses the line from evoking the diva to embodying her. Had he been alone and doing this performance for himself, he might have acted with more abandon. But he is not alone, as the reverse-angle cutting of the scene emphasises. He is trying to

communicate something about himself as Andrew while taking into consideration Joe's limitations and not giving him more-than he can take. (Despite the close-ups, *Philadelphia* is no more an in-your-face movie than Andrew is an in-your-face kind of guy.)

Even so, the baldness of the emotion terrifies Joe, who makes a fast retreat. Outside he hesitates, goes back to the door, starts to knock, hesitates again, and finally flees in confusion to the comfort of his wife and child. But Washington makes it clear that it isn't comfort Joe finds. As he clutches his family, we still hear Callas in the background, evoking inchoate feelings of mortal dread and passion for life.

In a more sentimental film, Joe would have hugged Andrew and homophobia would be irradiated forever. Instead, Demme lets us understand that what Joe has seen in Andrew and been moved and shaken by, and even envious of, is everything Joe has repressed in order to be a man. It is a feminine desire (the mother's desire and the desire for the mother). And for a man to give way to that is to transgress the law of the father; it leads to castration and death. For Joe, to embrace Andrew is to risk losing everything – his wife, child, heterosexual male identity and the privilege this confers.

Homophobia rules

Set in the "city of brotherly love" and the "cradle of American democracy", *Philadelphia* takes the courtroom as its main arena. The principles invoked there are set down in the constitution, the Bill of Rights and the Declaration of Independence: "That all men are created equal and that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights: that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." "Nowhere in the constitution does it say that 'all straight men are created equal,'" is Joe's retort to the gauntlet of homophobic demonstrators outside the courtroom. Joe's passionate argument convinces the jury that Andrew has been discriminated against because he is a homosexual with Aids, and that in discriminating against him the law firm which employed him violated his constitutional rights.

But Joe can advocate for Andrew's constitutional rights and still be a homophobe. He tells the jury as much: "I feel like you do [about homosexuals] but it's against the law [to discriminate against them]." The constitution notwithstanding, homophobia and racism are the rule in America. That is why the Callas scene is so important: it shows that the struggle against homophobia doesn't begin and end in the courtroom. *Philadelphia* may be a package, but it refuses to tie up its loose ends.

'Philadelphia' opens on 25 February and is reviewed on page 45 of this issue

COLINE SERREAU A HIGH WIRE ACT

**Women are changing French comedy, and no one more so than Coline Serreau, director of the original of 'Three Men and a Baby' and most recently of 'La Crise'.
By Ginette Vincendeau**

● With the UK release of Coline Serreau's *La Crise* and Jean-Marie Poiré's *Les Visiteurs*, we are again witnessing the uneasy reception given to French comedy outside France. It is not just that what makes the French laugh can be baffling abroad (too much cultural background noise), but also that comedy directors are rarely auteurs, the traditional critical yardstick for non-Hollywood cinemas. Who outside France has heard of Gérard Oury, director of what until recently was the greatest French box-office hit of all time – *La Grande vadrouille* (1966) – or of Jean-Marie Poiré, whose *Les Visiteurs* (1993) has smashed all box-office records?

If Coline Serreau, whose *Trois hommes et un couffin* also belongs to that commercial pantheon (over 10 million tickets sold in France), is more familiar, it is ironically because of her 'minority' status as a woman director, although within accounts of French women's cinema she has none of the prestige of Duras, Varda, Kaplan or Kurys. Moving out of the 'ghetto' of women's cinema into popular comedy has almost erased her from the critical map (even recent works on French cinema give her the most perfunctory treatment). Yet if Serreau, like most of her female compatriots, rejects the label of 'woman director', her films put on screen issues unimaginable before feminism, and with a clearly *feminine* agenda. That she has done so controversially is undeniable, but so is the fact that she has contributed importantly to the current 'feminisation' of French comedy.

Motherhood and seduction

In 1907 the great pioneer Alice Guy made a short film called *Madame a ses envies*, in which a pregnant woman wreaks havoc by grabbing whatever she fancies (someone's drink, their lollipop, and so on). The film's ending, in which she gives birth in a cabbage patch, was a comic echo of Guy's first film *La Fée aux choux* (1896), and probably of many others. But after the heady days of early French cinema (and Guy had emigrated to the US), French comedy became a male preserve. The great French comic actors, as elsewhere, have been male: dandies (Max Linder), bawdy cabaret types (Bach, Milton, Fernandel), auteur-clowns (Tati, Etaix). There have, of course, been female comics (Suzanne Dehelly, Annie Cordy) as well as brilliantly funny actresses from Arletty to Pauline Carton and Marguerite Pierry, the stars of boulevard and vaudeville plays from the 30s to the 50s. Dramatic actresses such as Danielle Darrieux, Edwige Feuillère, Martine Carol and Brigitte Bardot also featured in many sophisticated comedies. Nevertheless, the male hegemony over French comedy continued, reaching a climax with the immensely popular comic stars of the post-war period, in particular Fernandel, Bourvil and Louis de Funès.

In the wake of May '68 a new type of film comedy appeared, born in the *café-théâtre* on the small stages of the Café de la Gare and the Splendid, to name the most famous, and consisting of irreverent, topical and politically abrasive comedy acts. Many of the present generation of comic film actors started out in this environment. *Café-théâtre* humour could be

grossly misogynistic, but its casts included more women, among them Miou-Miou, Josiane Balasko, Dominique Lavanant, Anémone (and, tangentially Serreau, who acted in an early Coluche show). As in documentary and auteur cinema, the rise of women on the French comedy scene was connected as much to the libertarian ethos of '68 as to feminism.

A film-maker, playwright and scriptwriter as well as a stage and film actress, Josiane Balasko, virtually unknown outside France except as the 'plain' secretary of *Trop belle pour toi!* (Bertrand Blier, 1989), is the most prominent of this generation of comediennes. Balasko's humour is in many ways similar to that of male counterparts such as Coluche, Michel Blanc, Gérard Jugnot and Christian Clavier: satirical, topical and rude. Films such as *Le Père Noël est une ordure* (1982) and *Papy fait de la résistance* (1983) are good examples of their ensemble work. If Balasko is by no means a conventional feminist (and has been ignored by feminist criticism and women's film festivals alike), her performance, and especially her use of her body, foreground gender and point out sexism, as in *Les Hommes préfèrent les grosses* (scripted by her and directed by Poiré). Balasko is currently starring in a French stage production of *Shirley Valentine*.

The 80s and early 90s have seen an even greater prominence of female comics on radio and television – examples include Muriel Robin, Anne Roumanoff and Valérie Lemercier, one of the stars of *Les Visiteurs*. Epitomising this trend is the cult television programme *Frou-frou* (meaning 'Frills'), an all-woman humorous chat-show hosted by Christine Bravo which highlights both the increased visibility of comediennes and female humour in French mass culture and the specific interaction of women, comedy and feminism in France. Like Ruby Wax or French and Saunders on British television, Bravo and her team poke fun at men (and women) and deride aspects of masculinity and femininity from sport to sanitary towels.

While the greater explicitness of French media allows them to be more outspoken (sometimes gross), two discourses set the French women apart from their British and US counterparts. One is the family, the other romance. Female spectators are noticeably addressed as mothers as well as 'traditional' sexual beings, part of a (heterosexual) romantic couple. The not negligible derision and critique of gender clichés is thus contained within a scenario of romantic seduction and parenthood (it



Attraction of opposites: 'Romuald et Juliette'

RONALD GRANT



The discreet charmlessness of the bourgeoisie: Coline Serreau's recession comedy 'La Crise'

should be said that men are also addressed as fathers), this mass-media end of the spectrum echoing issues in academic French feminism, which is also currently concerned with motherhood and seduction. This is the cultural framework in which Serreau works, and it helps to explain both the popularity of her feminine, child-oriented social fables and the ideological contradictions they contain.

Genre and gender

Coline Serreau trained as a stage actress and trapeze artist before acting in films from 1970. Acting is an interest she still pursues on stage, and performances are always a strong point in her films. Her coming of age in the 1968/early feminist era determined the direction of her initial career. In 1976 she directed a much acclaimed feminist documentary *Mais qu'est-ce qu'elles veulent?*, a montage of interviews with a wide range of French women. The film had a great impact at women's festivals and venues, answering literally the metaphorical demand to 'give women a voice'. Libertarianism and feminism converged in her first fiction feature, *Pourquoi pas!* (1977), a rewriting of the *ménage à trois* as an uninhibited, utopian sexual commune in which two men and a woman share their beds and domestic tasks. Though the experiment is far from unproblematic, *Pourquoi pas!* is predominantly optimistic, as is *Qu'est-ce qu'on attend pour être heureux?* (1982), in which a group of actors rebel against the inane commercial film they are working on. These last two films set the tone of Serreau's middle

period, in which utopian desire is both taken seriously and treated with humour. They also mark a shift from feminist documentary to realist/intimist auteur film, the privileged domain of many French women directors.

Her next film, *Trois hommes et un couffin*, marked yet another shift, and is now a legend in French cinema. The work of a still relatively unknown director made on a low budget and featuring no major star, it became a box-office tornado (overtaking *Rambo*, boasted the French trade press), garnering three Césars (best film, best script and best second role for Michel Boujenah) and spawning a Hollywood remake, *Three Men and a Cradle*, itself a world hit. If Serreau has not reached such heights since, *Romuald et Juliette* (1989) and *La Crise* (1992) have nevertheless been successful comedies, consolidating her position as a bankable genre director.

At the same time she has clearly retained some auteur status and pursued a number of themes within a recognisably feminine aesthetic. The conjunction of parenting and romantic relationships is central to her work, as is the critique of men's inadequacies and pinpointing of their emotional and practical dependence on women. Why is it, then, that many women feel uncomfortable with Serreau's work, and that *Trois hommes et un couffin* in particular has been the target of sharp feminist criticism (especially from America, in the writings of Tania Modleski and Lucy Fischer)? One reason has to do with Serreau's essentialist view of femininity, another with the tolerance she shows her male characters. Her culturally

specific blend of derision and indulgence does not travel well, especially when tested against an Anglo-American feminist agenda.

Serreau's comedy is a sub-genre of the comedy of manners (more specifically *moeurs*) which depends on the observation of social and moral trends and is based on a depiction of the everyday and a sharp use of language. Indeed, Serreau's success in France is largely a function of her topicality, her ability to tune into and even anticipate *l'air du temps* (the Zeitgeist). *Trois hommes* documented men's changing roles in parenting, *Romuald* new forms of industrial crime in a multi-cultural society (narrowly pre-dating the first major case of insider dealing in the country). *La Crise* charts the effects of the recession on the bourgeois executive class, highlighting issues of ecology, broken marriages, racism and institutionalised socialism, as in the vignette of the *gauche caviar* (armchair socialist) MP and his wife.

As a result of this social bias, Serreau's heroes to date have mostly been men. But unlike Bourvil, Fernandel or de Funès, who presented a grotesque image of male ineptitude in either the lower social echelons (Bourvil's country bumpkins) or hated professions (de Funès' gendarmes), Serreau's men are 'ordinary' bourgeois Parisians. They are professionals (architects and air stewards, as in *Trois hommes*, lawyers like Victor in *La Crise*) or middle managers (*Romuald*). They live in beautiful apartments, have pretty girlfriends or wives and a taste for jazz, good food and tennis. They are played by solid, middle-of-the-road, and ►



How the other half lives: Patrick Timsit as the proletarian bum in 'La Crise', left, comforts the hero

◀ with the exception of Roland Giraud non-comic actors – André Dussolier, Michel Boujenah, Daniel Auteuil, Vincent Lindon. They also share striking physical similarities: dark haired, of average height, handsome in a non-threatening way, they are perfect specimens of the average (bourgeois) Frenchman.

These men's 'normality' is reinforced in the films, in classic comic fashion, by their pairing with visions of difference: a baby girl in *Trois hommes*, a black woman in *Romuald* and the proletarian bum (played by the comic Patrick Timsit) in *La Crise*. This last character marks a departure in class terms, and Timsit's 'low' humour – falling over, vomiting – sits uneasily in Serreau's bourgeois universe. The mirror held to the spectator by her comedies is not the distorting one presented by the classic male comic stars, but a pleasing, reassuring one directed at an increasingly middle-class audience. Her films are part of a strong tendency towards 'niceness' in classic French comedy, identified and criticised by writers such as Françoise Audé and René Prédal. Serreau's films both mock and display affection for their characters, treading a fine line between tenderness and sentimentality. But whereas this type of comedy traditionally reinforced oppressive gender roles – as in the archetypal 'nice' 50s comedy *Papa, maman, la bonne et moi* – Serreau uses it to reflect on these roles.

Men on the edge

All three films contain very pleasing moments for female spectators, highlighting the male characters' inability to fulfil the undervalued, everyday roles of women: changing nappies, looking after children during school holidays and so on. In *Romuald et Juliette*, Juliette, a black cleaning worker, rescues Romuald when his universe collapses as he is caught up in industrial and financial fraud and discovers his wife's adultery. When he declares his love for her, bearing a bunch of red roses, she turns him down with a list of his shortcomings (being white, being useless around the house, selfish...) and slams the door in his face. At the

Créteil women's film festival preview, this moment brought the house down. But it is not the end of the film: Juliette is eventually seduced, marries Romuald and becomes pregnant with his child (her sixth), his money erasing the problems we have seen her struggling with. This sentimental fairy-tale ending, including its racial optimism (rich whites and poor blacks mix happily), comes to many as a let down.

Victor in *La Crise* turns to friends and family (mostly women) when his world disintegrates; they reply with indifference, too involved in their own crises, or with a devastating list of his faults. An equivalent moment to Juliette's speech of rejection to Romuald is provided by his mother, who declares she is going to look after herself for once and is leaving her husband for a younger man. The ending, however, reunites Victor with his estranged wife in a tender moment of reconciliation and forgiveness.

We can read this pattern in two ways. One is as a throwback to Serreau's 70s utopianism. In interviews she stresses that "in all my films, there is the idea of happiness which can be regained." The trajectory of her male heroes is that of the discovery and integration of the 'feminine' values of understanding, caring and nurturing, allowing them to join women on an equal footing. In the process, they are brought down a peg: it is no accident that their journey starts with or entails a loss of traditionally male prestige, both sexual and occupational. Or perhaps, secondly, it is that Serreau's creation of popular comedy for a family audience dictates a consensual resolution negotiated through a double address along gender lines.

The biologically-based, essentialist view of femininity that Serreau's films seem to affirm is problematic for many viewers. While Juliette's oppression is depicted as connected to biology as well as class (she is a single mother of five), it is her super-mother quality that attracts Romuald and leads to her salvation from the high-rise block into Arcadia. (There are several shots of Romuald reduced to a child-like state, in bed with Juliette's children.) Whereas her narrative triumph is due to her cleverness

(figuring out Romuald's problems before he could), her final triumph is her pregnancy. Initially *Trois hommes* is about men learning the social skills of parenting. But this leads to a reflection on the mystery of birth, as Jacques puts a cushion under his sweater and ponders the falsehood of the myth of Adam's rib. The most vicious stereotypes of women in the film are of those without children – especially the nanny, coded as an old maid and saved from offensive caricature only by Dominique Lavanant's brilliantly funny performance. In *Romuald et Juliette*, the racist position is given to a woman visually coded as 'dried up' – a thin blonde secretary with a pinched face and hysterical voice who rudely rebuffs the voluptuous Juliette, who at that point is clutching her youngest child by the hand. In *La Crise* 'true' feminine wisdom is also embodied in the ethnic woman, here the dying North African who passes on the 'secret' of female sexuality.

Ethnic super-mothers

Read on this level, Serreau's films would appear to espouse a backlash against feminism: desirable, true femininity is to be found only in ethnic super-mothers or sensitive men. But this is to ignore the generic and cultural specificities of the films. First of all, the prominent place of children in French culture should not be underestimated. *Trois hommes* is conspicuously more child-oriented than its US remake *Three Men and a Baby*, in which the camera focuses more on the male action. Many of the scenes in Juliette's flat in *Romuald et Juliette* are also organised around the children, while in *La Crise* Victor finally becomes aware of his failure as a man when his mother-in-law points out his neglect of his children.

In their use of the intimate realist strategies familiar in French cinema, Serreau's films spend much time in domestic spaces, the usual topographies of the feminine. All three films centre on professional men, yet traditionally male spaces such as the office are glimpsed only briefly. In *Romuald et Juliette* most of the time spent in Romuald's office is at night, when it has become Juliette's space. Her detection work is based on traditional feminine skills such as cleaning, but also on listening to and observing men – the same skills Serreau demands from her audience.

Serreau's focus on men is not a way of allowing them to displace women, but rather a woman-oriented exploration of masculinity in crisis, a crisis caused to a large extent by the rapidly changing roles of women in relation to men and of men and women in relation to children. French cinema, comic and melodramatic, has long given the patriarch centre stage, as a symbolic figure that incorporates femininity but remains in control. Serreau's films reflect this cinematic history, but offer a female-centred, comic corrective perspective on the crumbling edifice of masculinity in France of the 90s. Her films are not always politically correct, nor do they necessarily offer 'positive' heroines, but they do ask the question: "Why can't a man be more like a woman?"

'La Crise' opens on 18 February and is reviewed on page 37 of this issue

**The National Film Theatre and Sight and Sound
present a weekend Festival of Comedy
Friday 4 – Sunday 6 March**



The National Film Theatre and Sight and Sound present a weekend Festival of Comedy with films and events reflecting the subjects covered in the Sight and Sound comedy supplement. Plus previews of the new comedy films 'Deadly Advice', 'Coneheads' and 'Johnny Stecchino'.

**NFT Box Office:
071 928 3232**

The Festival kicks off on Friday night with a special preview of *Deadly Advice*, a new British comedy starring Jane Horrocks, Imelda Staunton and Jonathan Pryce. Mandie Fletcher, best known for TV work on *Blackadder* and *Only Fools and Horses*, directs this black look at the great British murder tradition, with Edward Woodward, Billie Whitelaw and Sir John Mills guesting as the heroine's mentors in murder. *Coneheads* (Saturday) is the latest spin-off from *Saturday Night Live*, following in the wake of *The Blues Brothers* and *Wayne's World*, with Dan Aykroyd and Jane Curtin as suburban aliens on the loose. And Sunday's preview features Jim Jarmusch regular (and soon-to-be *Son of the Pink Panther*) Roberto Benigni directing and starring in

a manic Italian box-office smash about the Mafia and mistaken identity, *Johnny Stecchino*.

Also on Saturday, new TV is represented by a preview of up-and-coming British comedy find Lee Evans, premiering his new Granada series. And Saturday also features a special screening of *The Ladykillers*, hopefully with Herbert Lom on stage to introduce this special tribute to director Alexander Mackendrick.

Other delights include Billy Crystal in *Mr Saturday Night*, Terry Thomas in *School for Scoundrels*, and Woody Allen's *Annie Hall*—favourite films selected by Ruby Wax, Victoria Wood and Miss Piggy respectively. All this plus *The Cat and the Canary*, Viv Stanshall's *Sir Henry at Rawlinson's End*, Dustin Hoffman in *Lenny* and the ever-excellent *Wayne's World*.



bfi on the South Bank

**Tickets are £3.95 (concessions £2.75) per screening.
Plus, Take Five: five screenings (Sat and Sun) for only £16.00
Full details of the programme and how to book tickets can be
obtained from the National Film Theatre, South Bank, London, SE1;
Box Office tel: 071 928 3232.
The Box Office is open daily between 11.30am and 8.30pm.**



LEARN FILM MAKING

WRITE • SHOOT • DIRECT • EDIT

YOUR OWN SHORT FILM IN OUR HANDS-ON INTENSIVE EIGHT
WEEK WORKSHOPS USING 16MM ARRIFLEX CAMERAS.
LEARN CONCEPTS OF DIRECTING, STORY, CAMERA, LIGHTING,
SOUND AND EDITING IN A TOTAL IMMERSION COURSE
DESIGNED AND TAUGHT BY AWARD-WINNING INSTRUCTORS.

"CARPE DIEM"

TUITION \$4000

NEW WORKSHOPS BEGINNING EVERY MONTH

NEW YORK FILM ACADEMY TRIBECA FILM CENTER

375 GREENWICH STREET NYC 10013 TEL: 212-941-4007 FAX: 212-941-3866

CHANNEL VIDEO FILMS

WORLDWIDE MAIL ORDER

NEW RELEASES	
Angels with Dirty Faces	12.99
Belstone Fox (1973)	6.99
Beyond Control - Amy Fisher Story	10.99
Billy Joel - Shades of Grey	10.99
Blue Lamp (1959) B/W	10.99
Charlie Parker - The Last Years	12.99
Reefer Madness (1936-B/W)	10.99
Candyman	12.99
Cat and Mouse (Kirk Douglas)	10.99
Chess Players (Dir Satyajit Ray)	15.99
Denis Leary No Cure for Cancer	10.99
Cold Sweat (1970)	10.99
Coming Through (Kenneth Branagh)	10.99
Don's Party (Australian-1976)	15.99
Duran Duran-Extraordinary World	12.99
Eagles Wing (1979)	6.99
Flesh Gordon 2	5.99
From a Whisper to a Scream(86)	10.99
Green Man/Will Any Gentleman?	12.99
Heartbreak Kid (1972)	10.99
Heathers (Christian Slater)	8.99
Hellraiser 3	12.99
Hobson's Choice (B/W - 1953)	10.99
Hue and Cry (B/W - 1946)	9.99
Indecent Proposal	13.99
(Video + programme)	
Shooting/Ride in the Whirlwind	14.99
Letter To Brezhnev	6.99
Lonely Hearts (Australia 1981)	15.99
Man Between (1953 B/W)	10.99
Mean Streets	12.99
Nanny, The (Bette Davis)65 B/W	10.99
Nico - An Underground Experience	12.99
Nico - Heroine	12.99
Of Mice and Men (John Malkovich)	10.99
Carlton Browne of the FO/Hoffman	12.99
kd lang - Harvest of Seven Years	10.99
Emerson Lake & Palmer	10.99
Public Enemy/White Heat(1931/49)	12.99
Red Dust (1932 B/W)	9.99
The Key	10.99
Salem's Lot/Return to Salem's Lot	12.99
Velvet Underground-Live 1993	12.99
Gay Man's Guide to Safer Sex	17.99
Lesbian's Guide to Sexual Health	14.99
Tales of Ordinary Madness(1981)	15.99
Three Sisters (Dir Laurence Olivier)	10.99
Tony Gerrard-Live (Adult Humour)	12.99
Trail Beyond/Neath Arizona Skies	6.99
Under Siege (Steven Seagal)	13.99
Voyage, The (Brazil 1991)Subtitled	15.99
Way to the Stars (1945)	6.99
White Sands (William Dafoe)	10.99
Bay of Blood (It 71)Dubbed w/s	12.99
Journey to the South (Arg 1988)	15.99
America, America (USA 1963)	15.99
Baby Doll (USA 1956)	15.99
Paris Texas (Wenders) 28/3/94	15.99
American Friend (Wenders) "	15.99
Picnic at Hanging Rock	15.99
Qiu Ju, Story of (China 1992)	15.99
Sans Soleil (Fra 1982)	15.99
Stranger Than Paradise(Jarmusch)	15.99
3 Colours Blue (Juliette Binoche)	15.99
Tokyo Story (Japan 1953)	15.99
Valerie and her Week of Wonders	12.99
Wonderful World Of Dogs(Aus-90)	12.99
Z (Fra/Alg-1968)	15.99
Baby of Macon (Greenaway)	15.99
Cyrano de Bergerac - Box Set	19.99
Decline of the American Empire	15.99
Desert Hearts	14.99
Eraserhead (David Lynch)	29.99
Like Water for Chocolate	15.99
Old Woman Who Walked into the Sea	5.99
Alphaville (1965 B/W) Godard	15.99
Diary of a Lost Girl (Ger 29)	15.99
Divine-Live at the Hacienda 1983	12.99
High Hopes (Mike Leigh)	12.99
L'Accompagnatrice	15.99
La Grande Bouffe (Blow Out)	15.99
La Grande Illusion (1937) B/W	15.99
Little Boy Lost (Australia 1978)	12.99
Lover, The (Jane March)	10.99
Masculin/Feminin (Godard) B/W	15.99
Navigator - A Medieval Odyssey	15.99
Rebel/Punch and Judy (Hancock)	12.99
Rogopag	15.99
Sean Hughes-Live & Seriously Funny	12.99
Suspiria (Dir Dario Argento)	5.99
Theorem (Pasolini)	15.99
Trojans -Live at the Astoria 89	12.99
Tune, The	15.99
Un Chien Andalou (Dali Bunuel)	15.99
Wicker Man (Edward Woodward)	10.99
Blonde In Love Milos Forman	15.99
Closely Observed Trains (Cz '66)	15.99
Daisies (Cz 1966)	15.99
Wages Of Fear (French 1952)	15.99
Queen-Magic Years Box Set	29.99
Alien - The Trilogy Box Set	69.99
Salmonberries (kd lang)	15.99
Pandora's Box	15.99
My Own Private Idaho	12.99

For more information on other titles, please contact Channel Video Films, 58 Salusbury Road, London NW6 6ND. Tel: 071 372 2025

POST & PACKING

U.K.: £2-1 Tape Europe: £6.50 up to 3 tapes Outside Europe: £12 up to 3 tapes All orders recorded delivery.
(50p each additional tape) (£2 each additional tape) (£3 each additional tape)

Film availability and prices subject to change without notice. Please allow 14 days for delivery.
Comprehensive catalogue: £1.99. Over 12,000 titles (90 subject headings), including: Sport, Music, Opera, Ballet, Wildlife, Travel, Documentary, Television Drama/Comedy, Teach-yourself, Cookery, Gardening, Children's and Adult subjects. We also specialise in Foreign, Cult and Classic movies.
All prices include VAT. VAT Reg. No. 501 476767

CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE

TEL. OR FAX.

071-372 2025

Office hours:
Monday-Friday
10am-6pm

cinegrafix

SPECIALISTS IN RARE FILM POSTERS AND STILLS

SHOP OPEN
MONDAY - SATURDAY
11.00 a.m. - 7.00 p.m.
Telephone: 031-228 9966



ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUES OF
RARE FILM POSTERS, £3
AND STAR PORTRAITS, £2
AVAILABLE FROM -

Cinegrafix
36 Marchmont Road,
Edinburgh EH9 1HX

FILM PRODUCTION COURSE

Learn by shooting a film under the supervision of top professionals at London's major production centre.

**Prominent Studios is the only
feature film production centre
where training is available.**

The "Future in Films" course
comprises of intense, practical
evening and weekend sessions. You
will learn the essential aspects of
film making by writing and shooting
your own production with
other students.

POST - COURSE WORKSHOP

On successful completion of the
course, you may join the "Network"
Workshop. This will give you
access to professional equipment,
facilities and advice, enabling you,
with other students, to make your
own productions.

Course Unit, Prominent Studios,
68a Delancy St, London NW1 7RY.
Tel: 071 272 5192

The inscrutable thing

Always at the end of *Ulzana's Raid* I break out in gooseflesh and tears run down my face. Lots of films make me cry, but there's a whole lot more to this one that I've never tried to analyse until now.

Directed in 1972 by Robert Aldrich and produced by Carter De Haven for Universal, this is an austere and melancholy film in which each of the principals is an archetype who reflects and refracts some aspect of the others. Ulzana (Joaquin Martinez), the Apache who breaks out of the Indian Agency Reservation with a seven-man war party, is the Untamed Savage. Young Lieutenant DeBuin (Bruce Davison), six months out of West Point, is the boyish and morally correct Man of Inexperience detailed to lead the cavalry patrol that will "pursue and apprehend" Ulzana. McIntosh (Burt Lancaster), the Fort Lovell cavalry scout who lives with an Indian woman, is the sorrowful Man of Experience who will be the Lieutenant's adviser. Ke-Ni-Tay (Jorge Luke), himself an Apache, is McIntosh's Savage Partner, riding with him to track down Ulzana. McIntosh contains, in changing balance, the others: he is partly DeBuin, partly Ulzana and partly Ke-Ni-Tay, the pragmatic realist who lives by How-It-Is. A fifth archetype, Sergeant Burn (Richard Jaeckel), the Bitterly Knowing Subordinate, is also an aspect of McIntosh.

From the outset there is dramatic inevitability: Ulzana *must* die; DeBuin *must* grow up, *must* lose his moral maidenhead; Ke-Ni-Tay, the unblinking eye of How-It-Is, the implacable fate-like tracker who will show The Way, *must* be in at the kill; McIntosh, the tragic hero, the man of thought and action, *must* go down the road of action in which all his thinking will avail him nothing. The images are unforgettable: horsemen seen from a distance with the light behind them have a fateful look; they meet a recognition always waiting for them; McIntosh galloping alone after two of the Apaches, flipping his carbine out of its sheath into the air, catching it and leaping off his horse to kneel and fire, stays in the eye, stays in the mind – an active figure full of life, full of death, full of soldierly centuries all the way back to Thermopylae.

McIntosh and the others can only be what they are in each changing moment, can only do what is in them to do; and what they are and what they do are carefully explored in Alan Sharp's screenplay. The ensemble acting and Aldrich's direction compel empathy with every single one of the players in the deadly game; and Joseph Biroc's photography intensifies the dryness of dust, the hardness of rock, the desolation at the heart of things. In the *International Dictionary of Films and Filmmakers* Ed Lowry says that in *Ulzana's Raid* Aldrich "[confronts] the horrors of Vietnam with a nearly intolerable accuracy." Luckily the film is not welded to that historical event, but stands alone as a major work of art independent of any topical reference; it is a timeless study of a chain of increasingly difficult moral and practical choices in which all points of view have some validity and nobody has all the answers.

The deadly game of Robert Aldrich's 'Ulzana's Raid' compels novelist Russell Hoban as he reflects on faces, fate and songs of experience

Ulzana and his braves make off with Agency horses by night. Next morning, as the troopers play baseball, Lieutenant DeBuin, the umpire ("Can't tell an inside curve from a three-legged horse," says the Sergeant) sees, tiny in the tawny distance, a galloper approaching, growing larger, larger as we hear him shouting, above the thudding of his horse's hooves, "Ulzana's broken out! Ulzana's on a raid!"

Realism prevails: there are no chases in which stirrupless Indians with secondhand rifles, bobbing up and down on horses galloping over rough ground, waste their ammo trying to hit the stagecoach driver while John Wayne picks them off. Here, when the Apaches want to stop a homesteader's wife trying to escape in a wagon with her young son, they sensibly shoot one of the horses. As the woman screams for help, the sole trooper escorting her turns in his saddle and puts a bullet between her eyes before he himself is killed. When the cavalry patrol arrives they find the boy unharmed, but back at the homestead the dead husband is sat on the ground with his outstretched arms tied to a fence rail and his genitals charred by a fire built between his legs while he was alive.

That night Lieutenant DeBuin asks Ke-Ni-Tay why the Apaches are so cruel. "Is how they are," says Ke-Ni-Tay. "Is how they have always be." The Lieutenant persists, wants to know why the homesteader was slowly tortured to death. "To take the power," Ke-Ni-Tay replies. "Like fire – fire that burn long time. Many can have heat. Each man that die, the man who kill him take his power. Man give up his power when he die... Here in this land man must have power. Ulzana is long time in the Agency; his power very thin. Smell in his nose are all smell of the Agency: old smell, smell of woman, smell of dog, smell of children. Man with old smell in the nose is old man. Ulzana came for new smell, pony running, the smell of burning, the smell of bullet – for power." The boy, we learn, wasn't killed because "man cannot take power from boy."

Each of the individuals in this drama is at the same time alone in the world of his own uncertainties and inseparably joined to the worlds of the others: Ulzana, demonic in his intelligence, raging like a fire with the

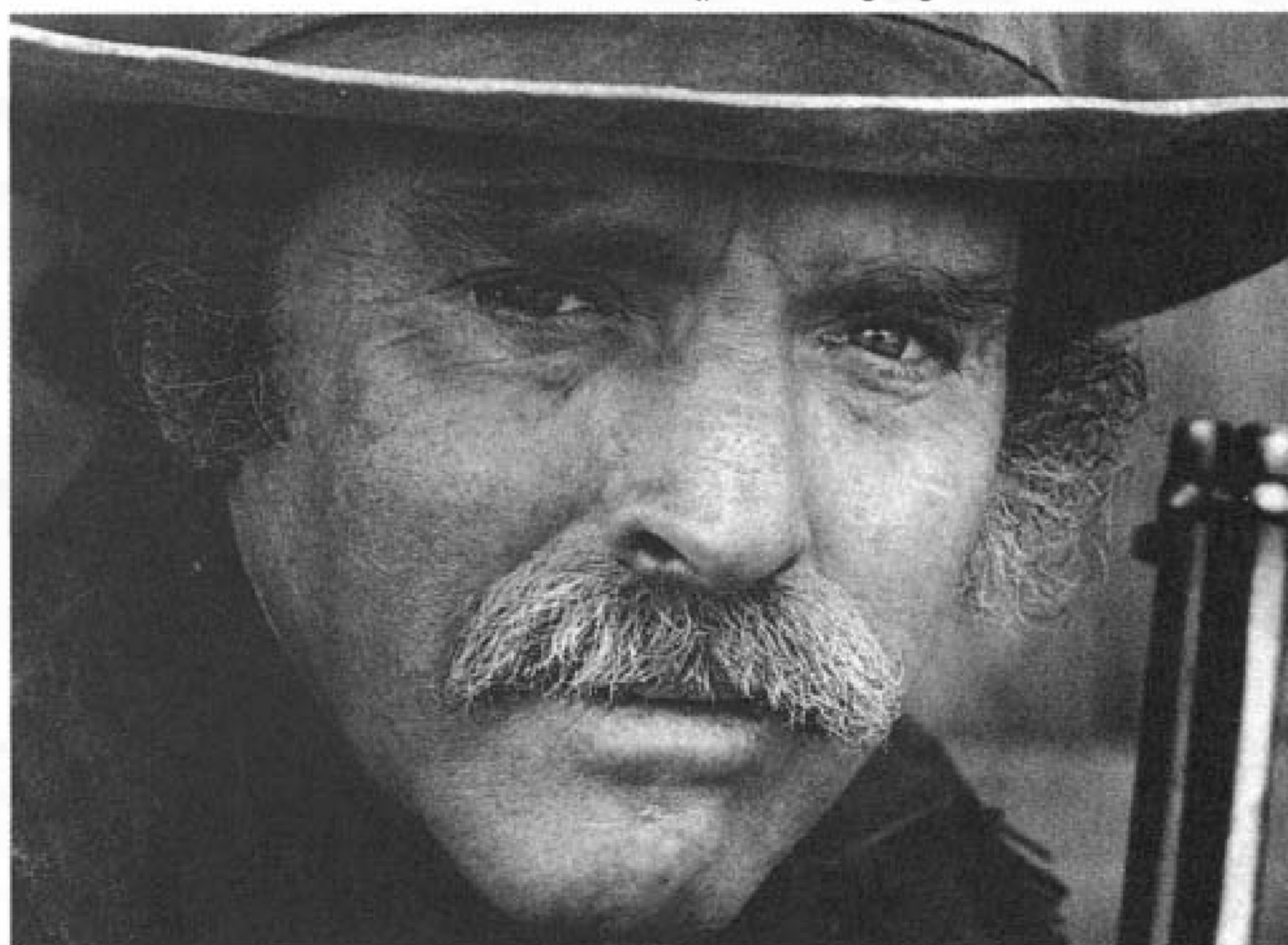
tragedy of his people; DeBuin, Bible-carrying son of a minister, trying hard to be a Christian and a soldier and a grown-up man of action; McIntosh, gravely obedient to the orders and mistakes that will bring him to his death; Ke-Ni-Tay, loyal to his white masters and How-It-Is. It is he who at the end watches the defeated Ulzana, singing his death song, lift handfuls of dust and let them run through his fingers. Then Ke-Ni-Tay draws his US Army revolver from its holster, walks behind the kneeling Ulzana, and takes all power from him for ever.

You can't get away from the faces in *Ulzana's Raid*: McIntosh with his brooding gravitas and useless wisdom; DeBuin fighting back his fears and doubts like a child in the dark; Ulzana with his tragic and soon-to-be-extinguished rage; and Ke-Ni-Tay, the survivor, the Savage Partner who sees through all pretense, the How-It-Is man. Those faces – it's as if the cameraman had sworn an oath not to miss the slightest flicker of anything at all. These four faces are as memorable to me as Ahab, Ishmael, Queequeg and Starbuck aboard the doomed *Pequod*.

This thought sends me to *Moby Dick* and Ahab's words in Chapter XXXVI, 'The Quarter-Deck': "All visible objects, man, are but as pasteboard masks. But in each event – in the living act, the undoubted deed – there, some unknown but still reasoning thing puts forth the mouldings of its features from behind the unreasoning mask. If man will strike, strike through the mask! How can the prisoner reach outside except by thrusting through the wall? To me, the white whale is that wall, shoved near to me. Sometimes I think there's nought beyond. But 'tis enough. He tasks me; he heaps me; I see in him outrageous strength, with an inscrutable malice sinewing it. That inscrutable thing is chiefly what I hate; and be the white whale agent, or be the white whale principal, I will wreak that hate upon him." Yes! That's what *Ulzana's Raid* is about: the inscrutable thing that is everybody's enemy, the inscrutable thing that in this story sets men against one another in a battle that nobody can win.

My assignment here is to reflect on a film that has meant something to my own work, and now I see what *Ulzana's Raid* means to me: I too am obsessed by the inscrutable thing that is sometimes a white whale and sometimes a game of life and death in the dry heat and the rocks. It's in the silent terror of a dark Maine road through the pines past a petrol station with illuminated old-fashioned pumps in a Hopper painting; it stalks on great shadowy legs through Bach's *Art of Fugue*; and it can be heard in Matthew Arnold's *Dover Beach*: "...the grating roar/of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,/At their return, up the high strand,/Begin, and cease, and then again begin,/With tremulous cadence slow, and bring/The eternal note of sadness in."

The inscrutable thing is what there is to think about, and *Ulzana's Raid* is a benchmark of metaphysical cinema that sets a standard of excellence and useful points of reference for any thoughtful artist.



Man of sorrows: Burt Lancaster in 'Ulzana's Raid'

BF STILL: POSTERS AND DESIGNS

BOOKS

Musculature in motion: masculinity is parodied in action movies such as 'Rambo III', right

Fallen idol: Graham Greene's moral imagination surfaced in 'Brighton Rock', below



Pumping ironies

Paul Burston

Spectacular Bodies:

Gender, Genre and the Action Cinema

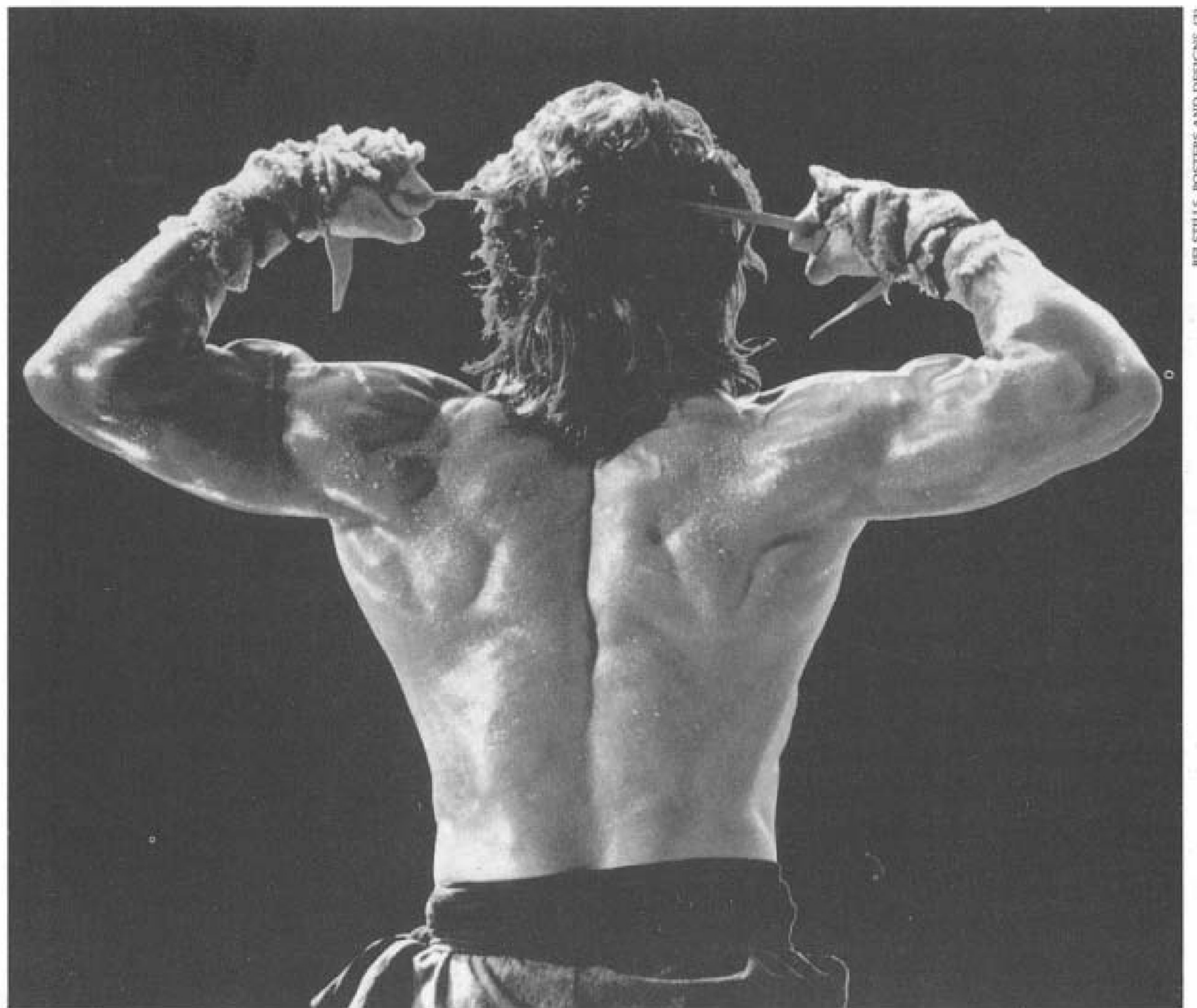
Yvonne Tasker, Routledge, £35 (hb), £11.99 (pb), 200pp

It seems ironic that the decline of the male action film into the self-reflexive antics of Arnold Schwarzenegger in *Last Action Hero* and Sylvester Stallone in *Demolition Man* should coincide with a new propensity among academic critics to take the genre seriously. As Yvonne Tasker notes in the introduction to this uneven but very readable study, "With the notable exceptions of the western and the gangster movie, traditions of action cinema have achieved neither aesthetic nor political credibility within film studies."

Thankfully, the author's determination to redress the balance doesn't entirely divert her from noting the absurdity of men with short legs and over-abundant muscles making a spectacle of themselves. As she ably demonstrates in her analysis of the *Rambo* and *Terminator* series, self-reflexivity did not begin with *Last Action Hero*. One of the characteristics of what Tasker labels "muscular movies" is the complex interplay of violent imagery and comic motifs, excessive physicality and knowing self-parody.

These tensions are nowhere more apparent than in the over-determined body of the action hero himself. Developing theories about male objectivity first formulated by Richard Dyer and Steve Neale, among others, and with particular regard for the work of queer theorists such as Judith Butler and Diana Fuss, Tasker argues a case for the 80s action hero as a walking, grunting example of category crisis. Her opening observation that the 80s was a decade during which traditional masculinity sought to reassert itself through excessive displays of musculature in motion initiates a line of enquiry which seeks to show how the over-developed body of the action hero can be seen to unsettle the very terms it is taken to represent. In this analysis, the "implicit invocation of a fascist idealisation of the white male body" is mitigated by the fact that these idealised bodies "offer a parodic performance of 'masculinity', which both enacts and calls into question the qualities they embody."

Tasker acknowledges that there is nothing startlingly original about this concept (indeed, Barbara Creed has argued a similar line, identifying a hysterical edge to Schwarzenegger's pumped-up screen persona). She concedes also that a model of masculinity as multiple masquerade hardly answers the call for a return to "realpolitik" (no amount of post-modern postulation can disguise the fact that white men still own the means to cultural production). But if the concept of performativity posed by queer theory is now so familiar as to risk breeding contempt, the pleasures riding on it are still barely understood. Tasker states emphatically that her own interest lies not in pinning down the "political meaning" of action films, but in attempting to understand the pleasures they have to offer. For as she points out, "In the rigorous decoding of what images mean politically, criticism can



BFI STILL, POSTERS AND DESIGNS (3)

end up unable to speak about why these images still matter to audiences."

Bearing in mind that the "structuring norm" of white 'masculinity' isn't really a norm at all (merely an exaggerated performance), Tasker examines the relationship of this "performed maleness" to other gender, racial and sexual identities present within the action film narrative (and, by extension, to the diverse cultural identities of the viewing audience). Her book really ought to have been subtitled 'Gender, Race and the Action Cinema', since many of her most convincing arguments relate to the construction of blackness as a marginal, criminal, even monstrous category (see, for example, her assured reading of *Predator 2*).

She also writes persuasively about the tension between the genre's evocation and denial of homoerotic pleasures, arguing that "Homoeroticism is central to the male action movie", yet "must remain unspoken within Hollywood's world." Hence the silence of the hero, the emphasis on testosterone-fuelled spectacle over the articulation of intent. (It is a pity that she doesn't extend these ideas into a more lengthy consideration of lesbian identification with what she terms "women warriors", rather than merely commenting on the appearance of lesbian stereotypes and imagery in films like *Red Sonja* and *Thelma & Louise*).

Tasker closes her book with a challenge to critics to recognise that what the viewer takes from the action cinema experience is always subject to the flux of identification across gender, sexual and racial lines. Here her choice of Kathryn Bigelow as a case study is not entirely helpful; Bigelow's radical appropriation of the action genre makes for more complex terms of audience address than, say, the average Jean-Claude Van Damme vehicle. Still, Tasker ultimately succeeds in showing how films that are routinely dismissed as "simple and obvious" (as, indeed, Bigelow's *Point Break* was) are likely to be "rich and ambiguous". More importantly, she demonstrates qualities rarely found in the application of theory to popular pleasure: an enthusiasm and clarity of style which actually makes you want to experience the pleasures for yourself.

Dimpled depravity

Nick James

Mornings in the Dark:

A Graham Greene Film Reader

David Parkinson (ed), Carcanet, £25, 738pp

Orson Welles once said that, for him, every Joseph Conrad story is a movie. To the young Graham Greene, Conrad was the ideal novelist and, like his mentor, Greene became an intensely visual writer. "I thought in terms of a key scene – I would even chart its position on a sheet of paper before I began to write," he revealed in the second volume of his fragmentary autobiography *Ways of Escape*. "When I describe a scene I capture it with the moving eye of a cine-camera," he told Marie-Françoise Allain in *Conversations with Graham Greene*.

How much of Greene's vivid imagism as a novelist was learned during his stint from July 1935 to March 1940 as a film reviewer – for the *Spectator* and *Night and Day* magazine – is impossible to determine. But what is clear from this exhaustive collection of reviews, essays and other film-related material culled from his entire career is that he had a fervent love of cinema. This love was to diminish when Greene later became involved in the business as a screenwriter, but in the 30s it was a zealous passion.

Having grown up during the heyday of silent cinema and arrived as a reviewer during the awkward transition to sound, Greene the critic took a purist line. He saw cinema as an exciting art form for the masses capable of capturing "the poetry of everyday life" through judicious use of poetic montage. He adopted Eisenstein and Pudovkin as his theoretical mentors, and dismissed the majority of Hollywood movies, seeing the birth of sound as reducing the cinema's poetic potential to the mere aping of stage plays. If there were no Soviet classics such as *We from Kronstadt* or Fritz Lang movies such as *Die Nibelungen* available to review, he would often unfavourably compare a Hollywood film to a documentary such as Basil Wright's *Song*

of Ceylon. Knowing that the bulk of films would fail his stringent criteria, Greene's solution to the problem of how to produce entertaining copy was satire.

Hollywood pretensions were mocked ruthlessly. In one essay, "Film Lunch", Greene reports Louis B. Mayer telling a roomful of British film types that "If ever there was a Christ-like man in human form it was Marcus Loewe", a remark guaranteed to rankle with the Anglo-Catholic Greene, and one curiously reminiscent of Steven Spielberg's recent assertion that he based the character of Oscar Schindler on the late Time Warner boss Stephen J. Ross. Indeed, there is much in Greene's occasional writing about the industry that is horribly familiar today. Anyone who supposes that film journalism has only recently become a PR-driven profession should delve into Greene's 1936 piece for *Sight and Sound*, "Is It Criticism?"

Hollywood had small revenge on Greene through the notorious Shirley Temple libel case (the larger revenge was making lousy film versions of his novels). In a review for *Night and Day*, Greene wrote of the child star: "Watch the way she meaſures a man with agile studio eyes, with dimpled depravity." The publishers were required to pay damages of £3,500 and *Night and Day* ceased publication. Another regular target of the critic's sly ridicule, Alexander Korda, reacted differently. He called Greene for a meeting and asked him if he had any ideas. Greene improvised: "Early morning on platform 1 at Paddington, the platform is empty, except for one man who is waiting for the last train from Wales. From below his raincoat a trickle of blood forms a pool on the pavement." Thus began Greene's screenwriting career.

By the time Greene had had his first satisfying experience as a screenwriter with *Brighton Rock* for the Boulting Brothers in 1947 he had already seen half-a-dozen of his novels adapted disastrously. Having had such great expectations of the cinema as an art form, practical involvement soon showed how easy it was to fall short of them. While Greene had some good experiences, particularly when working with director Carol Reed, screenwriting eventually confirmed his disappointment in the medium, a feeling that runs through this book in counterpoint to erratic bursts of enthusiasm.

While the reviews and essays reflect the monastic asceticism of the private man, the interviews show Greene adroitly spinning his own myth as the well-travelled, curious and compassionate witness. This myth has become completely entangled with the romantic qualities of his fiction, typified here by a fascinating handful of unſilmed treatments. It is a tribute to the indelible success of Greene's collaborations with Reed, *The Third Man*, *The Fallen Idol* and *Our Man in Havana*, that the longest treatment, *No Man's Land*, plays in the mind like a Reed movie, full of suitably restrained expressionism.

No Man's Land also illustrates Greene's method of framing points of view within one another – as in Major Calloway recalling Holly Martins investigating Harry Lime – so that the political surface of various opinions is fractured to reveal the human motive beneath. It is this ability to cut through humbug and confront moral atti-

tudes that made Greene perhaps the most important British writer of his generation. That he should simultaneously have been so much of the cinema, and yet have produced so many excellent but unsuccessfully ſilmed novels, is a typical conundrum for this enigmatic figure to leave us with.

Learned readers

Kevin Loader

British Television Drama in the 1980s

George W. Brandt (ed), Cambridge University Press, £35 (hb), £12.95 (pb), 283pp

Those of us who make television programmes are continually frustrated by the state of television criticism in this country. With a few honourable exceptions, the daily and weekly press has for years used television reviews as a means of introducing humorous columnists. Arts editors are happy to review three minor song recitals (attended by a total audience of 500) and squeeze those television reviews they allow into a thin side column. The nation's principal cultural activity may sell newspapers on the strength of its gossip, but critics often give the impression of having better things to write about.

Britain's dominant critical heritage is a literary one, so it is not surprising that critics and editors tend towards the literary. Even the sadly-departed *Listener*, which at least took for granted that television was worth discussing, never considered allowing television an equal number of pages as were devoted to books. Today the trend is for television criticism to become a branch of consumer journalism – advising us how to plan our leisure time. We might as well be reading *Which?*

The media studies revolution has now filtered down to GCSE level, and with it comes a burgeoning of more 'considered' criticism. *British Television Drama in the 1980s* is a collection of 12 essays by writers who are predominantly academics; the programmes selected for analysis are largely from the genre that matured in the 80s, the television serial – *Edge of Darkness*, *Boys from the Blackstuff*, *The Jewel in the Crown*, *Tutti Frutti*, and so on – although there are also pieces on *Yes, Prime Minister*, *Brookside* and *Tumbledown*.

Unfortunately, media studies has also bequeathed a post-structuralist vocabulary which serves too often to mask commonplace insight. The talk is all of "gender representation" and "female discourse". John Adams' discussion of *Yes, Prime Minister* within the framework of Tzvetan Todorov's registers of verisimilitude is the worst offender, but at least Adams' determination to wear his learning on his sleeve makes his claims for the television comedy plain: "The formal and generic lineage of *Yes, Minister* and *Yes, Prime Minister* is securely rooted in the satiric political drama dating back through the Atellan farce of early Roman times to the Attic comedy of Aristophanes in the fifth century BC."

There would be nothing wrong with this if it were followed through; but after this spectacular beginning, Adams contents himself with less fascinating revelations: "Sir Humphrey is a pure incarnation of the spirit of intrigue and self-interest – deter-

mined to maintain the status quo which guarantees his power..."

Too many of these essays are happy to provide insights that would just about pass muster with the GCSE examiner, but hardly need stating in a volume such as this. How about: "In recent years cultural changes in Western society in relation to employment and the position of women have caused traditional views of masculinity to be challenged and redefined in culture" (Bob Millington on *Boys from the Blackstuff*). Unlike newspaper critics, these essayists don't appear to know for whom they are writing – lazy media studies students who were too young to see the programmes? Or those who have but were drunk at the time and now have to write an essay? Viewers from another planet?

This weakness means that the book lacks consistency of tone or approach. The best pieces are founded in the traditional virtues of literary criticism, for instance Richard Sparks' intelligent reading of the appeal of *Inspector Morse*, and Hugh Hebert's of *Tutti Frutti* (is it a coincidence that neither of these writers teaches in a media-oriented university department?). Others attempt to deploy good old-fashioned practical criticism, but only manage to tease out the mundane: "Sometimes, she plays on the contradiction between what we can see on the screen and the image she is creating in words" (Albert Hunt on Maggie Smith in Alan Bennett's *Talking Heads*). It's the cumulation of such obviousnesses which disappoints most; many of these arguments are less insightful than the average daily critic's immediate responses.

Other essays attempt to understand the production of particular programmes within the structures of the broadcasting institutions – always a dangerous game, as anyone who has inside knowledge of, say, the BBC can tell you – but at least these have the virtue of considering the realities of television production, with their attendant problems of 'authorship', and the practical reasons for some of the compromises inevitable in any collaborative process. Future generations of critics will, I suspect, be more grateful for this legacy than any other; looking back on the 80s from the media landscape of the next century, it may well be difficult to appreciate just how much freedom the current writers, producers and directors had to create a response to their times. In the meantime, one can only hope that the art of television criticism finds itself a proper place, and a vocabulary, between the gossip of daily journalism and the half-baked earnestness of second-rate academic criticism.

Mice time

Simon Louvish

7 Minutes:

The Life and Death of the American Cartoon

Norman M. Klein, Verso, £19.95, 286pp

Chuck Jones writes on the jacket blurb of this book: "Animation is not a simple form to pin down; it has surprisingly little to do with other graphic arts, because it adds that elusive element – time." Nevertheless, Norman M. Klein of the California Institute of Arts has decided to take on this art form, from Popeye to Magoo, without the aid ►



Icons of the 80s: the political satire 'Yes, Prime Minister' reflected the values of the era

◀ of spinach, but with great dollops of analytical skill. Leonard Maltin, author of the almost definitive *Of Mice and Magic* (1980), wrote that his obsession with cartoons began with unanswered questions such as “why there seemed to be three thousand mice in every Paul Terry cartoon.” Norman Klein does not quite answer this one, but does try to reach the parts previous books about cartoons haven’t reached.

Whereas Maltin’s book traced the history of the studios from the silent era through Disney to the television age, Klein shifts the agenda to the type of narrative the short cartoon provides, its sources and its history as it chops and changes to reflect a range of external pressures: financial strictures, marketing strategies, social changes, the Depression, the Second World War. Along the way, Klein tends to fall into the kind of jargon still prevalent in American colleges, to wit: “In the language of critical theory, the chase cartoon is both diachronic and synchronic... to use Bakhtin’s terminology, it is both dialogical and carnivalesque...” Sufferin’ succatash! But I am inclined to forgive Klein a great deal of this, even “Brechtian defamiliarization”, because of the genuine depth of his knowledge and the prodigious research, breadth of ambition and sheer love of cartoondom that leap from every page. This man has really plundered the Acme Company for every widget and can opener to prise out Toonland’s secrets. He is equally at home with the social history of the 30s, the personal histories of the great animators, their technical methods and the nuts and bolts of animation production.

Klein argues that cartoons are not just archival artefacts or repositories of nostalgia, but that the ethos of what began as “graphic narrative” has “invaded” our current life in spheres such as consumer architecture, theme parks, video games, “virtual reality” and special effects which have made live action entertainment as malleable as the drawings of yesterday. I might add that Mr Magoo even became president for eight years, in the guise of Ronald Reagan. We are still awaiting Daffy Duck.

As distinct from films or books which reflected contemporary events and attitudes in a delayed form, the seven-minute quickies from the golden age of cartoons, churned out at the rate of one every five weeks, could provide an almost instantaneous spectre of the spirit of their times. Thus Disney’s *Three Little Pigs* captures the essence of the Depression, the Fleischer *Popeyes* and *Betty Boops* reflect the chaotic dynamism of city life, and the chase cartoons of the 40s mirror directly the hectic nihilism of war.

More than any other medium, cartoons could capture dreamscapes and nightmares that censorship might have suppressed. But censorship, direct and indirect, was at play here too, as Klein traces in the parallel tales of Betty Boop and Mickey Mouse. Betty was unBooped, and Mickey transformed, mainly by commercial necessity, into the sanitised image of the American Dream. Klein shrewdly traces the consequences of Disney’s development of “full animation” and the principle of “personality” in the cartoon. Tex Avery and Bob Clampett’s rebellion was, in essence, not against Disney “cuteness” but against the tyranny of Disney’s version of anthropomorphised characterisation: anarchy versus social control.

Klein gets carried away, at times, in conceptual flights of fancy, such as his adoption of the term “machina versatilis” to say something about the technical nature of cartoons. But one can’t escape aesthetic judgments. Full animation, whatever its “ideology”, is a joy to watch, a visual feast. Compare the barren diet of the TV cartoon, from *The Flintstones* onwards, with its flat minimalism, culminating in the deliberate ugliness of Beavis and Buttthead, that terrifying outline of our own age. No wonder Disney is coining it in with *Aladdin* and a return to lost glories.

But it is indeed now all a machine, a money-making artefact from Cosmic Acme Inc. There is no anarchy in *Aladdin*, merely an imposition of a global graphic orthodoxy, an animated CNN, presenting ‘world news’ from Main Street USA. Imagine an Iranian *Aladdin*, made with the resources of Disney, but based on the rich, non-western tradition of Persian illustration... Would that not be a feast for the eyes?

Klein is a little too sanguine about the brave new world of “cyberpunk video”, the “electronic interspace”. It is a real invasion far removed from the happy antics in the Warner Bros backlot. But he has written a volume which should be on every toon fan’s bookshelf, beautifully produced by his publishers, genuine food for thought with a mass of fascinating detail. Did you know that people threw stray cats over the fence of Disney’s original studio in the possible hope that they could be transformed into toons? Perhaps, after all, we get the animation we deserve...

Unfashionably macho

Robert Murphy

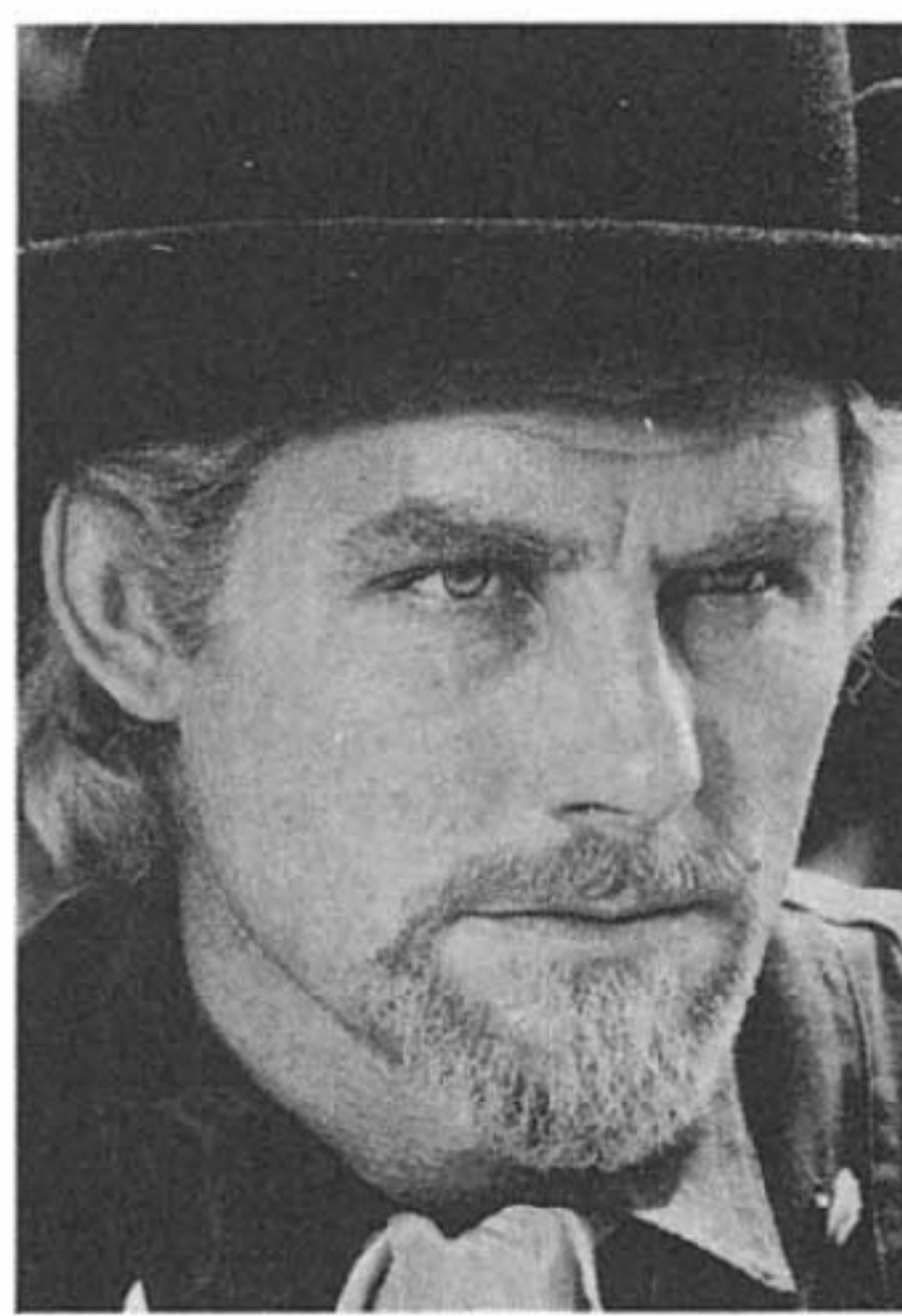
Robert Shaw: The Price of Success

John French, Nick Hern Books, £15.99, 275pp

Some of the best British actresses of the 60s – Virginia Maskell, Janet Monro, Mary Ure, Rachel Roberts – came to untimely self-induced ends. The men were luckier, or more resilient, though Stanley Baker died of lung cancer at 49 and Richard Burton at 59 after a protracted bout with alcohol which might be regarded as suicidal. Here we have a reminder of the high price of success for Robert Shaw, who was claimed by drink at the age of 51.

John French waited 15 years after Shaw’s death before publishing this biography because he wanted to avoid prurient interest in the more sensational aspects of his subject’s life and death. When he died, three years after his success in *Jaws*, Shaw was still hot. Now he is hardly remembered.

Random sampling in the film studies department in which I work revealed a patchy knowledge of who Robert Shaw was and what he did. “He was the Australian guy who played Sean O’Casey in *Young Cassidy*.” No, that was Rod Taylor. “His last film was Brian De Palma’s *Obsession*.” No, that was Cliff Robertson, although the dates are about right. “He was an American who lived in England and starred in off-shore tax shelter films like *Avalanche Express* and *Force Ten from Navarone*.” Right about the films, but Shaw was in fact an English



Anti-hero: Robert Shaw blew the international success that followed starring roles in ‘Custer of the West’, above, and ‘The Battle of the Bulge’, below

actor who spent most of his time hiding from the tax man on an isolated Irish estate. Memory-jogging provokes reminiscences of enjoyable cameos as Henry VIII in *A Man for All Seasons*, as the Sheriff of Nottingham in *Robin and Marian*, as the blonde killer who nearly bumps off Bond on the Orient Express in *From Russia with Love*. But only a very keen Canadian student recognised the man from *Jaws* in *The Caretaker*, and nobody realised that bewildered, bespectacled Stanley in William Friedkin’s film of *The Birthday Party* was Shaw too.

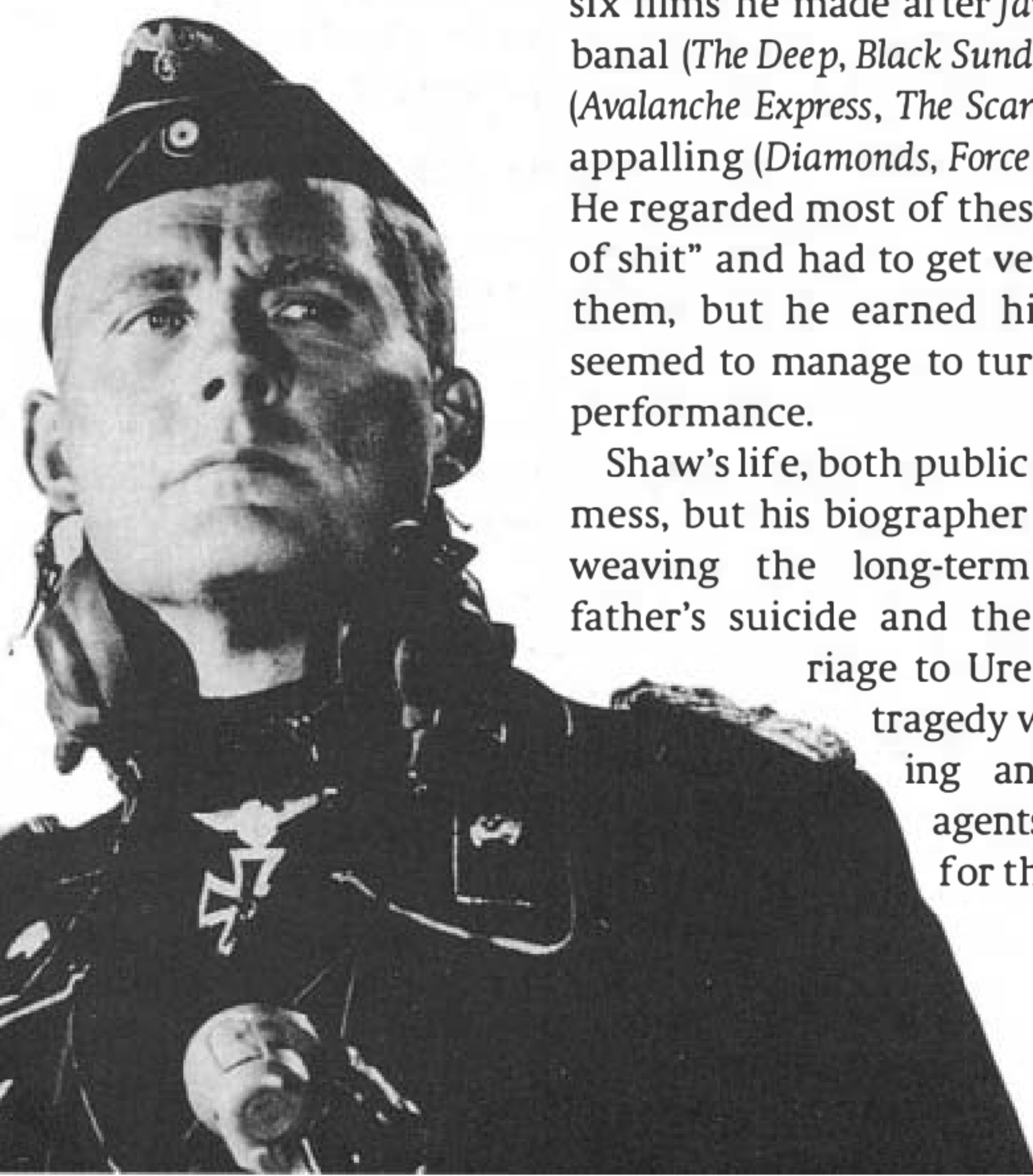
French, then, is not dealing with a household name and his publishers might feel a wisp of regret that this biography is not going to attract much in the way of prurient interest. Fortunately it is a very good biography. Any misgivings the reader might have on being told that John French was Shaw’s agent for the last five years of his life are soon dispelled by his obvious competence as a writer and his determination to understand and explain Shaw.

French was no ordinary agent. The projects he set up – a BBC version of *King Lear*, an Arthur Hopcraft-scripted film based on the Philby, Burgess and Maclean story – excited Shaw but were pushed aside by megabuck movies organised by his American agent John Gaines. French was roped in to organise the schooling of Shaw’s ten children and to chivvy recalcitrant building contractors on Shaw’s Irish estate, and the book is full of the intimacies of financial and domestic affairs. French saw his subject in close-up and – despite being fired a few months before Shaw died – liked him.

Shaw certainly needs a friend. Unfashionably macho, insanely competitive, embarrassingly drunken, he does not easily command sympathy. French recounts a dinner-party conversation where Shaw, who liked to shock his guests, complained that Mary Ure, his second wife, refused to let him bugger her. “Robert,” Mary replied firmly, “you’re such an arsehole, why don’t you bugger yourself?” Braggadocio became spite as the drinking got worse. Then Ure resorted to a suicidal cocktail of drink and sleeping pills after a disastrous first night in April 1975.

Ironically her death coincided with Shaw’s long-awaited breakthrough into the big time. *Jaws* brought the international recognition that starring roles in films like *The Battle of the Bulge*, *Custer of the West* and *A Town Called Bastard* had failed to produce. With mechanical thoroughness, Shaw blew it. Most good actors appear in some bad films, but Shaw developed an unerring instinct for the misconceived disaster. The six films he made after *Jaws* range from the banal (*The Deep*, *Black Sunday*) to the abysmal (*Avalanche Express*, *The Scarlet Rainbow*) to the appalling (*Diamonds*, *Force Ten from Navarone*). He regarded most of these films as “a piece of shit” and had to get very drunk to act in them, but he earned his fee and always seemed to manage to turn in a respectable performance.

Shaw’s life, both public and private, was a mess, but his biographer makes sense of it, weaving the long-term trauma of his father’s suicide and the destructive marriage to Ure into a pattern of tragedy which is both moving and cathartic. Few agents have done more for their clients.



THE SOCIETY FOR CINEMA STUDIES

invites you to its 1995 conference



100 YEARS OF CINEMA: Writing the Histories

New York City
March 2-5, 1995

To attend the conference, you must be a member of the **Society for Cinema Studies**. Founded in 1959, SCS is the largest organization devoted to the study of film and television as academic disciplines, with over 1000 members worldwide. Membership benefits include:

- A subscription to the **Society's** quarterly **Cinema Journal**
- Regular mailings regarding employment opportunities and other information of interest to media scholars
- Membership eligibility for various caucuses and special interest groups such as the Asian Cinema Studies group, the Women's Caucus, the Caucus on Class, and the Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Caucus
- Opportunities to contribute to the work of SCS committees dealing with issues such as film preservation, publication, and copyright

To become a **SCS** member, please fill out this form and return it with payment to: **University of Texas Press, P.O. Box 7819, Austin, TX 78713-7819 USA**

- ☐ \$25 A: Reg./Stud. — Gross Income Under \$ 20,000
☐ \$45 B: Reg./Stud. — Gross Income \$20,000-\$40,000
☐ \$50 C: Reg./Stud. — Gross Income Over \$40,000
☐ \$25 D: Joint* — Gross Income Under \$20,000
☐ \$65 E: Joint* — Gross Income \$20,000-\$40,000
☐ \$75 F: Joint* — Gross Income Over \$40,000

*Joint: Two members at same address share one copy

Prepayment is required by U.S. currency, credit card, U.S. or International Postal Money Order, or checks drawn on a U.S. bank with routing numbers encoded at the bottom.

Please charge my ☐ MC ☐ VISA ☐ AMEX

Account # _____

Exp. date _____ Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Country _____

CJ41

ENCORE ENTERTAINMENT

The latest company to release premier features on
PAL LASER DISC
The first title is the oscar-winning

HOWARDS END

Available from the 14th February, 4 sides CLV/CAV for
£39.99

For further information on future releases or details on
how to order

"HOWARDS END"

or any other top Laser Disc title, send a stamped
addressed envelope to

GENERAL NETWORKS LIMITED

P.O. Box 3696, Stechford, Birmingham B33 8GN.

FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS

"Henry Portrait of a serial killer"

PAL LASER DISC £34.99

Encore Entertainment is the trading name of
GENERAL NETWORKS LIMITED

The award winning

**RED ROSE
COMEDY CLUB**



129 Seven Sisters Road,
London N7
Tube: Finsbury Park

'...probably London's
most influential
comedy club'
The Guardian

'Inspired billing'
ES Magazine

'A great night out'
Time Out

**Special offer for
Sight and Sound
readers: £1.00 off
tickets for any Friday
in March, on
presentation
of this copy**

Every Friday and
Saturday at 9pm

Tickets and membership
071 281 3051

**cineastes/
buffs**

**books
stills
music
mags**

catalogue subscription:
£1.00 (7-IRCs)

**decorum books(ss)
24 Cloudesley Sq.
London N1**

REVIEWS

Reviews, synopses and full credits for all the month's new films and new British TV films

A Bronx Tale

USA 1993

Director: Robert De Niro

Certificate 18
Distributor Rank
Production Company Mario Cecchi Gori
Vittorio Cecchi Gori
Silvio Berlusconi
in association with
Price Entertainment
A Tribeca production
Executive Producer Peter Gaten
Producers Jane Rosenthal
Jon Kilik
Robert De Niro
Associate Producer Joseph Reidy
Production Associate David Pomier
Production Office
Co-ordinator Denise Pinckley
Unit Production Manager Judith Stevens
Location Manager Ginger Sledge
Post-production Supervisor Michael Alden
Post-production Office
Co-ordinator Gladys Nicole Reiz
Casting Ellen Chenoweth
Principal Associate: Jill Greenberg
Sands
Bronx Associate: Marco Greco
Assistant Directors Joseph Reidy
Joseph Burns
Susan Fiore
Screenplay Chazz Palminteri
Based on his play
Director of Photography Reynaldo Villalobos
Colour Technicolor
Camera Operator Craig Dibona
Camera Scenic Joyce Leipertz
Opticals The Effects House
Video Playback Joe Trammell
Editors David Ray
R.Q. Lovett
Production Designer Wynn Thomas
Art Director Chris Shriver
Art Department
Co-ordinator Jennifer Meisle
Set Decorator Debra Schutt
Set Dresser Nancy Boytos
Amanuel
On-set: Anthony Baldesare
Scenic Artists Virginia Lim
Ed Garzero
Greg Sullivan
Lorenzo Contessa
Joyce Kubalak
Ellen Doak
Bill Armstrong
Arthur Dworin
Rochelle Edelson
Storyboards Jeff Balsmeyer
Special Effects
Co-ordinator Steve Kirschhoff
Music Butch Barbella
Theme Orchestrations Stephen Endelman
Music Supervisor Jeffrey Kimball
Music Editor Todd Kasow

Executive Music Consultant Phil Sandhaus
Executive Music Co-ordinator Chandra Beard
Music Office Co-ordinator Kevin Frech
Songs "Streets of the Bronx" by Butch Barbella, performed by Cool Change; "I Wonder Why" by Ricardo Weeks, Ade Olayinka, performed by Dion & The Belmonts; "Little Girl of Mine" by Morris Levy, Herbert Cox, performed by The Cleftones; "Same Old Song and Dance" by Bobby Worth, Sammy Cahn, Jimmy Van Heusen, performed by Frank Sinatra; "Don't You Know?" by Bobby Worth, performed by Della Reese; "Ain't That a Kick in the Head" by James Van Heusen, Sammy Cahn, performed by Dean Martin; "Don't You Just Know It" by Huey "Piano" Smith, performed by Bobby Marchan and The Clowns; "Flamenco Sketches" by and performed by Miles Davis; "For Your Precious Love" by Jerry Butler, Arthur Brooks, Richard Brooks, performed by Jerry Butler; "Sole Malato" by Domenico Modugno, Richard Pazzaglia, performed by Domenico Modugno; "Ruby" by Mitchell Parish, Heinz Roemhald, performed by Adam Wade; "Tell Like It Is" by George Davis, Lee Diamond, performed by Aaron Neville; "A Beautiful Morning" by Felix Cavaliere, Eddie Brigati Jnr, performed by The Rascals; "I Need Your Lovin" by Don Gardner, Morris Levy, Clarence Lewis, James McDougal, performed by Don Gardner, Dee Dee Ford; "Bustalk" by Robert M. Watson, performed by Bobby Watson; "I Only Have Eyes For You" by Harry Warren, Al Dubin, performed by (1) Garry Niewood, (2) The Complexions, (3) The Flamingos; "Ninety Nine and a Half (Won't Do)" by Steve Cropper, Eddie Floyd, Wilson Pickett, performed by Wilson Pickett; "When Joanna Loved Me" by Robert Wells, Jack Segal, performed by Tony Bennett; "Say It (Over and Over Again)" by Jimmy McHugh, Frank Loesser, performed by John Coltrane; "Come Together" by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, performed by The Beatles; "Ten Commandments of

Love" by Marshall Paul, performed by The Moonglows; "To Be With You" by Nick Jimenez, William Tarras, performed by Joe Cuba Sextetto; "Cleo's Mood" by Autry Dewalt, Willie Woods, Harvey Fuqua, performed by Jr Walker and The All Stars; "Hawg For You" by and performed by Otis Redding; "Nights in White Satin" by Justin Hayward, performed by The Moody Blues; "Baby I Need Your Loving" by Brian Holland, Edward Holland, Lamont Dozier, performed by The Four Tops; "You Really Got Me" by Ray Davies, performed by The Kinks; "All Along the Watchtower" by Bob Dylan, performed by The Jimi Hendrix Experience; "I'm So Proud" by Curtis Mayfield, performed by The Impressions; "Strange Brew" by Felix Pappalardi, Gail Collins, Eric Clapton, performed by Cream; "It's a Man's Man's Man's World" by James Brown, Betty Newsome, performed by James Brown; "Cristo Redentor" by Duke Pearson, performed by Donald Byrd; "That's Life" by Dean Kay, Kelly Gordon, performed by Frank Sinatra; "Ave Maria" by Franz Schubert, performed by the Daughters of St Paul, Boston
Costume Design Rita Ryack
Wardrobe Supervisors Irene Ferrari
Bill Campbell
Make-up Key: Ilona Herman
Artists: Michael Laudati
Margot Boccia
Hair Stylists Ilona Herman
Werner Shere
Steven G. Bishop
Title Design Balsmeyer & Everett Inc
Supervising Sound Editor Dan Sable
Sound Editors Kevin Lee
Magdaline Volaitis
Supervising ADR Editor Michael Jacobi
ADR Editors Deborah Wallach
Wendy Heidin
Sound Recordists Tod Maitland
Joel Holland
Music: Chris Cassone
Gary Chester
Foley Recordist George A. Lara
Dolby stereo
Sound Re-recordists Lee Dichter
Dominick Tavella
Post-production Sound Bilgin Turker
Foley Artist Brian Vancho
Technical Consultant Clem Caserta
Technical Co-ordinator Joe Violante
Stunt Co-ordinator Doug Coleman
Stunts Dan Barringer
Howard "Stick" Baines

Doug Coleman
Max Daniels
Sonja Darling
Roy Farfel
Jeff Gibson
Billy Judkins
David Lomax
Jalil Lynch
Steve Mack
John Polce
Paul Sklar
Greg Smrz
Jeff Ward

Cast
Robert De Niro Lorenzo Anello
Chazz Palminteri Sonny Anello
Lillo Brancato Calogero Anello, age 17
Francis Capra Calogero Anello, age 9
Tara Hicks Jane
Katherine Narducci Rosina Anello
Clem Caserta Jimmy Whispers
Alfred Sauchelli Jnr Bobby Bars
Frank Pietrangolare Danny K.O.
Joe Pesci Carmine
Robert D'Andrea Tony Toupee
Eddie Montanaro Eddie Mush
Fred Fischer JoJo the Whale
Dave Salerno Frankie Coffeecake
Joseph D'Onofrio Slick, age 17
Luigi D'Angelo Aldo, age 17
Louis Vanaria Crazy Mario, age 17
Dominick Rocchio Ralphie, age 17
Patrick Boriello Slick, age 9
Paul Perri Crazy Mario, age 9
Tommy A. Ford Phil the Peddlar
Rocco Parente Driver
Joe Black Murdered Man
Louis Gioia Last Rites Priest
Mitch Kolpan Detective Belsik
Phil Foglia Detective Vella
Richard DeDomenico Priest
Max Genovino Louie Dumps
Ralph Napolitano Gino
Steve Kendall Red Beard
A.J. Ekoku A.J.
Sobe Bailey Willy
Dominick Lombardozzi Nicky Zero
Frank Caserta Snr Old Gee
Ed Derian Flight Announcer
Larry Lederman Racetrack Announcer
Gianna Ranaudo Tina
Philip Garbarino Sonny's Killer
Nicky Blair Jerry
Joe Calvacca Jnr Anthony Etergineoso
Louis Etergineoso Joe Laham
Alan Lange Doo Wop Singers
Darell Grant Demond Webber
Rhaman Thomas Kacy Brooks
Jason Meighan Doo Wop Group
Steve Pendelton John Tanuzzo Jnr
Steve Bonge

Greg Domey Mark Cafariella
Butch Garcia Sonny Hurst
Satan's Messengers
Albert Attanasio Pat Vacaro
Capos
Rocco "Griffe" Martha Frank Caserta Jnr
Soldiers
Richie Ranieri Bodyguard
Sal Cestaro Coffeemaker
Larry Liedy Bartender
David Batiste Derrick Simmons
Ali S. Abdul Wahhab Angry Neighbours
Elizabeth Abbassi Woman in Window
Ida Bernardini Italian Woman

Frank Conti Fish Store Owner
Clem Caserta Jnr Pizza Man
Macky Annannlin Beansie
Johnny Motts Garry Blackwood
Mike Morigi Anthony Coruzzo
Emily Degress Linda Lalicata
Linda Lalicata Chez Bippy Customers
Chris Antley Anthony Cordero
Antonio Graell Richard Miglione
Johnny Velazquez Jockeys

10,887 feet
121 minutes

1960. An Italian neighbourhood in the Bronx. To images of the area and its characters, including local mobster and 'neighbourhood god' Sonny, the voice of Calogero recalls his childhood. Calogero, aged nine in 1960, lives with his family next to the bar which serves as Sonny's HQ and gambling den, a place Calogero's bus driver father, Lorenzo, has always warned him away from. Sitting on the family stoop one day, Calogero witnesses Sonny shoot a man dead; aware of the low status afforded a 'snitch', Calogero chooses not to identify Sonny in a police line-up. As a reward for his son's inaction, Lorenzo is offered a well-paid job running numbers, but turns it down. Sonny sends for Colagero, and soon the boy is making money serving drinks. When Lorenzo finds out, he takes Calogero to Sonny and forces him to return the money. 1968. The racial make-up of the neighbourhood is changing, and blacks have begun to arrive. The 17-year-old Calogero and his friends now have their own haunt. Calogero, however, spends much of his time with Sonny, who regularly dispenses advice. Sonny dislikes Calogero getting mixed up in any violence, and sends him away from a beating he and his gang – and subsequently, Calogero's friends – mete out to a group of Hells Angels. Lorenzo endeavours to maintain his influence, and the struggle for Calogero is underlined at a boxing match when Lorenzo, sitting with his son, refuses Sonny's offer of ringside seats.

In school, Calogero summons up the courage to speak to Jane, a black girl, and they fix a date. Sonny sees no problem in dating a black girl, but Lorenzo reckons each race should stay with its own kind. Before the date, a group of black youths is attacked by Calogero's friends. Calogero does his best to protect one of the youths by only pretending to fight. Later, as Calogero meets up with Jane – in Sonny's car, borrowed for the occasion – this same youth also turns up. He is Jane's brother, and accuses Calogero of full involvement in the fight; Jane cancels the date. Back home, Calogero is set upon first by his father wanting to know what he was doing in Sonny's car, and then by Sonny himself who accuses him of planting explosives in the car.



On the buses: Robert De Niro

Meanwhile, the gang war continues, with Calogero's friends deciding to drive to the black neighbourhood, armed with firebombs. A docile Calogero accompanies until Sonny pulls him from the car. Jane, told by her brother that Calogero did in fact defend him, apologises to Calogero. But after a kiss, he remembers what his friends are set to do. He arrives in the the black neighbourhood too late – his friends are all dead, destroyed by one of their own bombs. Calogero, realising that Sonny has saved his life, runs to thank him. But before he reaches him, Sonny is shot dead. The killer is the son of the man whose murder the young Calogero had witnessed. In the funeral parlour, Lorenzo joins Calogero in paying respects to Sonny. A third mourner, Carmine – evidently the new local mob boss – offers Calogero all the help he needs.

Robert De Niro's debut as a director is both hackneyed and confused, flaws which are probably related. The confusion lies in the film's intended central opposition between Lorenzo, the decent bus driver, and Sonny, the mafioso. De Niro and principal player Chazz Palminteri, who also wrote the script (from his own play), have said that they wanted to present an Italian-American community which focused on the ordinary hard-working man and not just on the mob. Yet Lorenzo has a cardboard cut-out of a life: he drives his bus, he offers some maxims for moral guidance, and that's about it.

Perhaps the character gives nothing more because the film relies so heavily on cinematic precedent. Guides to what to do with Lorenzo are not as prevalent as models for mapping out Sonny's world or for flagging the street and sentimental education of Calogero. For the former, there are shootings and crap games; for the latter, gangs and love across a racial divide. Indeed, most scenes recall scenes from

other movies, with De Niro braving some risky comparisons: the introduction to his film's rogues' gallery puts one instantly in mind of the run through the barful of mobsters in Scorsese's *GoodFellas*. There's nothing original in script or direction, De Niro only managing to convince us that he can put together a guide to stock Italo-American.

Giving up on Lorenzo means that the signalled opposition between two sets of values – Lorenzo's decency versus the soiled status and wealth of Sonny – is a non-starter. Sonny, however, ends up fighting from both corners, from both black and white. It is Sonny who looks out for Calogero on the street, who gives him sound advice about his date, and who rescues him from his friends' ill-fated attack on the black neighbourhood. At the end, one almost expects a message to flash up across screen reading, "a nurturing mafioso, just what every boy needs." This is not because Sonny, before his death, had seen the light, but simply because, just as Lorenzo is a hazy protector, so Sonny never seems much of a devil. Hence, no dilemma seizes Calogero; he is not torn between an honest life with modest rewards and one of ill-gotten gain. Merely, he sometimes has a practical problem of keeping two men happy.

Interestingly, the type of conflict the film fails to construct is one which has been realised with some success by several black American films of the last few years, like the recent *South Central*. Here, a father's tussle to hold onto his son – his rival is a powerful drug dealer – is set firmly in a carefully documented and credible milieu. *A Bronx Tale*, on the contrary, suggests a never-never land assembled from cinematic off-cuts. Shaped into a motley garb, it is only fitting that the jester should show up at the end, and turn out to be Joe Pesci, giving a comic turn to a would-be moving resolution.

Robert Yates

La Crise

France 1992

Director: Coline Serreau

Certificate

15

Distributor

Electric Pictures

Production Companies

Les Films Alain
Sarthe/TFI Films
Production/Leader
Cinematografica/
Raidue
With the participation
of Canal +

Producer

Alain Sarthe

Production Manager

Claude Albouze

Location Manager

Sandrine Canaux

Casting

Marie-Madeleine

Demay

Odile Wyers

Evy Figliolini

Assistant Directors

Elisabeth Parnière

Clauss Gigli

Laurent Soulet

Screenplay

Coline Serreau

Director of Photography

Robert Alazraki

In colour

Camera Operator

Bruno Privat

Editor

Catherine Renault

Production Designer

Guy-Claude François

Set Design

Marie-Pierre Mercier

Set Decorator

Thierry François

Music

Sonia Wieder-Atherton

Music Extracts

"Trio No.3 in C minor"

by Ludwig Van

Beethoven, performed

by Sonia Wieder-

Atherton, Daria

Hovora, Clothilde

Mollet

Costume Design

Karen Muller

Wardrobe

Nathalie Cercuel

Monique Tourret

Make-up

Joel Lavau

Nathalie Louichon

Hair

Daniel Mourgues

Patrice Iva

Sound Editors

Boris Viard

Sophie Durand

Sound Recordists

Guillaume Sciamia

Dominique Dalmasso

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordist

Laurent Lévy

Cast

Vincent Lindon

Victor

Patrick Timsit

Michou

AnnikAlane

Mamie

Valerie Alane

Thérèse

Gilles Privat

Laurent

Nanou Garcia

Sophie

Christian Benedetti

Paul

Didier Flamand

Monsieur Laville

Zabou

Isabelle

MariaPacôme

Yves Robert

Michèle Laroque

Clothilde Mollet

Isabelle Petitjacques

Marie-France Santon

Laurent Gamelon

Tassadit Mandi

Catherine Wilkening

Marina Rodriguez-Tome

Conception

Nicolas Serreau

Pierre

Yves Llobregat

Alain

Caroline Fornier

Marianne

Viviane Marcenaro

Sylvia

Jacques Decombe

Bernard

Jacques Frantz

Monsieur Borin

Nicole Jamet

Madame Borin

Franck-Olivier Bonnet

Bébert

Bernard Cazassus

René

Mohamed Ammouche

Mohamed

Malik Aourir

Farid

Sonia Wieder-Atherton

Cellist

Daria Hovora

Pianist

Josephine Serre

Camille

Dimitri Rougeul

Antoine

Noémie Orphelin

Hélène

Elodie Delarue

Nico

Tristan Calvez

Sylvain

Michael Orphelin

Gaspard

Kelly Marot

Marie

AnaisSubra

Claudine

Baptiste Clériot

Richard

Ambre Jardin

The Borins' Daughter

Louis-Robinson Stévenin

The Borins' Son

Penelope Schellenberg

Sarah La Ville

Max McCarthy

Olivier La Ville

Manelle Ajaj

Beur Girl

8,589 feet

95 minutes

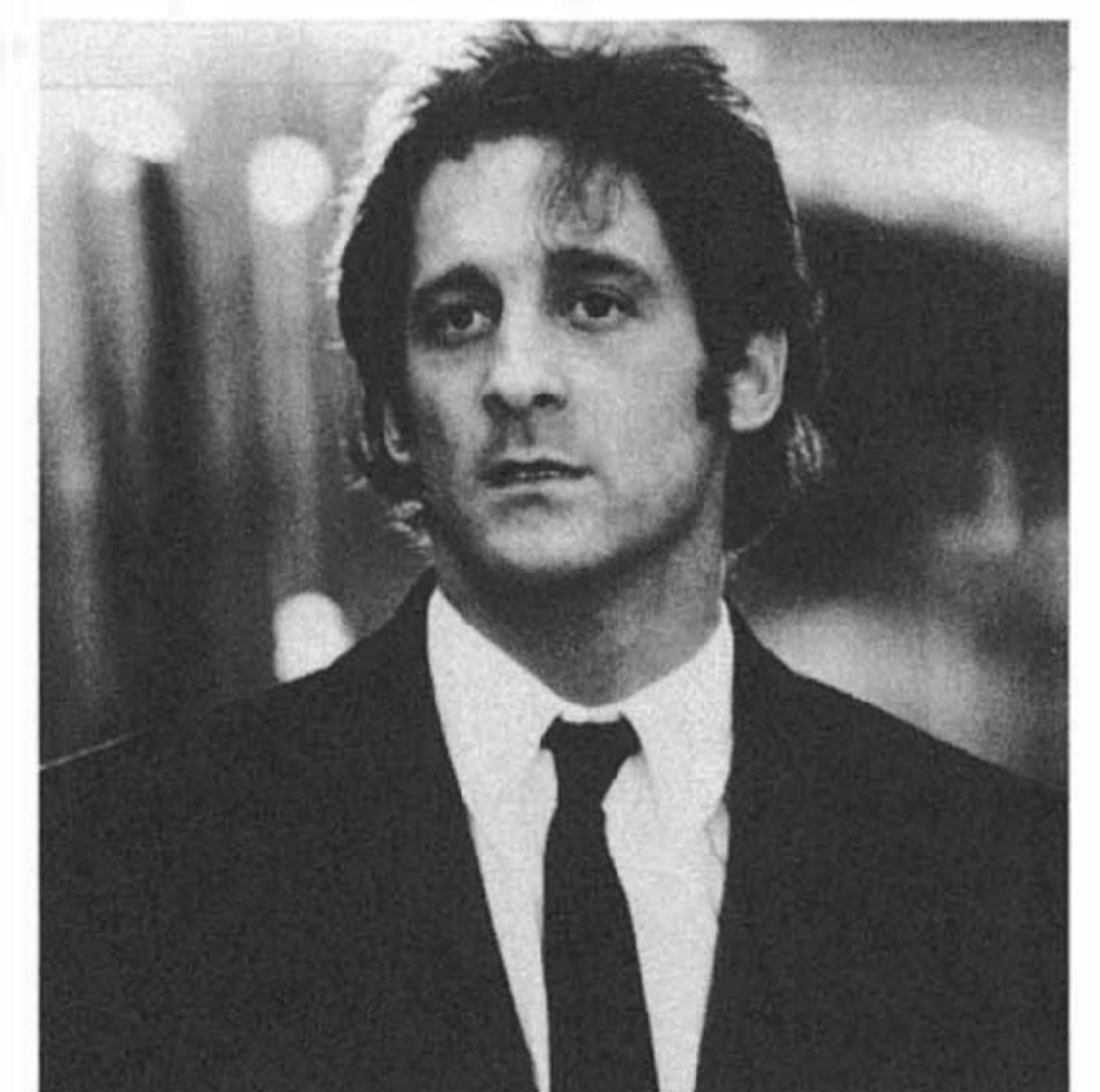
Subtitles

Paris. Victor wakes up one morning to find his wife Marie gone. She phones to say she has met someone else, leaving him to send off their children skiing with his mother-in-law. Hurrying to his office to share the bad news with his secretary Thérèse, he is asked to clear out his desk; she has already secured a job with his former boss Laurent. Victor looks up his doctor friend Paul in search for sympathy, only to walk in on a big row between him and his wife Martine.

Victor goes to drown his sorrows and meets Michou, a poor alcoholic and the only one who will listen to his problems – as long as Victor keeps buying the drinks. Victor, with Michou in tow, looks up a musician friend but she is more concerned about her broken violin than helping him find his wife. Michou follows Victor home where Laurent's wife Françoise is waiting. She has discovered that her husband is having an affair with Victor's secretary. Françoise mistakes Victor's longing for company as a sexual invitation and leaves angrily. She and Michou spend the night talking in a cafe.

The next day, Victor takes Michou to visit his family, only to discover that his mother is leaving his father for a much younger yoga instructor. Victor accepts his sister Isabelle's invitation to dinner at a politician friend's house and has Michou wait outside; their environment-conscious children throw out the unhealthy food, leaving Michou to help himself. While they are staying over that night at Isabelle's, her boyfriend turns up unexpectedly, mistaking Victor and Michou as her lovers. The next morning, the three go for a mountain walk, and Michou, inspired by the beautiful scenery, decides to visit his dying sister-in-law. Parting at the train station, Michou tells his self-appointed benefactor that Victor needs him more than he needs Victor.

Victor sees his violinist friend perform and, moved, tells her that he now understands why the violin is so important to her. By the Seine he runs into Martine, who has patched things up with her husband. Victor tracks down Michou at his brother's apartment, where he is warmly welcomed by his family. He talks to his dying Arab sister-in-law, who asks him to take care of Michou. Victor reluctantly trains him as his secretary, with mixed results. Michou meets Françoise again and they go off to the cinema together. Victor remembers an errand and ►



Agony uncle: Vincent Lindon

◀ rushes to his mother-in-law’s apartment. Talking to her on the phone, he says that he now understands why he hasn’t been a good husband to Marie. As he puts down the phone he realises that Marie is in the flat and has been listening to him. She tells him that there is no-one else and they embrace.

Very much in the style of Coline Serreau’s *Trois hommes et un couffin* and *Romuald et Juliette*, *La Crise* is another populist comedy of a man discovering that there is more to life than nine to five. By getting to know working-class Michou’s world, the well-to-do Victor learns to re-evaluate his life and corrects his mistakes just in time to win back his estranged wife.

The plot offers few surprises, especially for audiences familiar with the good-naturedness of Serreau’s work. Her formulaic approach becomes especially apparent towards the end when every conflict in turn is a little too neatly resolved, while the device crucial to the success of the film – the instant friendship between Victor and Michou – fails to convince. However, the story serves well as the base for the situation comedy Serreau handles so well. In this she has a good ally in Patrick Timsit, whose racist yet amiable, dumb yet wise Michou provides most of the laughs. Placing him in Victor’s middle-class environment is a lazy but effective way to create comedy.

The moments of insight, which aim to lift this above-routine comedy material, are none too subtly underlined with Beethoven sonatas; perhaps the use of classical music rather than a modern score is the only way this really differs from Hollywood product. Serreau knows her craft and plays to audience expectations rather than risk alienating them with even the slightest moral ambiguity.

Despite some stereotyping, particularly of the more affluent characters (the liberal rich politician, Paul’s spoilt wife), there are some nice surprises. Notable among them is the scene in which Victor’s mother declares to her stunned family that she “doesn’t give a shit” about them any more, then proceeds to talk at length about her past, present and future sex life; this convinces more than Victor’s change of heart, and maybe she deserves a film for herself.

It is Serreau’s odd depiction of racism which is most out of tune with her genuine liking for the little people. While Michou constantly expresses racist views, it turns out that he is full of love for the ‘foreigners’ he has actually met, especially his Arab sister-in-law. That Michou is nevertheless most likely to vote for Le Pen is something the film chooses not to deal with. Even racism becomes an endearing quality of the working class.

However, above everything, *La Crise* is amiable, crowd-pleasing entertainment with more than its fair share of good jokes, and no more or less guilty of avoiding real issues than the average Hollywood movie.

Martin Wagner

Free Willy

USA 1993

Director: Simon Wincer

Certificate
U
Distributor
Warner Bros
Production Company
Warner Bros
In association with
Le Studio Canal +
Regency Enterprises
Alcor Films
Executive Producers
Richard Donner
Arnon Milchan
Producers
Jennie Lew Tugend
Lauren Shuler-Donner
Co-producers
Penelope L. Foster
Richard Solomon
Jim Van Wyck
Associate Producers
Mark Marshall
Douglas C. Merrifield
Production Associate
Christa Vausbinder
Unit Production Manager
Charles Skouras III
Mexico Production Manager
Hector Lopez
Location Managers
Patricia Fay
Mike Fantasia
Casting
Judy Taylor
Lynda Gordon
Associate:
Nicole Boroda-Gelbard
Assistant Directors
Jim Van Wyck
Mark Cotone
Alisa Statman
Mexico:
René Villarreal
Hugo Gutierrez
Screenplay
Keith A. Walker
Corey Blechman
Story
Keith A. Walker
Director of Photography
Robbie Greenberg
Panavision
Colour
Technicolor
Director of Miniature Photography
Pete Romano
Underwater Photography
Pete Romano
Marty Snyderman
Wildlife Photography
Bob Talbot
Camera Operators
Conrad W. Hall
B:
Joseph E. Thibo
Mexico:
Henner Hoffman
Donald Bryant
Steadicam Operators
Larry McConkey
Dennis Smith
Opticals
Pacific Title
Visual Compositing/ Digital Effects
Video Image:
Rhonda Gunner
Richard Hollander
Greg McMurry
John Wash
Andy Kopra
John DesJardin
Tim Donahue
Antoine Durr
Charles May
Rick Rische
Marc Scaparro
Dave Stump
Graphic Design
Arthur Gelb
Editor
O. Nicholas Brown
Production Designer
Charles Rosen

Art Directors
Diane Yates
Chas Butcher
Mexico:
Theresa Wachter
Set Design
Harold Fuhrman
Set Decorator
Mary Olivia-McIntosh
Illustrator
Sherman Labby
Special Effects Co-ordinator
Tom Ward
Special Effects Foremen
Dan Lester
Dewey Gene Grigg
Special Effects
Robert S. Henderson
Wayne W. Rose
Whale Effects Supervisor
Walt Conti
Animatronic Whaies
Edge Innovations
Whale Design
Rick Anderson
David Caldwell
Jonathan Horton
Krissy Luster
Stephanie Englert
Steve Davy
Mark Wolfe
David Kelley
Pieter Folkens
Mechanical Design
Greg Richards
Scott Riley
Gene Duval
Dan Adams
Mark Terzich
Russell Mead
Ideo
Raul Maldonado
Mitchell Barham
Electrical/Hydraulic Design
Ty Boyce
Jeffrey Weintraub
John Williams
William Boiko
Music/Music Director
Basil Poledouris
Orchestrations
Greig McRitchie
Music Editor
Tomas Milano
Music Consultant
Joel Sill
Songs
“Will You Be There”
by and performed by
Michael Jackson; “Keep
on Smilin” by Narada
Michael Walden,
Sylvester Jackson, Sally
Jo Dakota, performed
by NKOTB; “Didn’t
Mean to Hurt You”
by Taj Jackson, Taryll
Jackson, T.J. Jackson,
performed by 3T;
“How Can You Leave
Me Now” by Paul
Frazier, performed
by Funky Poets; “Right
Here (Human Nature
Remix)” by Brian
Morgan, John Bettis,
Steve Porcaro,
performed by SWV
Costume Design
April Ferry
Make-up Artist
Pamela Westmore
Hairstylist
Cheri Ruff
Title Design
R/Greenberg Associates
West Inc.
Sound Design/ Supervising Sound Editor
Tim Chau
Sound Editors
Jeffrey Clark
Albert Gasser
Lenny Geschke
William Jacobs
Nils Jensen
David Kern

Charles E. Smith
Peter Tomaszewicz
Bernard Weiser
Supervising ADR Editor
J. Christopher Jargo
ADR Editor
Joe Mayer
Sound Recordist
Clark King
ADR Recordist
Thomas J. O’Connell
Dolby stereo
Sound Re-recordists
Robert J. Litt
Greg P. Russell
Elliot Tyson
Foley Artists
John B. Roesch
Alicia Stevenson
Technical Consultants
Tim Desmond
Gail Laule
Dive Master
Mike Nomad
Stunt Co-ordinator
Dennis R. Scott
Stunts
Linda Arvidson
Heather Burton
Jamie Bunch-Elliott
Debi Derryberry
Randy Hall
Jack Lombar
Dan Plumb
Jackie Resch
Eric Sugden
Naturalist
Kelley Balcolmb-Bartok
Whale Behaviour Supervision
Active Environments
Supervising Whale Trainer
Scott Sharpe
Whale Trainers
Susanna Paloma-
Estrada
Armando Rojo

Cast
Jason James Richter
Jesse
Lori Petty
Rae Lindley
Jayne Atkinson
Annie Greenwood
August Schellenberg
Randolph Johnson
Michael Madsen
Glen Greenwood
Michael Ironside
Dial
Richard Riehle
Wade
Mykelti Williamson
Dwight
Michael Bacall
Perry
Danielle Harris
Gwenie
Isaiah Malone
Vector
Betsy Toll
Rob Sample
Merrilyn Jones
Passersby
Mickey Gaines
Waiter
Justin R. Hall
Robert M. Duque
Sam Samson
Fish Throwers
Willis Van Dusen
Fish Vendor
Tom Lasswell
Brody
Moultre Patten
Ed Murphy
Homeless Men
Jim Michaels
Announcer
Keiko
Willy

10,038 feet
112 minutes

In the American Northwest, a whale is captured by a fishing boat, the Pequod. Later, in a nearby city, a young homeless boy, Jesse, and his friend Perry break into an amusement park while running from the police. Perry spray-paints the tank in which the whale is being held. He escapes, but Jesse is caught and is fostered out to a young couple, Glen and Annie. Forced to clean up the tank as restitution, Jesse grows increasingly fond of the whale, now named Willy, who seems only to like him. Under the guidance of two park employees, Rae, a young woman trainer, and Randolph, a Native American whale attendant, Jesse becomes increasingly close to Willy, and learns to trust adults, even Glen, who until now has kept his distance emotionally from Jesse.

Unfortunately, Dial, the amusement park owner, wants Willy to turn a profit by performing, or else he will have him killed in order to collect the insurance. Jesse trains Willy to do the tricks. On the day of his first show, Willy refuses to perform. Jesse is mortified and withdraws emotionally.



Mopey Dick: Richter, Keiko

Planning to run away, Jesse goes to say goodbye to Willy, but spots Dial’s henchmen sabotaging the tank. He rounds up Randolph and Rae, and they decide to release Willy into the ocean so he can rejoin his family. They prepare Willy for travel and escape the park, only to suffer a minor accident on the road. Glen and Annie come to their assistance, and they all race to the marina to deposit Willy in the water before he dies of dehydration. They succeed in the nick of time.

Although just a modest, sentimental little story about one boy and his whale, *Free Willy* must be a headache for Warner Bros’ publicity department. While the title is perfectly anodyne in the US, in the UK it suggests a gay porn film for the especially stingy. Even more embarrassingly, the theme song is sung by that famous lover of children and animals, Michael Jackson.

Until very recently, when it came to sea animals larger than a dolphin, Hollywood subscribed to the *Moby Dick* approach, i.e. they were vicious monsters of the deep, to be conquered in the name of progress – see, for example, *Jaws* or *Orca the Killer Whale*. Greenpeace has changed all that and ever since *Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home* these huge mounds of blubber have become cuddly symbols of man’s inhumanity to nature.

Now the villains are not so much the whalers but the irresponsible theme park managers who treat animals as ‘commodities’. Yet *Free Willy* skirts away from questioning the underlying ethics of animal performance – a smart move, as analysis might undermine the political correctness of the film itself. In mixing its climactic *Born Free* ending with lots of impressive stunts by an exploited animal, the film’s ideology remains confused. The analogy between Willy the jailed whale and Jesse the captured kid is also problematic. Finally freed, Willy is able to rejoin his ‘family’. Jesse, on the other hand, although seemingly happy, still has a family imposed on him – like an animal in captivity, forced to bond with strangers.

Meanwhile, the men do a lot of getting in touch with their feelings. As Glen, Michael Madsen swaps the cut-throat razor he brandished in *Reservoir Dogs* for a friendly baseball glove, while August Schellenberg looks soulful as the noble Indian lackey who guides Jesse’s understanding of whale spirituality. There is so much patronising beatification of Native Americans that the film might have been retitled *Dances with Whales*.

With its relatively slow pace and weepy quality, *Free Willy* ought to hold the attention of docile 5-to-8-year-olds, but one has doubts whether the older youth of today will really like it, unless they are zealous environmentalists or budding zoologists. Like many children’s films, *Free Willy* is easy to be cynical about, but being so excessively trite, it is also hard to like.

Leslie Felperin Sharman

Hear No Evil

USA 1993

Director: Robert Greenwald

Certificate
15
Distributor
Warner Bros
Production Company
20th Century Fox
In association with
Great Movie Ventures
**Executive in charge
of Production**
Philip Kleinbart
Executive Producer
David Streit
Producer
David Matalon
Production Controller
Jeanne Codron
Production Co-ordinators
Mary Ann Marino
LA:
Jayne Hoffman
Lauren Levine
Unit Production Manager
David Streit
Location Manager
Sara Burton
Casting
Glenn Daniels
Associate:
Monty J. Goodson
Portland:
Jean Medley
Assistant Directors
Aaron Barsky
David Womark
Barbara Ravis
Danny Stillman
Gwyneth Horder-
Payton
Screenplay
R.M. Badat
Kathleen Rowell
Story
R.M. Badat
Danny Rubin
Director of Photography
Steven Shaw
Colour
Technicolor
**2nd Unit Director
of Photography**
John Campbell
Camera Operators
Mark Emery Moore
2nd Unit:
John Stevens
Editor
Eva Gardos
Production Designer
Bernt Capra
Art Director
John Myhre
**Art Department
Co-ordinator**
Walter Cahall
Set Decorators
Susan Mina Eschelbach
On-set:
Madelyne Marcom
Set Dresser
Deborah Emmel
Illustrator
J.D. Alley
Set Artist
Sharleen Bright
**Special Effects
Co-ordinator**
Rick H. Josephson
Music
Graeme Revell
Music Extracts
"Cavalleria Rusticana".
by P. Mascagni,
performed by The USSR
Bolshoi Theatre
Orchestra; "La
Fiamma" by Ottorino
Respighi, performed
by The Hungarian State
Orchestra
Music Supervisor
Sidney James
Music Editor
Dick Bernstein
Songs
"Take Me Out to the
Ballgame" by Jack
Norworth, Albert Von

Tilzer; "Don't Cry
Shinobu", "The Island"
by Alan Alexander III,
"Free" by Alan
Alexander III, Jim
Daniels, performed
by Dub Squad; "Bank
of Love" by and
performed by James
Armstrong; "Willow"
by and performed
by Joan Armatrading;
"On the Wings of
the Night" by David
Defeis, performed
by Virgin Steel
Costume Design
Fleur Thiemeyer
Costume Supervisor
Luellyn Harper
Make-up Artist
Bonita DeHaven
Hairstylist
Jacqueline Bordeaux
Title Design
Paul Tassie
Titles/Opticals
Cinema Research
Corporation
Supervising Sound Editors
Mark P. Stoeckinger
Wylie Stateman
Sound Editors
Anthony Miceli
Amy S. Hoffberg
Patrick Sellers
Don Scott Mosteller
Peter Lehman
Brian McPherson
Dialogue:
Chris Hogan
Alan Rankin
Sound Recordists
MarkUlano
Dennis Hill
Foley Recordist
Randall K. Singer
Dolby stereo
Consultant:
Steve F.B. Smith
Sound Re-recordists
Paul Massey
Adam Jenkins
Tom Perry
Foley Artists
Gary A. Hecker
Stunt Co-ordinator
Greg Elam
Stunts
Paul Lane
Webster Whinery
Jack Lombard
Tom Morga
Dick Hancock
Bruce Barbour
Bob Minor
Bernie Pock
Ken Bates
Harold Burns
Rick Blackwell
Kiante Elam
Qusaun Elam
Mary Ann Marino
Stunt Doubles
Marlee Matlin:
Kerrie Cullen

Cast
Marlee Matlin
Jillian Shanahan
D.B. Sweeney
Ben Kendall
Martin Sheen
Lieutenant Philip
Brock
John C. McGinley
Mickey O'Malley
Christina Carlisi
Grace
Greg Elam
Cooper
Charley Lang
Wiley
Marge Redmond
Mrs Kendall
Billie Worley
Tim Washington

George Rankins
Roscoe
Karen Trumbo
Nadine Brock
Candice Kingrey
Police Interpreter
Mary Marsh
Mrs Paley
Ron Graybeal
Porsche Driver
Bill Pugin
Doctor
Pat Codekas
Ms Younger
Mary Ann Marino
Museum Guard
Clay Luper
FBI Cotton Candy
Vendor
Joe Ivy
Rick Jones
FBI Agents
Mahon Kelly
Alex

Marvin LaRoy Sanders
Grocery Checker
Kathy McCurdy
Sign Language
Instructor
Merrilee Dale
Museum Guide
Alan Alexander III
James Daniels
Karen Searcy
Newell Briggs
Mary Sue Tobin
Brian Davis
Dub Squad
Timothy Harper
Marlon Irving
Brian Sims
Craig Warren
I-ZAYA Acappella
Band

8,691 feet
97 minutes

Portland, Oregon. After a price-less coin is stolen from a local museum, reporter Mickey O'Malley is contacted by the frightened thief who reveals that corrupt police lieutenant Philip Brock masterminded the robbery. O'Malley obtains the coin and secretes it inside the beeper of his fitness trainer Jillian Shanahan, who is deaf. Brock and his sidekicks find and torture O'Malley, giving him till the end of the day to return the coin. Terrified, O'Malley borrows a car from his friend, restaurateur Ben Kendall and, attempting to flee town, is blown up and apparently killed.

When Jillian and Ben are interviewed by Brock, their suspicions are aroused by his aggressive interest in the coin's whereabouts. That night a masked man breaks in to Jillian's flat and while searching for the coin nearly kills her friend Grace. Jillian hides in Ben's apartment and together they go after Brock, stealing incriminating surveillance video tapes from his house and giving them to the FBI.

Brock is arrested and Ben and Jillian leave town for a romantic weekend in a remote country lodge. While Ben is out, Jillian discovers the coin hidden in her beeper. The same masked man who attacked Grace breaks in and pursues Jillian through the lodge until she pushes him out of a window to his doom: the man turns out to be Mickey O'Malley – he had faked his own death intending to retrieve the coin and retire in luxury. Jillian and Ben return the coin to the museum, where they are celebrated as heroes.

The credits to *Hear No Evil* open over aerial views as Marlee Matlin jogs through Portland in pink leotards to a soft rock soundtrack.



Wise monkeys: Matlin, Sweeney

This is the cinematic equivalent of middle-of-the-road rock: homogeneous to the point of anonymity, relentlessly mainstream, slickly produced in a sterile, styleless way and, allowing for token exceptions, one hundred per cent white.

Hear No Evil is a shocking trip to the blandside, a place in which everything, especially the hairdos, is mercilessly trapped somewhere in the mid-80s. The men look like extras from *Cocktail*, while the women, uniformly dressed in clashing lycra, look and act as if they've stepped out of a TV ad for mail order chest-presses.

Every single element of the script is hitched with unerring predictability to some future plot demand. We first see Ben Kendall training as a climber, *ergo* Lt. Brock will live in a house up a mountainside. Brock videotapes his victims, therefore those tapes (which are stored next to the CD rack on his home entertainment system) will be the evidence that sinks him. And if the tapes have no sound and Jillian is deaf, it therefore follows that during the film's third act she will lip-read them. This is filming by numbers, the algebra of the inane in which even the central gimmick of having a deaf heroine does no more than provide an excuse for including vibrating beepers and hand-miming the word for 'orgasm'. The fact is that *Hear No Evil* is so wooden the only characterisation the film can possibly conceive of is tightly cuffed to a transparently ridiculous plot which is cauterised of any humour, let alone any irony.

Even Martin Sheen, as Brock, looks more like a wide-boy accountant than a cop on the loose. He listens to arias while rearranging people's fingers and is quick to pull a Glock from his cummerbund when he returns home to find an intruder at his video collection. But all this is merely paying lip service to the post-Bond villain who traditionally combines gentlemanly hobbies with nonchalant ultra-violence. This thriller can't even turn Sheen into a good villain, but then it's the sort of movie that conveys its idiom of evil by showing a close-up of the baddie's feet stomping over a child's stick of candyfloss.

The responsibility for the film's painstaking mundanity must lie finally with director Robert Greenwald. Certainly the dialogue is shameless, as characters speak lines like "I have a story that is so big it'll blow your mind" with absolute sincerity. The acting is of the pretend-the-camera-isn't-there school and it all looks like a Budweiser commercial. But that's no excuse – recent muted classics like *One False Move* or *Deep Cover* managed to transform perilously generic material into small gems on a shoestring budget. However, where someone like Bill Duke can pull off quality hack-work, Greenwald (who made the Olivia Newton-John vehicle *Xanadu*) doesn't even pass by hack standards, and this is only worth seeing as an object lesson in state-of-the-art mediocrity, **Olly Blackburn**

Heaven & Earth

USA 1993

Director: Oliver Stone

Certificate
15
Distributor
Warner Bros
Production Company
Warner Bros
In association with
Regency Enterprises
Le Studio Canal +
AlcorFilms
Executive Producer
Mario Kassar
Producers
Oliver Stone
Arnon Milchan
Robert Kline
A. Kitman Ho
Co-producer
Clayton Townsend
AssociateProducers
Risa Bramon Garcia
Christina Rodgers
Richard Rutowski
Production Associate
Jill Beerman
Production Supervisor
Santa Pestonji
Production Controller
Barbara-Ann Stein
Production Co-ordinators
Leeann Stonebreaker
Office:
Kanokporn "Keng"
Sae Tang
Production Manager
Clayton Townsend
Unit Manager
Somchai
Santitarangkun
Location Managers
Phillip Roope
Pairoj Rojlertjanya
LA:
Boyd Wilson
**Post-production
Supervisor**
Bill Brown
Casting
Risa Bramon Garcia
Billy Hopkins
Heidi Levitt
Associate:
Mary Vernieu
Suzanne Smith
Kris Nicolau
Location:
Patricia Pao
ADR Voice:
Barbara Harris
Assistant Directors
Herb Gains
Chitra Mojtabai
Thailand:
Sompol Sungkawess
Charlie Sungkawess
Christina Stauffer
Michael Viglietta
Cherdpong "Cherd"
Laoyont
Abhijathi "Meuk"
Jusakul
Screenplay
Oliver Stone
Based on the books
*When Heaven and Earth
Changed Places* by Le Ly
Hayslip, Jay Wurts,
*Child of War, Woman of
Peace* by Le Ly Hayslip,
James Hayslip
Director of Photography
Robert Richardson
Panavision
Colour
Technicolor
**2nd Unit Director
of Photography**
Philip C. Pfeiffer
**Camera Operator/
Steadicam Operator**
James Muro
Editors
David Brenner
Sally Menke
Production Designer
Victor Kempster
Supervising Art Director
Alan R. Tomkins

Art Directors
Stephen Spence
Leslie Tomkins
Chaiyan "Lek"
Chunsuttiwat
LA:
Woods Mackintosh
**Art Department
Co-ordinators**
Kuladee Suchartanun
LA:
Scott Jones
Set Design
Jack G. Taylor Jnr
Set Decorators
Ted Glass
LA:
Merideth Boswell
Set Dressers
David Midson
Daniel Sweeney
Steve Rosse
On-set:
Mickey Pugh
LA:
Alice Baker
Lead Scenic Artist
Dale Haugo
Scenic Artist
John A. Kelly
Special Effects
Brian Cox
Wanchai Jangnet (Chai)
Rangsun
Rangsimaporn (Rang)
Musíc
Kitaro
Music Director
Randy Miller
Music Extracts
"Sacred Ceremonies",
"Sacred Ceremonies 2"
(Ritual Music of
Tibetan Buddhism)
performed by Monks of
the Dip Tse Chok Ling
Monastery; "Minuet"
by Ludwig van
Beethoven, performed
by Budapest Strings;
"Voices of Spring
Op.410" by Johann
Strauss, performed
by the Vienna Strauss
Orchestra, Joseph
Franeck
Huqin (Chinese Violin)
performed by
Yu Xiao Guang
**Music Arrangements/
Orchestrations**
Randy Miller
Executive Music Producer
Budd Carr
Music Editor
Carlton Kaller
Songs
"Trong Com"
(traditional); "Sau Dau
Tree Song" by Le Ly
Hayslip, performed
by Hiep Thi Le; "God
of Thunder", "Japanese
Drums" by and
performed by Kitaro;
"Flying Cloud"
performed by Nguyen
Thi Thanh Tam; "Can't
Take My Eyes Off You"
by Bob Crewe, Bob
Gaudio, performed
by Frankie Valli;
"Please Come Visit My
Village of Hoa Qui" by
Le Thanh Tam, Le Ly
Hayslip, Barry Fasman,
Hiep Thi Le, Budd Carr
performed by Hiep Thi
Le; "Keep it To
Yourself" by Alan
Mirikitani, performed
by B.B. & The
Screaming Buddha
Heads; "Mellow Yellow"
by Donovan Leitch,
performed by
Donovan; "Airs of My
Fatherland" by Dang

Xuan Khai, performed by The Phong Lan Group; "Mustang Sally" by Bonnie Rice, performed by Wilson Pickett; "Temple of Deliverance" by Eugene Gales, Eric Gales, Hubert Crawford Jr, performed by The Eric Gales Band; "Judy in Disguise" by John Fred, Andrew Bernard, performed by John Fred & His Playboy Band; "A Whiter Shade of Pale" by Keith Reid, Gary Brooker, performed by Procol Harum; "Cry Like a Baby" by Dan Penn, Spooner Oldham, performed by The Box Tops; "Sugar, Sugar" by Jeff Barry, Andy Kim, performed by The Archies; "Mony, Mony" by Bobby Bloom, Richie Cordell, Bo Gentry, Tommy James, performed by Tommy James & The Shondells

Costume Design
Ha Nguyen

Wardrobe Supervisor
Alonzo V. Wilson

Key Make-up:
Matthew Mungle

Make-up Artists
John Jackson

LA:
Deborah La Mia-Denaver

Special Make-up
Greg Cannom

Hairstylists
Key:
Elle Elliott
Thailand:
Tamara Muro
Martha Beresford

LA:
Bonnie Clevering

Titles/Opticals
Pacific Title

Sound Design
Soundelux

Sound Effects:
Scott Gershin

Supervising Sound Editor
Wylie Stateman

Dialogue Editors
Dan Rich
Chris Hogan
Christopher Assells

Supervising ADR
Constance A. Kazmer

ADREditors
Laura Graham
Michele Perrone

Foley Editors
Kelly Oxford
Willy Allen
Craig Jaeger

Sound Recordists
Bill Daly
Mark "Frito" Long

Music:
Bruce Botnick

ADR Recordists
Robert Deschaine
Greg Steele

Foley Recordists
Jim Ashwill
Nerses Gezalyn
Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists
Michael Minkler
Bob Beemer

Sound Effects Editors
Peter Michael Sullivan
Mark A. Lanza
Mike Wilhoit
Tony Miceli
Glenn Morgan

Foley Artists
Dan O'Connell
Gary "Wrecker" Hecker

Technical Advisers
Le Ly Hayslip
Military:
Warriors Inc.
Dale Dye
Michael Stokay
Stanley White

Stunt Co-ordinator
Phil Neilson

Armourer
Carl Schmidt

Cast
Tommy Lee Jones
Sergeant Steve Butler
Joan Chen
Mama
Haing S. Ngor
Papa
Hiep Thi Le
Le Ly
Debbie Reynolds
Eugenia
Bussaro Sanruck
Le Ly, age 5 years
Supak Pititani
Buddhist Monk
Thuan K. Nguyen
Uncle Luc
Lan Nguyen Calderon
Ba
Thuan Le
Kim
Dustin Nguyen
Sau
Mai Le Ho
Hai
Vinh Dang
Bon
Khiem Thai
Brother-in-law
Liem Whatley
Viet Cong Captain
Michelle Vynh Le
Viet Cong Cadre
Woman
Tuan Tran
Rapist
Aron Starrat
Helicopter Soldier
Peter Duong
Republican Colonel
Hieu Van Vu
Teacher
Phil Neilson
Marine in Helicopter
Michael Lee
Ky La Wizard
Thanh Vo
Grenade Girl
George Roarke
US Adviser
Michael Paul Chan
Interrogator
Dave Cooper
Bald Onlooker
Irene Ng
Truc-Hanh Tran
Torture Girls
Vu Anh Phan
Snakeman
Mai Le
Steward
Vivian Wu
Madame Lien
Long Nguyen
Anh
Term Saefam
Herbalist
Stephen Polk
Keith Smith
Brad Rea
G.I.s
Tran Huy
Da Nang Cop
Robert John Burke
G.I. Paul
Timothy Guinee
Young Sergeant
Yeun Yong Dumda
Jimmy, age 1
Timothy Carhart
Big Mike
Kevin Gallagher
Tall Marine
Brian Helmick
Short Marine
Catherine Ai
Bar Girl
Somsak Hormsombat
Siclo Driver
Nuttikit
Jimmy, age 3
Don Ho Jnr
Tommy, age 2
Phuong Huu Le
Jimmy, age 6
Dale Dye
Larry
Scott Barkwill
Staff Sergeant at Embassy
Conchata Ferrell
Bernice

Jennifer Low Sauer
Gina Sheri Tavizon
Supermarket Shoppers
Chitra Mojitabai
Supermarket Check-out Girl
Annie McEnroe
Marianne Muellerleile
Marshall Bell
Dinner Guests
Le Ly Hayslip
Jewelry Broker
Huynh Cao Nguyen
Landlord
Willie Nark-Orn
Tommy, age 5
Lester Gopaoco
Jimmy, age 8

Toby Vu
Alan, age 2
Andy Reeder
Andy, age 4
Chau Mao Doan
California Monk
Vivien Straus
Neighbour's Wife
Mai Nguyen
California Wizard
Melinda Renna
Policewoman
Robert F. Marshall
Detective
Tai Thai
Jimmy, age 20

12,631 feet
140 minutes

Sixth-born child to the Phung family, Le Ly spends her infancy at the rice-farming village of Ky La, near the Central Vietnamese town of Da Nang. Although briefly terrorised by the French in the 1950s, the village remains a haven of peace until, in 1963, when Le Ly is 12, the Viet Cong arrive from the North with warnings against the South Vietnam government and its American allies. Le Ly's brother is recruited by the Viet Cong, and goes north with them to Hanoi. Then Government helicopters move in, the villagers are ordered to help destroy the Viet Cong, and the teenage Le Ly finds herself with divided loyalties. She is arrested and tortured by Government soldiers for her suspected Viet Cong sympathies, but her mother uses Le Ly's dowry to buy her release. Her sudden freedom arouses the suspicions of the Viet Cong, who prepare to execute her. As a last-minute reprieve, she is raped instead.

Le Ly flees with her mother to Saigon where her sister Hai finds them jobs as domestic staff to the wealthy Anh Lien; fascinated by his new young servant-girl, Anh begins an affair with her, and she is soon pregnant. Madame Lien, however, is Catholic and refuses to let her husband acquire a concubine: Le Ly is packed off to Da Nang. Living at first with another sister, Kim, a night-club dancer, Le Ly hustles the American troops who throng the town and – for the sake of the family pride – tries to avoid prostitution. She revisits the village, now a military outpost, to see her father again before he dies; he tells her she must fight to raise her little son Jimmy as best she can. After the funeral, Le Ly returns to work as a waitress at the Korean Casino in Da Nang. Catching the eye of weary U.S. Marine Steve Butler, she gradually warms to his attentiveness and they become lovers. Over the next three years, as she bears his child and the struggle for Vietnam intensifies, she begins to believe his promises that America offers a kind of paradise. At last they escape from Vietnam and fly to California.

Warmly received by Steve's mother Eugenia and elder sister Bernice, Le Ly is astonished at the profligacy of American consumerism, but the magic soon wears thin. Steve already has a wife, who receives half his pay-checks, he is reluctant to let Le Ly go out to work for a place of their own, and he is quickly bored by inactivity. Vietnam has made him an adventurer, eager for weaponry and bloodshed; to Le Ly's horror, he

wants to raise their three sons, who refuse to learn Vietnamese, as survivalists in his own image. As Le Ly becomes self-supporting, Steve is increasingly unstable; he moves out, kidnaps the children, and after several rows he despairs of his own sanity and commits suicide. Some 13 years later, in the 1980s, Le Ly has become a successful businesswoman and revisits Vietnam with her sons. In Ho Chi Minh City (formerly Saigon) she introduces Jimmy to his father Anh, now working in a laundry, and is reunited with her relatives at Ky La. Her brother Sau scorns her capitulation to the American way of life, but her mother is proud of what Le Ly has achieved, and in a dream Le Ly also senses her father's approval. She accepts that her destiny is to be never wholly Vietnamese or American but to strive for some form of balance between the two extremes.

Despite appearances, the case can be made that with the third of his Vietnam stories Oliver Stone for the first time pays some attention to the Vietnamese voice. His opening salvo, *Platoon*, at heart the study of a moral dilemma, could as easily have been a Western; and *Born on the Fourth of July* quickly showed its colours as part of Stone's manifesto against American self-betrayal. It is only now with *Heaven & Earth* that the 'real' Vietnam – reconstructed in various Thailand locations – emerges fragmentarily from the mists of guilt. What has been habitually "a state of mind" (Stone's frequent description of Vietnam) at last has the chance to acquire some screen sense of its proper physical, historical and philosophical identity.

The new mental state, unfortunately, is less than lucid; Stone is an impressionist, dealing in detail and detour en route for accuracy, and the film retreats to familiar vantage points – the bedlam of battle, the plight of servicemen returning home – whenever possible. But as an attempt to restore the balance, to show the non-American side, it offers a spectacular, palliative portrait of a beautiful country chronically afflicted with the blight of military destruction. Less ingratiatingly, it contains an underlying message of jaded fatalism: that the American invaders got no more than they

deserved, while the Vietnamese people endured no more than they expected. This revisionist approach, showing how the Viet Cong committed atrocities against their own race while the American forces largely resigned themselves to indolence, derives not from a military apologist, but from the autobiography of a Vietnamese survivor.

Accustomed to adapting true-life memoirs to suit his own persuasions, Stone finds the strikingly symbolic Le Ly a manageable heroine in her early years but slowly loses her as maturity sets in. Partly, one suspects, this is because of her very ambiguity as a political cypher, but there is also a more fundamental problem. Stone's innocents impaled on experience have previously all been male; the women in his films function awkwardly as furniture, victims or audience, haunting the margins of a distinctly masculine conclave. Where they demand greater attention, as with Jim Morrison's partner in *The Doors*, or the activist hometown sweetheart in *Born on the Fourth of July*, Stone allows plenty of admiring close-ups but little of substance. Mysterious and unsecured, they have dropped out of the narrative without making much of an impression on it.

No surprise, then, that the ingenuous Le Ly is dominated by a series of men, including her father and brother, until firmly elbowed from any claim to the film's spotlight by the arrival of Steve. He has the advantage not only of being played with ravenous skill and subtlety by Tommy Lee Jones but also of being a composite of at least four Americans who shaped the events of her life in reality. In the grip of this fascinatingly unstable force, Le Ly continues to play victim until released by his suicide; Stone then casually discards the next 13 years of her American independence to bring the story back to village basics, with Le Ly's sons already beginning to do the talking. Since those evaded years represent the culmination and reportedly the triumph of Le Ly's talent for self-sufficiency, their dismissal would be inexplicable were it not, firstly, that there could be no easy way to film them, and secondly, that Stone is evidently intent on a different destination.

In dedicating *Heaven & Earth* to his mother, Stone seems to be atoning for



Outof purgatory: Hiep Thi Le

a lack of filial respect in his past work, where the matriarchal voice, if heard at all, is something of an embarrassment. Le Ly's mother sets an enduring example of fortitude: as well as saving her daughter's life she had a miraculous last-second escape of her own. Played with a discretion bordering on invisibility by Joan Chen, her advice largely ignored and with no evidence to offer for the potent gulf of Le Ly's American years, she would nevertheless seem to be the secret of Le Ly's resilience if we take at face value the film's careful circle of motherhood, culminating in the mother's valedictory blessing to her daughter.

But the allegiance is hollow: naturally enough, Stone identifies far more with Steve than with Le Ly, and the film's *other* mother, chubby, affable and irrelevant (Debbie Reynolds), is sketched with typical dismissiveness. It is to her father that Le Ly constantly defers, 'seeing' him again at the end in one of the brief monochrome visions that punctuate the film. "From my father I learned to love God," she says, and draws from him much the same lesson in saintliness as the young voyager gained from his elders in *Wall Street*, dedicated by Stone to the absent, perversely heroic father of his own teenage years.

In the sense that one parent is concerned with Le Ly's physical well-being, the other with her spiritual growth, *Heaven & Earth* ingeniously translates the Vietnamese/Buddhist concept of Father Heaven and Mother Earth to Le Ly's dilemma of filial loyalties and, through her, to Stone's. Wandering between the two, Le Ly produces an uneasy parallel between the paternalistic paradise of America and the maternal stoicism and fecundity of Vietnam, a notion that Stone wisely refuses to dwell on. If Le Ly's view of the middle ground comes from being emotionally stretched between two 'home' countries, Stone's appears to rest somewhere between an idyllic childhood and a disillusioned adolescence, with Vietnam being the point where it all went wrong.

We are, as a result, treated to a prologue and epilogue of questionable rustic serenity, with images of a girl balancing on a water-buffalo, orange-robed monks strolling through paddy-fields, the mountains and meadows and streams of a long-lost horizon to which Le Ly at last returns. Stone films the valley with the devouring hunger of a tourist avid for sunsets, rendering it as suspect and temporary as the intricately parodic shots of American supermarkets and crassly furnished homes, no expense spared or truly comprehended. His skill at filming a diabolical chaos remains impressive but Le Ly's story leads only to a passionless conclusion despite its lurid accompaniment of shrieking strings. Protest-ing too much that this is an authentic Vietnam, Stone seems after all to have ended up in some other frame of reference, somewhere between Le Ly's domestic purgatory and his own.

Philip Strick

In the Name of the Father

Eire/United Kingdom/USA 1993

Director: Jim Sheridan

Certificate	Music Performed by
15	The London
Distributor	Philharmonic
UIP	Synthesizers:
Production Companies	Trevor Jones
Hell's Kitchen/ Gabriel Byrne	Guy Dagul
Universal Pictures	Solo Ewi:
Executive Producer	Phil Todd
Gabriel Byrne	Orchestrations
Producer	Trevor Jones
Jim Sheridan	Jeff Atmajian
Co-producer	Music Editor
Arthur Lappin	Bill Abbott
Associate Producer	Music Consultant
Nye Heron	Gavin Friday
Production Co-ordinator	Songs
Niamh Nolan	"In The Name of the
UK Co-ordinators	Father" by Bono, Gavin
Cate Arbeid	Friday, Maurice Seezer,
Patsy De Lord	performed by Bono,
Production Managers	Gavin Friday; "Voodoo
Mary Alleguen	Child (Slight Return)"
UK:	by Jimi Hendrix,
Kathy Sykes	performed by The Jimi
Location Managers	Hendrix Experience;
John McDonnell	"Billy Boola" by Bono,
2nd Unit:	Gavin Friday, Maurice
Christian McWilliams	Seezer, performed by
UK:	Gavin Friday, Bono;
Howard Gibbins	"Dedicated Follower of
Keith Hatcher	Fashion" by Ray Davies,
2nd Unit Director	performed by The
Terry George	Kinks; "Is This Love" by
Casting	Bob Marley, performed
Patsy Pollock	by Bob Marley and the
Nuala Moisselle	Wailers; "Whisky in
Assistant Directors	the Jar" by Phil Lynott,
Gerry Toomey	Eric Bell, Brian
Mick Walsh	Downey, performed by
Robert Quinn	Thin Lizzy; "You Made
Luke Johnston	Me the Thief of Your
2nd Unit:	Heart" by Bono, Gavin
Nick McCarthy	Friday, Maurice Seezer,
Simon Moseley	performed by Sinead
UK:	O'Connor
Peter McAleese	Costume Design
Des Hughes	Joan Bergin
Screenplay	Wardrobe Supervisors
Terry George	Sue Wain
Jim Sheridan	Janet O'Leary
Director of Photography	Make-up Artist
Peter Biziou	Toni Delany
Colour	Hairdresser
Technicolor	Anne Dunne
Camera Operators	Title Design
Des Whelan	Alan Hall
2nd:	Titles & Opticals
Mike Proudfoote	Peerless Camera
2nd Unit:	Company
Sean Corcoran	Sound Editors
UK 2nd:	Bin Davis
Roddie Barron	Additional:
Video Crew	Hollywood Way
Joe O'Byrne	Louis L. Edemann
Brendan Campbell	Chuck Neely
Video Playback Operator	Dialogue Editor
John Gleeson	Pat Brennan
Editor	ADR Editor
Gerry Hambling	Teddy Mason
Additional:	Foley Editor
Clive Barrett	Rocky Phelan
Production Designer	Sound Recordists
Caroline Amies	Kieran Horgan
Art Directors	ADR:
Rick Butler	Peter Lacey
UK:	Foley:
Tom Brown	Kevin Tayler
Draughtsman	Andrea Lakin
Conor Devlin	Sam Kaufman
Scenic Artist	2nd Unit:
Fred Gray	Brendan Campbell
Special Effects Supervisor	Peter Sutton
Joss Williams	Music:
Senior Effects Technicians	Roger King
Clive Beard	Dolby stereo
David Knowles	Sound Re-recordists
Michael Dawson	Andy Nelson
Gerry Johnston	Anna Behlmer
Music	Music:
Trevor Jones	Roger King
Music Director	Foley Artists
David Snell	Jenny Lee Wright
	Jean Sheffield

Courtroom Advisers
Marion McKeone
Bernard Phelan
Stunt Co-ordinator
Bill Weston
Stunts
Patrick Condren
Alan Walsh
Tim Condren
David Cronnelly
Gabe Cronnelly
Clive Curtis
Jim Dowdall
Steve Street Griffn
Paul Heasman
Dominic Hewitt
Sy Hollands
Paul Kelly
Mark Lisbon
Donal O'Farrell
Greg Powell
Gary Powell
Lee Sheward
Armourer
John McKenna

Film Extracts
The Godfather (1972)

Cast
Daniel Day-Lewis
Gerry Conlon
Emma Thompson
Gareth Peirce
Pete Postlethwaite
Guiseppe Conlon
John Lynch
Paul Hill
Mark Sheppard
Paddy Armstrong
Beatie Edney
Carole Richardson
Marie Jones
Sarah Conlon
Britta Smith
Annie Maguire
Corin Redgrave
Robert Dixon
Don Baker
Joe McAndrew
Paterson Joseph
Benbay
John Benfield
Chief PO Barker
Frank Harper
Ronnie Smalls
Alison Crosbie
Girl in Pub
Philip King
Guildford Soldier
Nye Heron
Seamus Moran
Billy Byrne
IRA Men
Anthony Brophy
Danny
Frankie McCafferty
Tommo
Paul Warriner
Julian Walsh
Stuart Wolvenden
Soldiers
Jo Connor
Bin Lady
Karen Carlisle
Female Rioter
Maureen McBride
Mother
Jane Nolan
Girl With Baby
Laurence Griffin
Jason Murtagh
Boys In Riot
Kelly McKeavney
Young Girl
Joanna Irvine
Ann Conlon
Fiona Daly
IRA Woman
Catherine Dunne
Woman on Balcony
Anna Meegan
Granny Conlon
Leah McCullagh
Bridie Conlon
Saffron Burrows
Girl in Commune
Jamie Harris
Deptford Jim
Barbara Mulcahy
Marian
Mick Tohill
Man in Bookies
Peter Sheridan Snr
Manager of Bookies
Joe McPartland
Charlie Burke

Stanley Townsend
Hooker's Driver
Gerard McSorley
Detective Pavis
Tim Perrin
Tony Denham
Rob Spendlove
Philip Davis
Martin Murphy
Richard Graham
Oliver Maguire
Maurice Kehoe
Detectives
Rachael Dowling
Tina Kellegher
Policewoman
Ronan Wilmot
Paddy Maguire
Maclean Burke
Young Vincent Maguire
Joe Jeffers
Young Patrick Maguire
Alistair Findlay
Forensic Scientist
Peter Howitt
Sean Lawlor
Brian De Salvo
Luke Hayden
Remand Prison
Officers
Aidan Grennell
Trial Judge
Daniel Massey
Prosecutor
Bosco Hogan
Defense Counsel
Kenneth Edge
Jury Foreman
Aine O'Connor
Dixon's Wife
Guy Carleton
Prison Admissions
Officer
Dave Duffy
Martin Dunne
Prison Officers
Larry Murphy
Old Prison Officer
Richard Michaelis
Mai Whyte
John Gallagher
Marcus Lynch
Cockney Prisoners
Jer O'Leary
Prisoner John O'Brien
Joey Cashman
Alan Amsby
Paul Savage
Owen Conroy
Dee Man Kole
Bernard Pellegrinetti
EmekaOkeki
Alan O'Connor
Mario McGovern
John Joe Fontana
Terry O'Neill
Joey Legaspi
Jimmie Bergin
John Higgins
Prisoners
Malcolm Tierney
Home Office Official
Iain Montague
Leader of Delegation
Paul Raynor
New Chief Prison
Officer
Clodagh Conroy
Dixon's Secretary
Peter Sheridan
Priest
Darren McHugh
Dixon's Son
Peter Campbell
Government Official
Alan Barry
Archivist Jenkins
Jonathan Ryan
Scottish Governor
John Pickles
Procedural Court Judge
Liam O'Callaghan
Archivist 2
Denys Hawthorne
Appeal Judge
Tom Wilkinson
Appeal Prosecutor

11,999 feet
133 minutes

On the evening of October 5 1974, an IRA bomb rips through a pub in Guildford. A decade later a woman solicitor, Gareth Peirce, is listening to the testimony of one of the four people convicted of the bombing – Gerry Conlon, one of the ‘Guildford Four’.

Conlon is seen in flashback as a young man with a group of friends stealing lead from a roof in Belfast. He is mistaken for a gunman by some British soldiers who chase him through the streets of Belfast. He narrowly escapes knee-capping from the IRA for the trouble he has caused thanks to the intervention of his father, Guiseppe. Gerry decides to try his luck in England and on the ferry he meets an old school friend, Paul Hill. In London, Paul introduces Gerry to another Belfast boy, Patrick Armstrong, who lives in a squat with his English girlfriend Carole Richardson. But following an argument about the war in Northern Ireland Paul and Gerry are thrown out of the squat.

They spend the night of the Guildford bombing sleeping in a park with an Irish down-and-out, Charlie Burke, who warns them of the perils of London. After stealing some money from a prostitute, Gerry decides to lie low in Belfast for a while. Meanwhile, the squat in London is raided by the police. Soon after, the police come to Belfast for Gerry. During interrogation, Paul Hill confesses to the bombing and advises Gerry to do the same. Gerry holds out until one of the police officers says that his father will be shot if he does not confess. In court, the prosecution base their case largely on these confessions and those of Patrick Armstrong and Carole Richardson. All four are given life sentences.

In prison, Gerry shares a cell with his father who has also been framed on terrorist charges. While Guiseppe starts a campaign to prove their innocence, Gerry sinks into the prison's drug culture. The monotony of prison life is broken; the IRA man Joe McAndrew, one of the gang that really planted the Guildford bomb, takes Gerry under his wing. Gerry is impressed by the discipline of the older man, who leads the prisoners in a protest about conditions. The head prison officer, Barker, calls in the riot squad. McAndrew later takes his revenge on Barker with a makeshift flame-thrower. Horrified by the incident, Gerry distances himself from McAndrew and throws himself into the campaign to prove his and his father's innocence. When Guiseppe dies in prison it only serves to harden Gerry's will.

Gareth Peirce continues pursuing Gerry's case, and gains access to the police archives where she finds a file marked, "Not to be shown to the defence". It contains a statement from Charlie Burke confirming that he was with Hill and Conlon on the night in question. In 1989, Peirce produces this file at the appeal hearing. The sentences against the Guildford Four are quashed and they walk free from ►

◀ the courtroom. Amid scenes of jubilation Gerry Conlon pledges to fight on to clear his father's name.

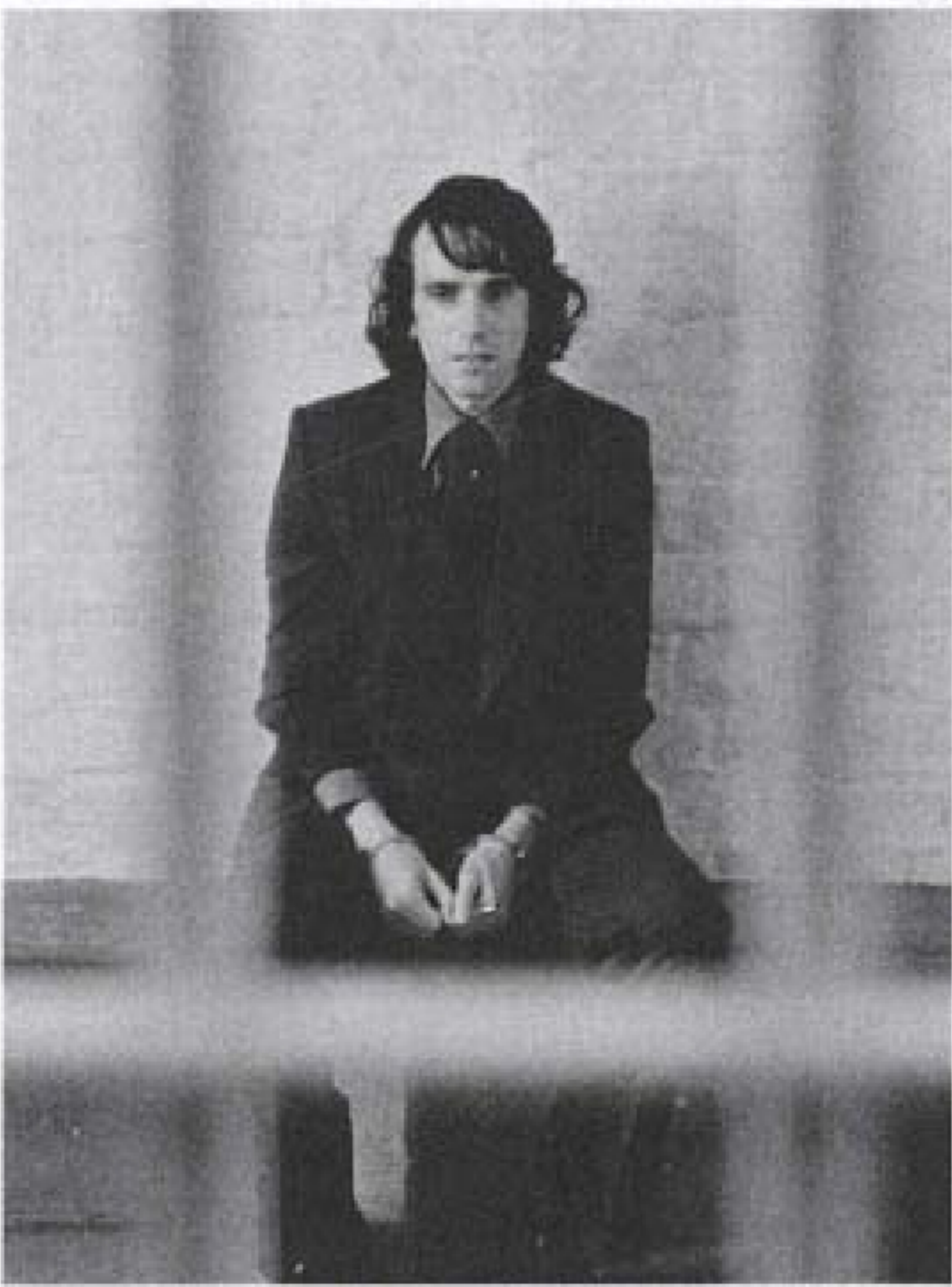
● One of the central absurdities of Gerry Conlon's case was that the IRA wouldn't have touched him with a bargepole. At the time of his arrest he was a petty criminal and a drug user, immature, unreliable and out for a good time. Throughout his long imprisonment, those campaigning for Conlon's release emphasised the fact that he was not IRA material. This presents a problem for Jim Sheridan, for the very character flaws that made Conlon an unlikely leader of an IRA active service unit also make it difficult to turn him into a convincing movie hero (though casting Daniel Day-Lewis in the part obviously helps).

Sheridan gets round this by means of a redemption scene of some note. It happens during a prison film show. A fairly appalling act of violence from the Republican prisoner, Joe McAndrew, leaves a prison officer writhing on the floor, his clothes consumed by flames from a home-made blow-torch. Until now, Gerry has been a waster even in prison, grudgingly resigned to his fate. But in the face of real human suffering it is Gerry who comes to the screw's rescue – an act of kindness which is his salvation.

Sheridan's films to date have all hinged on violent set-pieces that illuminate the central relationship of the film – the astonishing fight scene when Bull McCabe and his son confront the American in *The Field* and the restaurant scene in *My Left Foot* when Christy Brown declares his love for Dr Eileen Cole. The film-show scene has just this function in *In The Name of the Father* – and just to drive home the Oedipal point, the film the prisoners are watching is *The Godfather*.

This film is not really about Gerry Conlon's fight for justice. It is much more concerned with the relationship between Gerry and Guiseppe. Sheridan has said that after *My Left Foot*, which is essentially about Christy Brown's relationship with his mother, he was on the look-out for a script about a father-son relationship. He had not really thought about making a film about the Guildford Four, but when he saw the script of *In the Name of the Father* it fitted the bill perfectly. Thus Sheridan makes every figure of authority in the film into some kind of surrogate father to Gerry. He begs the commanding police officer, Dixon, to "stop these men hurting me", and after Gerry confesses, Dixon gives him a cuddle as if he had just been a naughty boy. He is similarly drawn to Joe McAndrew because he is a man of action where his own father seems like a sickly old fool.

By far the best scenes in the film are the claustrophobic head-to-heads between Gerry and Guiseppe. Their confinement together allows Gerry to unburden himself of all the feelings of hatred and embarrassment. He tells of the time his father told him off for cheating in a game of football. Furious with Guiseppe, he drew his father's



Proved innocent: Daniel Day-Lewis

name in the mud and pissed on it. This is stirring, primal stuff.

After his transformation, Gerry grows to recognise the genuine moral strength of his father. This even takes on something of a religious dimension as Guiseppe becomes a messianic figure towards the end of his life. The scene immediately after Giuseppe's death parallels the torching of the prison officer. One by one, prisoners drop sheets of lighted paper into the snow-covered prison yard in tribute to the man and his struggle, until hundreds of tiny flames float away into the winter sky. The idea is that these gentle flames, which mark the beatification of Guiseppe, represent a more genuine form of solidarity than the scorching heat of McAndrew's revolutionary passion.

The story of the Guildford Four is pretty riveting as it is, but in Jim Sheridan's hands it becomes a great yarn to be retold and embellished. Never one to shy away from stereotypes of his countrymen, Sheridan makes his Gerry Conlon the archetypal loveable Irish rogue, while McAndrew is the murderous Republican psychopath that we read about all the time in the tabloid press. The portrayal of McAndrew is a strange kind of tribute when you think that it was the man who was presumably the real life model for McAndrew – Joe O'Connell, the leader of the Balcombe Street Group – who calmly pleaded the innocence of the Guildford Four at his own trial instead of offering a defence for himself.

As for Gerry's relationship with Guiseppe, in reality it seems that the two men were hardly ever in the same prison, let alone the same cell. And where, for the sake of Freudian neatness, the film has Gerry confessing after the police say they are going to kill his father, Conlon himself has always claimed it was his sister and mother they threatened.

Like Sheridan's previous features, *In the Name of the Father* is unashamed Irish myth-making. But considering the sensitivity of the issues involved, it is a bit odd that Sheridan has taken quite such liberties with the truth. This is, after all, a film about a man who spent 14 years in prison because people made up stories about him.

Martin Bright

Kafka

USA/France 1991

Director: Steven Soderbergh

Certificate

15

Distributor

Guild

Production Companies

Renn/Baltimore Pictures/Pricel S.A.

Executive Producers

Paul Rassam Mark Johnson

Producers

Stuart Cornfeld Harry Benn

Production Supervisor

Premysl Prazsky

Production Controller

Jan Balzer

Production Co-ordinator

Gail Samuelson

Production Managers

Studio:

Tomas Baloun

Locations:

Pavel Novy

Unit Managers

Petr Moravec

Miloslav Dolezal

Casting

Susie Figgis

Prague:

Eva Kadankova

Assistant Directors

Guy Travers

Jiri Ostry

Nick Laws

Alice Ronowska

Additional Photography:

Steve Harding

Lee Cleary

Screenplay

Lem Dobbs

Director of Photography

Walt Lloyd

Black and White/Colour

Camera Operator

Eddie Collins

Brain and Eye Photography

Oxford Scientific Films

Ltd

Picture Editor

Steven Soderbergh

Production Designer

Gavin Bocquet

Additional Photography:

Tony Woollard

Art Directors

Les Tomkins

Jiri Matolin

Special Effects Unit:

Philip Elton

Set Decorator

Joanne Woollard

Special Effects Supervisor

Ian Wingrove

Special Effects

Terry Glass

Music

Cliff Martinez

Costume Design

Michael Jeffery

Wardrobe Supervisor

Iva Bartova

Chief Make-up Artist

Allen Weisinger

Chief Hairdressers

Paula Gillespie

Additional Photography:

Stephen Rose

Make-up/Hair

Zdenek Klika

Alena Sedova

Title Design

R/Greenberg Associates

Sound Design

Mark Mangini

Sound Editors

Larry Blake

Mark Mangini

ADR Supervisor

UK:

Louis Elman

Sound Recordists

Paul Ledford

Music:

Leanne Ungar

Foley:

Randy Singer

Weddington:

Dave Moreno

Matt Beville

Dolbystereo

Consultant:

Steve F. B. Smith

Sound Re-recordists

Larry Blake

Mark Mangini

Foley:

Greg Orloff

ADR:

Alan Snelling

Additional Sound Effects

Editor

Ron Bartlett

Foley

Dan O'Connell

Alicia Stevenson

Stunt Co-ordinator

Marc Boyle

Stunt Double

Brian Glover:

Perry Davey

Cast

Jeremy Irons

Kafka

Theresa Russell

Gabriela Rossman

Joel Grey

Burgel

Ian Holm

Doctor Murnau

Jeroen Krabbe

Bizzlebek

Armin Mueller-Stahl

Inspector Grubach

Alec Guinness

Chief Clerk

Brian Glover

Castle Henchman

Keith Allen

Assistant Ludwig

Simon McBurney

Assistant Oscar

Robert Fleming

The Keeper of the Files

Matyelok Gibbs

Concierge

Ion Caramitru

Solemn Anarchist

Hilde Van Meighem

Female Anarchist

Jan Nemejovsky

Mustachioed Anarchist

Toon Agterberg

Youthful Anarchist

Maria Miles

Anna

Vladimir Gut

Eduard

EmilWolk

Man Under Microscope

Josef Abraham

Guy Fithen

Zuzana Halustokova

Ondrej Havelka

Lenka Korinkova

PetrLepsa

Leon Silver

Debora Weston

Friends of Kafka

Jan Slovak

Man at Bar

David Shaw Parker

Interrogating Attendant

Jerome Flynn

Ewan Stewart

James McPhee

Castle Attendants

Lubos Rychvalsky

Kidnapped Vagrant

Pavel Myslik

Frantisek Stufka

Vagrants

PetrJaki

Quarry Labourer

Karel Belohradsky

Josef Sebek

Inspector's Assistants

Robert Krejci

Evil Wagon Driver

Vitezslav Bouchner

Lens Cleaner

David Jensen

The Laughing Man

8,850 feet

98 minutes

● A man runs from an unseen pursuer through the streets of an East European city at dusk. He is seized by a diseased maniac who slaughters him at the orders of a top-hatted onlooker.

Insurance clerk Kafka arrives at his office to find the desk of his friend Eduard Raban unoccupied. Having been upbraided by Burgel, the messenger, for passing on a document by hand, he watches admiringly while a woman worker, Gabriela Rossman, treats Burgel's attempts to intimidate her with utter contempt. Kafka approaches Gabriela and tells her that her friend Eduard has not turned up for work. She disclaims any interest in Raban. Meanwhile Burgel reports Kafka to the Chief Clerk for being absent from his section.

After work, Kafka visits Raban's rooms and finds no trace of him. He then enquires at the Continental Cafe and comes across Anna, with whom he has had a previous relationship. She tells him that she has moved back to town and has visited Kafka's father. Kafka, however, is distracted by the sight of Gabriela sitting at a table with friends and moves away. He asks the group if they have seen Raban, but they rebuff him. Outside, Kafka is accosted by Bizzlebek the gravedigger, who tells him that he knows and admires his fiction writing.

Kafka tries to write to his father but is interrupted by two policemen; he is taken to a mortuary and asked to identify a body – that of Eduard Raban. Police Inspector Grubach asks him to pass on any information that may be of interest and hands Kafka his card. Summoned to the Chief Clerk's office, where another of Grubach's visiting cards is visible on the desk, Kafka is told that he is to receive the promotion intended for Raban and that he will have two assistants, Ludwig and Oscar, a bickering and incompetent pair of 'twins' who do not look alike. Kafka is invited to lunch by Gabriela, who tells him that she and Raban were lovers, and that he should meet her that night in the Musil district to discover more.

In a restaurant, a masked figure presents a group of aristocrats with a bomb. Outside, Kafka approaches and the masked figure gestures for him to follow. Gabriela's anarchist group have assembled in a huge attic; they tell him that Raban was working for them and there is a file that must be retrieved or they are all doomed. He takes Gabriela to Raban's flat but they cannot find it and, after an argument, Gabriela runs into the street. Kafka pursues her but she has disappeared. He then reports this to Inspector Grubach.

That night Kafka searches for the file in the Chief Clerk's office, but sees Burgel leaving with it tucked in his jacket. Suddenly attacked by the maniac, he manages to escape. Back at the attic, he finds the savaged corpses of Gabriela's group and hears the maniac and his controller on the roof. He trails them to some open ground where an accomplice stabs the maniac to death. Kafka is then caught by the



With Franz like this: McBurney, Irons, Allen

twins who are in the pay of the town's Castle, but is saved in time by Bizzlebek who shows him how to break into the Castle via a secret passage. Emerging through a filing drawer, Kafka blunders his way into a room where hideous experiments are taking place. There he meets Dr Murnau whose stated aim is to make people more controllable. Inside a huge dome dominated by a lens focussed on a victim's exposed brain, Murnau offers Kafka a job originally intended for Raban. When he demurs, a fight breaks out in which Dr Murnau, the top-hatted controller; the twins are killed and the dome is destroyed, while Kafka escapes. The next day, however, Kafka returns to find the office functioning as normal. His transfer to the Castle has been cancelled. He is called on to identify the body of Gabriela and he agrees to the police version of her death as suicide.

Steven Soderbergh's follow-up to *sex, lies and videotape* finally gets a British release, and while it is clearly not the money-spinner that its predecessor was, there is more than enough of interest in it to make one wonder why it has taken so long. With hindsight, the most striking thing about *Kafka* is not its extreme stylistic variance from Soderbergh's debut hit, but its similarity to other American versions of European themes, and the way that it compares to other film interpretations of the writer's work.

On its American release, *Kafka* was pilloried as being too much under the influence of David Lynch, of displaying a too studied form of weirdness. It seems that if you shoot a film largely in black and white and use certain insistent noises on the soundtrack, you are automatically imitating Lynch. Yet, in comparison with the Coen Brothers' *Barton Fink*, or a film with which it bears a most striking resemblance, Woody Allen's *Shadows and Fog*, the surreal moments in *Kafka* are relatively few and rather unthreatening. Indeed, the in-colour climax, with Kafka slithering across a huge lens focussed on an opened skull, is more reminiscent of British fantasy models – *The Avengers*, *Dr Who*, *James Bond* – than anything in the Lynch canon. There are moments of real terror in the film, but

they are straightforward horror-movie moments.

This feeling of relative safety is part of the problem with translating Kafka to film. On first exposure to the maddening inanity of the state's bureaucratic logic, we are duly terrified, but repeated exposure to attempts to visualise such ideas tends to emphasise the cosy familiarity of the mundane office world depicted. To come to *Kafka* after the stunning cultural penetration of Terry Gilliam's *Brazil* – endlessly copied in TV advertising – or Richard Eyre's TV film *The Insurance Man*, which also featured Kafka as hero, or the recent Pinter-scripted film of *The Trial*, is to recognise too much too early. Soderbergh's film has few surprises because he sticks too matter-of-factly to Kafka basics, where others have spun out their own distinctive take.

Yet Soderbergh's restraint can sometimes be quietly effective. Jeremy Irons' portrayal of the writer is the most understated yet seen, and it gives a plausibly realist edge to events. The black-and-white narrative offers a Kafka whose fictional imaginings don't stray too far from what he sees actually going on in 1920s Middle Europe; thus, for most of the time, it has a genuinely nightmarish quality that the more theatrical Pinter and Eyre versions lack. However, these events are framed within the inverted commas of American intertextual homage to the European art movie. Along with *The Third Man*, Soderbergh deliberately evokes Murnau much as Allen does in *Shadows and Fog*; and it is interesting in the light of Spielberg's *Schindler's List* to note how Jewish conscience, German Expressionism and black-and-white film are conflated in these American visions of European horror.

But Soderbergh's high ambitions – as a stylist of modern art-movie dislocations, as a crafter of polished, performance-driven drama, as a knowing *auteur* who also wants to be mainstream – founder here on the colour sequence in which Kafka finally enters the castle. There is an inescapable feeling that Dr Murnau is just the latest Bond villain and that the Castle is another lair to be blown sky-high at the climax. For sheer banality, this ending takes some beating.

Nick James

De Noorderlingen (The Northerners)

Netherlands 1992

Director: Alex Van Warmerdam

Certificate

15

Distributor

Mayfair

Entertainment

Production Company

First Floor Features

In association with

Pierson, Heldring &

Pierson N.V./Stichting

Produktiefonds Voor

Nederlandse Films/Vara

Televisie/Stimulerings-

fonds Nederlandse

Culturele

Omroepsproducties/

Stichting co-

produktiefonds

Binnenlandse on Roep

Producers

Laurens Geels

Dick Maas

Production Manager

Ellen Pype

Casting

Agnes Oster

Assistant Directors

Marc Van Warmerdam

Allard Bekker

Screenplay

Alex Van Warmerdam

Aat Ceelen

Director of Photography

Marc Felperlaan

In colour

2nd Unit Directors

of Photography

Tom Erisman

Edwin Verstegen

Steadicam Operator

Floris Sybesma

Special Visual Effects

and Mattes

Brian Descher

Frans Wamelink

Jan Scholten

Editor

René Wiegman

Production Designer

Rikke Jelier

Art Director

Alfred Schaa

Set Dresser

Constance De Vos

Storyboard Artists

Alex van Warmerdam

Marc Felperlaan

Special Effects

Hans Voors

Ray Purkis

Models

Bernard Nyburg

Music

Vincent Van

Warmerdam

Orchestrations

Hein Offermans

Music Editors

Michiel Jansen

Costume Design

Leonie Polak

Wardrobe Supervisor

Karim Eylders

Make-up

Kathy Kuhne

Title Design

Ronald Timmermans

Dialogue Editor

Danniel Danniel

Foley Editor

Luuk Poels

Sound Recordists

Ad Roest

Bert Flantua

Jan Wouter Stam

Georges Bosshers

2nd Unit:

Victor Delzker

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Ciel de Glaaf

Sound Effects Editor

Bert Rykelyshuizen

Foley

Ad Roest

Hans Walden

Kranski Mel Kutbay

Stunt Supervisor

Dickey Beer

Cast

Leonard Lucieer

Thomas

Jack Wouterse

Jacob

Rudolf Lucieer

Anton

Alex Van Warmerdam

Pagge

Annet Malherbe

Martha

Loes Wouterson

Elisabeth

Veerle Dobbelaere

Agnes

Dary Somé

Black Man

Jacques Commandeur

Teacher

Janny Goslinga

Lisa/Shop Girl

Theo Van Gogh

Fat Willy

Loes Luca

Fat Willy's Mother

Rein Bloem

Big Priest

Wil Spoor

Little Priest

Anna Visser

Stella/Shop Girl 2

Bepie Melissen

Karin/Shop Girl 3

Chris Bolczek

St Francis

Henri Garcin

Bishop

Leny Bredevelde

Olga Zuiderhoek

Cecile Hever

Annemarie Blom

Neighbours

Anton Kothuys

Photographer

Victor Löw

Marriët Ciggaar

Couple in Photo Studio

Houk van Warmerdam

Child in Photo Studio

Aat Ceelen

Ice Cream Man

Ger Smit

Jaap Vrenegoor

Researchers

Dolf Sauter

Priest

Ben Ramakers

Ambulance Driver

Frans Koppens

Chauffeur

9,613 feet

107 minutes

Subtitles

The Netherlands, 1960. A vast housing development has been abandoned, leaving one complete street stranded next to a primal forest. Jacob, the butcher, is frustrated

because his wife Martha has become a religious fanatic and refuses to have sex with him. Thomas, their 12-year-old son, idolises and sometimes dresses up as the Congolese leader Patrice Lumumba. Anton, the forest ranger, is troubled because his sterility means his wife Elizabeth cannot have a child, and devotes his attention to a feud with Pagge, the postman. Pagge steams open all the letters he delivers and is privy to all the street's secrets. Thomas makes contact with Agnes, a wild girl who lives in the woods and raids the houses for food. Jacob is driven to attempt sex with his assistant, and Martha, struck with visions of St Francis, retreats to her bed refusing to eat.

A missionary exhibition in the street puts on show a black man, whom Thomas helps to escape. Thanks to Anton, Pagge is caught in his mail-tampering and taken away. Thomas and Agnes almost have sex, but are interrupted. Jacob has unsatisfying sex with Elizabeth, and Anton stalks the black man, accidentally killing Agnes. The black man attacks and blinds Anton. Devotees gather about Jacob's house, praying for Martha. Thomas, upset by the murder of Lumumba, discovers Agnes' body in a frozen pool in the forest. Pagge returns to the street.

The *Northerners* is stranded in an enclosed world, with characters who are unable to go anywhere. Its perfect soap opera street, brand new and soulless but adjacent to the primordial forest, is as striking as the lone house in Atom Egoyan's *The Adjuster* and has similarly prompted director Van Warmerdam – who significantly casts himself as the quizzical postman – to obsess over voyeurism. The film constantly has characters spy on each other and, in its repeated incidents of *coitus interruptus*, it gives third parties the prescience to frustrate the desires of would-be couples.

Perfectly composed shots emphasise the huge windows of the houses, with the inhabitants trapped like insects caught between the panes of double-glazing. The most unsettling moment comes when Jacob draws the curtains on the crowd gathered in adoration of Martha, only for mass tapping on the window to force him to have them opened again. Personified by Anton, who peers through ridiculously thick glasses, this glassy theme at least tries to bind together a collection of incidents and characters which don't otherwise add up to a story.

Despite its crowded cast and eventful plot, this is a curiously monotonous and uninvolved picture, fragmenting into a succession of repetitive scenes. The quirky humour and precise visuals promise an offbeat gem but the film never builds on its first impressions, never escalates into anything more than a parade of shrug-inducing gags. Mean-spirited in its emphasis on the characters' physical indignity, this is a cold, unwelcoming movie whose studied weirdness soon becomes wearisome in the extreme.

Kim Newman

The Pelican Brief

USA 1993

Director: Alan J. Pakula

Certificate	Set Decorators
12	Lisa Fischer
Distributor	Rick Simpson
Warner Bros	Special Effects
Production Company	Conrad Brink
Warner Bros	Music/Music Director
Producers	James Horner
Alan J. Pakula	Music Extract
Pieter Jan Brugge	"Troisième Leçon de
Associate Producer	Ténèbres à deux voix"
Donald Laventhal	by François Couperin,
Office Production	performed by M.
Supervisor	Figueras, M.-C. Kiehr;
Sondra Dee Boyachek	"Komm, O Tod, du
Office Production	schlafes Bruder" by
Co-ordinators	Johann Sebastian Bach,
Alison Sherman	performed by Neues
New Orleans:	Bachisches Collegium
Patricia Serafina	Musicum Leipzig
Madiedo	Orchestrations
Unit Production Manager	Tom Pasatieri
Celia D. Costas	Don Davis
Location Managers	Supervising Music Editor
Michael Wallace	Jim Henrikson
Foongy Lee	Music Editor
New Orleans:	Tom Drescher
Gary Huckabay	Songs
Post-production	"Blues for Carol" by
Supervisor	and performed by
Kerry Orent	Clarence Hollimon;
Casting	"Nearly", "Just for Now"
Alixé Gordon	by Danny Gould; "The
Associate:	Creole Song" by and
Michelle Ortlip	performed by Lynn
Washington:	August; "Air
Benita Hofstetter	Conditioner Blues"
New Orleans:	by and performed by
Ramsey King	Carl Sonny Leyland;
Assistant Directors	"Chain of Fools" by
Peter Kohn	Don Covay, performed
John Rusk	by Aretha Franklin;
Trey Batchelor	"Dancing in the Rain"
Michael Proscia Jnr	by Rik Slave, Marc St.
Screenplay	James, Patrick Catania,
Alan J. Pakula	performed by The
Based on the book	Phantoms; "Clarinet
by John Grisham	Marmalade" by
Director of Photography	L. Shields, H.W. Ragas,
Stephen Goldblatt	performed by René
Scope	Netto & The Sounds
Colour	of New Orleans; "The
Technicolor	Upsetter" by Rod
Matte Photography	Piazza, performed
Eric Peterson	by Rod Piazza and
Camera Operator	The Mighty Flyers;
Dick Mingalone	"Wiggle" by Mike
Gyroscope:	Darby, "One Way
David Nowell	Street" by Mike Darby,
Steadicam Operator	Irene Sage, performed
Ted Churchill	by Irene and The
Video Playback	Mikes; "My Mammy"
Co-ordinator	by Sam Lewis, Joe
Rick Whitfield	Young, Walter
Visual Effects	Donaldson; "Hippi Ty
Producers:	O" by and performed
Lynda Lemon	by Lynn August;
George Merkert	"Coach (Theme)" by
Supervisor:	John Morris; "The
John Nelson	Morning Theme" by
Matte Paintin	Michael Karp; "You
Buena Vista	Drive Me Crazy" by
Visual Effects	and performed by
Supervisor:	Greg Ginn
Paul Lasaine	Costume Design
Digital Compositing	Albert Wolsky
Wally Schaab	Costume Supervisors
Lead Animator	Carlane Passman
Jerome Chen	George L. Little
Animator/Modeler	Make-up Artists
Allen Edwards	Bob Mills
Editors	Edna M. Sheen
Tom Rolf	Special Make-up
Trudy Ship	Neal Martz
Production Designer	Hairstylists
Philip Rosenberg	Kaye Pownall
Art Director	Kenneth Walker
Robert Guerra	Title Design
Art Department	Balsmeyer & Everett
Co-ordinators	Inc.
Siv Sandstrom	Titles/Opticals
Olimpia Rinaldi	The Effects House
New Orleans:	Cinema Research
Kelly Curley	Corporation
Set Design	Supervising Sound Editor
Sarah Stollman	Ron Bochar
New Orleans:	Sound Editors
Monroe Kelly	Frederic Rosenberg
	Dialogue:

Robert Hein	Michelle O'Neill
Magdaline Volaitis	Sara Ann Morgan
Marissa Littlefield	Peter Carlin
ADR Supervisor	Edward Linney
Deborah Wallace	Ralph Cosham
ADR Editors	Justice Jensen
Harriet Fidlow	Terrence P. Currier
Diane Schaub	Rosenberg's Nurse
Foley Supervisor	Edwin Newman
Bruce Pross	Himself
Foley Editors	Helen Carey
Frank Kern	Federal Clerk
Eliza Paley	Howard Shalwitz
Steven Visscher	Washington Herald
Stuart Levy	Journalist
Sound Recordists	KylePrue
James J. Sabat	News Desk Reporter
Music:	Jewell Robinson
Sean Murphy	Kim Peter Novac
Dolby stereo	Norman Aronovic
Sound Re-recordists	Senior Washington
Richard Portman	Herald Editors
Rick Dior	Carl Palmer
Mike Cerrone	Cop
Ron Bochar	Carol Sutton
Sound Effects	New Orleans
C-5 Inc.	Policewoman
Foley	Scott Jefferson
C-5 Inc.	Lieutenant Olsen
Artist:	Daniel Kamin
Marko Costanzo	Hooten
Constitutional Law	Mark McLaughlin
Consultant	Robert Pavlovich
Keith Werhan	CIA Agents
Stunt Co-ordinator	Magee Hickey
Doug Coleman	Herself
Stunts	Constance Yelverton
David Efron	Hotel Clerk
Tabby Hanson	Kim Kettle
Mick O'Rourke	Verheek's Wife
Eric Chambers	Ellie K. Wang
Roy Farfel	Reporter
Richard L. Blackwell	FranDorn
	University Registrar
Cast	Karen Bralove
Julia Roberts	University Placement
Darby Shaw	Clerk
Denzel Washington	Teagle F. Bougere
Gray Grantham	Carey Varner
Sam Shepard	University Students
Thomas Callahan	Sandra Quarterman
John Heard	Laura Kass
Gavin Verheek	Cynthia Hood
Tony Goldwyn	Parklane Receptionist
Fletcher Coal	Alan Wade
James B. Sicking	Parklane Administrator
Denton Voyles	Harold J. Surratt
William Atherton	Parklane Security
Bob Gminski	Officer
Robert Culp	Paul Morella
President	White & Blazeovich
Stanley Tucci	Attorney
Khamel	Ed Johnson
Hume Cronyn	White & Blazeovich
Justice Rosenberg	Security Guard
John Lithgow	Julian Hughes
Smith Keen	White & Blazeovich
Anthony Heald	Receptionist
Marty Velmano	Dick Stilwell
Nicholas Woodeson	White & Blazeovich
Stump	Sercurity
Stanley Anderson	Tom Quinn
Edwin Sneller	Sara Ann Morgan's
John Finn	Father
Matthew Barr	Beverly Brigham
Cynthia Nixon	Safe Deposit Teller
Alice Stark	Liza Sweeney Coleman
Jake Weber	Douglas R. Coleman
Charles Morgan	Pursuers with Guns
(Garcia)	Michael Port
Casey Biggs	Shanna Connell
Eric East	Tulane Law Students
Christopher Murray	GeneBabb
Rupert	Kyle D. Duvali
Sonny Jim Gaines	Karl Warren
Sarge	Carrie Boren
Kevin Geer	James Earl Reed
K.O. Lewis	Reporters
Joseph Chrest	
Song and Dance Man	12,685 feet
from Bar	141 minutes
Richard Bauer	
Managing Editor	

Darby Shaw, an A-grade law student in Memphis, is having an affair with her professor, Thomas Callahan. When two top judges, Rosenberg and Jensen, are murdered on the same night, Shaw writes a brief speculating on who might be behind it. She shows it to Callahan, who in turn gives it to his friend, FBI lawyer Gavin Ver-

heek. Gray Grantham, a investigative journalist at the *Washington Herald*, receives a phone call from an attorney named 'Garcia', who tells him he might know who is behind the murders. Though 'Garcia' refuses to reveal his identity, Grantham tracks him down to a phone booth and takes a photo of him. Darby's report is circulated at the FBI. The report implicates the White House – the President's Chief of Staff, Fletcher Coal, and Bureau director Denton Voyles.

Later, while Shaw and Callahan are in New Orleans, Callahan is killed by a car bomb meant for Shaw. Two men turn up at the scene and tell Shaw that they are policemen. She is suspicious and decides to leave and check into a hotel. She rings Verheek, tells him about Callahan's death and asks if the report has been seen outside the FBI. Meanwhile the President is concerned about how seriously Shaw's 'Pelican Brief' is being taken. Later Shaw realizes that she is being trailed by two thugs. She confers with Verheek and they arrange to meet the following day. However, the conversation has been bugged; Verheek is shot and the killer takes his place at the rendezvous. Just as Verheek's killer attempts to shoot Shaw, he is assassinated and Shaw flees for her life. The killings are of interest to one Marty Velmano.

Shaw rings Grantham, and they arrange to meet in a hotel in New York. She tells him about the 'Pelican Brief', which refers back to a case concerning financier Victor Monteith, who was attempting to exploit oil opportunities in a lake area of enviromental significance despite the protests of various pressure groups (the brief got its name from the fact that pelicans populated the lake.) Both Judges Jensen and Rosenberg had overruled Monteith's claims to exploit that land. Shaw's hypothesis was that Monteith had had them assassinated and hoped that the President would appoint judges who would look more favourably on him. Grantham surmises that 'Garcia' may be working for one of the law firms Monteith had employed; he also gleans that the 'Pelican Brief' has disappeared, making Shaw a crucial witness. Frightened for her life, Shaw wants to sever contact with him. Back in Washington, Grantham is told by his editor Smith Keen that he might be taken off the story. Grantham protests and Keen sends him off to his country retreat, where Shaw turns up. Meanwhile the President is told about Grantham's story, and advised to appoint pro-environment judges to replace Jensen and Rosenberg, then order an investigation into Monteith's affairs so as to cover up his association with the financier.

Meanwhile Grantham is being tailed. He and Shaw discover that 'Garcia' is one Curtis Morgan, who works at a firm used by Monteith, in which Marty Velmano is a senior partner; Morgan was killed the previous week in a 'mugging' incident. Grantham and Shaw visit Mrs Morgan, and eventually learn that her husband left

some documents in a safe deposit box. Shaw retrieves the documents in the guise of Mrs Morgan; they provide the evidence necessary to charge Velmano and Monteith. Shaw and Grantham narrowly escape another car bomb as they return to the *Herald's* offices where they have a meeting with Keen and the FBI. Under FBI protection, Shaw flies to an undisclosed location. Grantham publishes his story, which he also credits to her, and receives much acclaim.

If all good conspiracy theories start with the idea that there might have been a second gunman, John Grisham's novel *The Pelican Brief* ups the odds by including not just the second, but the third, fourth and fifth. Spanning nearly two and a half hours, Alan J. Pakula's film version proves just how tricky an enterprise it is to adapt these epic thrillers. The complicated plot has to be condensed, while characterization takes second place. Certainly, when at the end a TV interviewer asks Grantham, "Who is Darby Shaw?", it seems like a good question. While he is suggesting that she, like Watergate's 'Deep Throat' before her, might be a figment of the journalist's imagination, the viewer who has spent over two hours with her might still be figuring out basic questions – like what motivated her to pursue the case in the first place.

Julia Roberts may have chosen this as her major comeback role after the sinking of *Hook* and the bit part in *The Player*, but it hardly embellishes her repertoire. As the intrepid Darby, she seems as fragile as all the other pretty women she has played. One could ask her fans to clap their hands for a director who believes in Julia Roberts – one who might substantiate her screen persona beyond this Tinkerbellish allure and decide, for instance, not to include a gratuitous scene of her in her underwear. There is potentially so much more to this star but if this film is anything to go by, she is in danger of being snuffed out by the wrong roles.

The conspiracy thriller is also in danger of being silenced, since it has become too much of a joke. Pakula marked out the territory in the secretive 70s with the fictional *The Parallax View* and then the factual *All the President's Men*. But now that so many real 'Gates have swung wide open, one has to work hard to cook up interest in the eternal internal affairs. Denzel Washington battles to save this lacklustre film, but unfortunately his Grantham is no Bernstein or Woodward. As if to compensate, Pakula allows everyone to be briefly implicated, with menace poured on by the gallon, but fails to raise a spark of interest. The other factor that distinguishes *The Pelican Brief* from its 70s antecedents is its open-handed resolution. Once, the conspiracy thriller could leave some lingering doubts, but here it is all cleaned up for a smiling finale. The Pelican may have ruffled the mighty Eagle's feathers but it won't bring him down.

Lizzie Francke

Philadelphia

USA 1993

Director: Jonathan Demme

Certificate

12

Distributor

Columbia TriStar

Production Company

TriStar Pictures

A Clinica Estetico

production

Executive Producers

Gary Goetzman

Kenneth Utt

Ron Bozman

Producers

Edward Saxon

Jonathan Demme

Associate Producer

Kristi Zea

Production Associate

Valerie Thomas

Production Supervisor

Thomas A. Imperato

Production Office

Co-ordinator

Rosemary Lombard

Unit Production Managers

Steve Rose

Kenneth Utt

Location Manager

Neri Kyle Tannenbaum

Post-production

Co-ordinator

Todd Factor

2nd Unit Director

Kristi Zea

Casting

Howard Feuer

Associate:

Nicole Arbusto

ADR:

Speakeasy

Philadelphia:

Mike Lemon Casting

Assistant Directors

Ron Bozman

Drew Ann Rosenberg

2nd Unit:

Kyle McCarthy

Kristie Hart

Screenplay

Ron Nyswaner

Director of Photography

Tak Fujimoto

Colour

DuArt

Technicolor

Camera Operators

Tony Jannelli

B:

Bruce MacCallum

Steadicam Operator

Garrett Brown

Video Playback

Rick Whitfield

Optical Effects Supervisor

Janos O. Pilenyi

Opticals

Title House

Editor

Craig McKay

Production Designer

Kristi Zea

Art Director

Tim Galvin

Art Department

Co-ordinator

Francine Byrne

Set Decorator

Karen O'Hara

Key Set Dresser

Ken Turek

Set Dressers

Gregory N. Rocco

Dorsey Davis

Sandy James Harrer

Robert Holtzman

C. Ford Wheeler

Scenic Charge Artist

Eileen Garrigan

Paintings

Lisa:

Muhsana Ali

Miguel:

Juan Suarez Botas

Salvatore Pinto

Music/Music Director

Howard Shore

Music Extracts

"Laudate Dominum",

"Agnus Dei",

"Dulcissimum

convivium" by

Wolfgang Amadeus

Mozart, performed

by Barbara Hendricks,

The Academy of St

Martin-in-the-Fields

Orchestra and Chorus;

"Non temer amato

bene" by Wolfgang

Amadeus Mozart,

performed by Lucia

Popp, The Münchner

Rundfunk Orchestra;

"O Nume tutelar"

(from *La Vestale*)

by Gasparo Spontini,

performed by Maria

Callas, The Teatro alla

Scala Orchestra; "La

Mamma morta" (from

Andrea Chenier) by

Umberto Giordano,

"Ecco: Respiro appena"

(from *Adriana*

Lecouvreur) by Francesco

Cilea, "Ebben? Ne

Andro Lontana" (from

La Wally) performed

by Maria Callas, The

Philharmonia

Orchestra

Music Editors

Suzana Peric

Nicholas Meyers

Songs

"Streets of

Philadelphia" by and

performed by Bruce

Springsteen;

"Philadelphia" by and

performed by Neil

Young; "Yes Means Yes"

by Barbara Hand, Tim

Utt, performed by

Sensible Shoes; "Please

Send Me Someone to

Love" by Percy

Mayfield, performed

by Sade; "I Don't

Wanna Talk About It"

by Danny Whitten,

performed by Indigo

Girls; "Sister Rosa"

by Cyril Neville, Cyril

Neville Jr, Daryl

Johnson, Jason Neville,

Charles Moore, Lyrica

Neville, performed by

The Neville Brothers;

"It's in Your Eyes" by

LeRonald Walker,

Samuel Waymon,

performed by Pauletta

Washington; "Ibo Lele

(Dreams Come True)"

by Richard Morse,

performed by RAM;

"All the Way" by

Sammy Cahn, Jimmy

Van Heusen,

performed by Gary

Goetzman; "God Rest

Ye Merry Gentlemen"

performed by Cyril

Watters; "Have You

Ever Seen the Rain?" by

John Fogerty,

performed by Spin

Doctors; "Lovetown" by

and performed by Peter

Gabriel; "Mr Sandman"

by Pat Ballard,

performed by The

Flirtations; "Heaven"

by David Byrne,

performed by

Q. Lazzarus; "Well, Did

You Evah?" by Cole

Porter, performed by

Deborah Harry,

IggyPop

Costume Design

Colleen Atwood

Associate:

Kathleen Gerlach

Wardrobe Supervisors

David Davenport

Timothy J. Alberts

Make-up Design

Carl Fullerton

Make-up Artist

Edna M. Sheen

Hair Design

Alan D'Angerio

Hair Stylist

Denzel Washington:

Kenneth Walker

Title Design

Pablo Ferro

Title Consultant

Allen Ferro

Supervising Sound Editor

Ron Bochar

Dialogue Editors

Fredric Rosenberg

Laura Civiello

ADR Editor

Deborah Wallach

Foley Supervisor

Bruce Pross

Foley Editors

Steven Visscher

Eliza Paley

Frank Kern

Sound Recordists

Chris Newman

Steve Scanlon

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Tom Fleischman

Doug Murray

Robert Castellano

Sound Effects/Foley

CS, Inc

Foley Artist

Marko Costanzo

Cast

Tom Hanks

Andrew Beckett

Denzel Washington

Joe Miller

Jason Robards

Charles Wheeler

Mary Steenburgen

Belinda Conine

Antonio Banderas

Miguel Alvarez

Ron Vawter

Bob Seidman

Robert Ridgely

Walter Kenton

Charles Napier

Judge Garnett

Lisa Summerour

Lisa Miller

Joanne Woodward

Sarah Beckett

Roberta Maxwell

Judge Tate

Buzz Kilman

"Crutches"

Karen Finley

Doctor Gillman

Daniel Chapman

Clinic Storyteller

Mark Sorensen Jnr

Clinic Patient

Jeffrey Williamson

Tyrone

Charles Glenn

Kenneth Killcoyne

Anna Deavere Smith

Anthea Burton

Stephanie Roth

Rachel Smilow

Lisa Talerico

Shelby

Chandra Wilson

Chandra

Ford Wheeler

Alan

David Drake

Bruno

Peter Jacobs

Peter/Mona Lisa

Paul Lazar

Doctor Kleinstein

Bradley Whitford

Jamey Collins

Freddie Foxxx

Paul Moore

Hospital Patients

Warren Miller

Mr Finley

Lauren Roselli

Iris

Jane Moore

Lydia Glines

Joey Perillo

Filko

Bill Rowe

Doctor Armbruster

Dennis Radesky

Santa Claus

Glen Hartell

Library Guard

Tracey Walter

Librarian

John Ignarri

Richard Ehrlich

Young Men in Library

Julius Erving

Himself

Ann Dowd

Jill Beckett

Katie Lintner

Alexis

Peg French

Ann Howard

The Brontë Sisters

Meghan Tepas

Meghan

John Bedford Lloyd

◀ political issues.

The story of *Philadelphia* is rooted in personal experience. Both Demme and writer Ron Nyswaner drew on people they knew or knew about during the scripting; the film is informed by the lives and recent deaths of Demme's gay friend Juan Botas and Nyswaner's haemophilic nephew, and the precedent set by Clarence B. Cain, a lawyer who successfully sued his firm for dismissing him because he had Aids. There is a perceptible sense of the director, writer and actors probing their own consciences and prejudices. These are the only terms in which one can adequately explain the potency of certain scenes in the film and the awkwardness of others.

The film's single most astounding sequence is when Andy sways with his intravenous drip stand to Maria Callas singing an aria from Spontini's opera *La Vestale*. The scene is ferocious and uncompromising, a public visualisation of a closed and personal moment. Bathed in a red light and shot from such extreme low angles that he appears on the point of falling, Tom Hanks sways and swerves to the grandiose passion of the aria around a bemused Denzel Washington. As the extreme close-ups seem to catch his tears and the intense straightforwardness with which he translates and speaks the simple words ("I am life! I am oblivion! I am love!"), so the music engulfs Andy.

Such a protracted, choreographed scene could easily have slipped into ludicrous self-indulgence, that it does not do so is due to the palpable conviction driving it. Sometimes, however, the same seriousness leads *Philadelphia* on a kamikaze mission towards shameless mawkishness. When Andy tells his gathered family that he intends to bring a charge of unfair dismissal against his ex-employers and they offer their unanimous support, Hanks smiles and without even a twinge of irony or his trademark smirk says, "I love you guys". It's a line which would have been discarded even from *Terms of Endearment* as too schmaltzy, too embarrassing.

The personal route into political subject matters, therefore, has its pitfalls, perhaps due to the requirements of a mainstream Aids film that, unlike earlier independent films, is not preaching to a coterie of the aware and the converted. Hollywood abides unflinchingly by the belief that if a political film is to succeed in its mission to inform or enlighten, it must do so by tapping the feelings, observations and problems of individuals. *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner?* can hardly be termed a film about the 1960s Civil Rights movement, any more than *On The Waterfront* can be interpreted as a film about standing up to McCarthyism. They are films which, at their core, are about individuals in conflict, and the contemporary political issues remain only indirectly or metaphorically alluded to.

Philadelphia is an old-fashioned treatise film, a dramatised polemic which

deliberately stages confrontations to make a point. At every important juncture the characters – and by extension the audience – are being asked to re-evaluate their attitudes, to realign themselves according to what they now know. In the law library scene, a librarian persistently asks Andy if he would not be "more comfortable" in a private room. Andy's response is to ask him if it isn't *he* who would be more comfortable if he went to a private room. The identification of fear and prejudice is often a turning point, as is painstakingly spelled out in *Twelve Angry Men*. Here, Andy's confrontation with the bigoted librarian persuades Joe to accept his case.

Philadelphia finally enters the courtroom, so frequently used in big liberal films as the arena for political debate, where the rights of the individual are conclusively voiced and vindicated. In this environment Andy Beckett is an intentionally loaded character – someone who simultaneously represents liberalism, gay men, people with Aids and right-thinking lawyers. When he takes the stand, Andy explains why he became a lawyer: "you get to be part of justice being done. It's really quite a thrill when that happens". This is the ultimate fusion of the personal with the political, as Andy's own crusade becomes assimilated into the workings of the American judiciary, and he becomes the film's most solid embodiment of that nebulous thing 'justice'.

Although the concluding cutesy home movie footage of Andy as a kid must be the grossest lapse in liberal taste since *The Killing Fields* signed off to the strains of "Imagine", *Philadelphia* is not only a well-intentioned film but a moving experience. On an emotional level, it works: we respond to Aids in much the same way as we have in the past responded to war, cancer or racism. In quite a bald fashion, we are shown right from wrong, but this time the theme just happens to be Aids – just as Tom Hanks plays a 'regular guy' who 'just happens' to be gay. He is not queer, separatist or aggressive. It is this 'soft' interpretation which will probably prompt the most vociferous criticism – that *Philadelphia* cops out because it is an easy film to watch, that, unlike Jarman's *Blue*, it is not overtly challenging or difficult or radical. But there is much which makes this a progressive film – for example, its depiction of Aids as a series of setbacks and reprieves, which is more realistic than the steady, Romantic decline into easeful death of many past Aids films. The film also avoids conventional sensationalism and crisis points – there is no "Andy discovers he has Aids" scene or 'buddy' bonding moment with Joe. *Philadelphia* is successful because it is intelligent, sensitive and committed. Jonathan Demme's previous denial that it is 'political' is bizarre, but is also a testament to what it aims to be – a conventional Hollywood film about a subject which the studios have previously refused to touch.

Stella Bruzzi

Schindler's List

United States 1993

Director: Steven Spielberg

Certificate 15	Casting Lucky Englander Fritz Fleischhacker Magdalena Szwarcbart Tova Cypin Liat Meiron Juliet Taylor Voice: UK: Brendan Donnison
Distributor UIP	Assistant Directors Sergio Mimica-Gezzan Michael Helf and Poland: Marek Brodzki Krzysztof Zbieranek
Production Company Amblin Entertainment Universal Pictures	Screenplay Steven Zaillian Based on the novel by Thomas Keneally
Executive Producer Kathleen Kennedy	Director of Photography Janusz Kaminski Black and White/Colour
Producers Steven Spielberg Gerald R. Molen Branko Lustig	Camera Operator US: Raymond Stella
Co-producer Lew Rywin	Visual Effects Industrial Light & Magic
Associate Producers Irvin Glovin Robert Raymond	Supervisor: Steve Price
Production Associates Bonnie Curtis Karen Bittenson Kushell	Producer: Gail Currey
Production Supervisors Croatia: Zdravko Madzarevic Israel: Zvi Spielmann	Scanning Supervisor: Joshua Pines
Production Controller US: Jane Goe	Optical Supervisor: Bruce Vecchitto
Production Co-ordinators US: Michael Theurer Jim Wiggins Poland: Andrzej Besztak Israel: Ronit Chayun Liat Meiron	Editor: Bill Kimberlin
Production Office Co-ordinator Austria: Hilda Odelga	Co-ordinator: Jill Brooks
Production Managers Poland: Michal Szczerbic Croatia: Milan Stanisic Israel: Avner Peled	Digital Artists: Joel Aron Kathleen Beeler Barbara Brennan Sandy Houston Jack Mongovan Robert Weaver Matthew Hendershot
Unit Production Manager Branko Lustig Poland: Josef Jarosz	Scanning Operators: Randall K. Bean Mike Ellis
Location Manager Poland: Jan Janik	George Gambetta Optical Processing: Tim Geideman
Post-production Supervisor US: Martin Cohen	Editor Michael Kahn
Post-production Co-ordinator US: Michelle Fandetti	Production Designer Allan Starski
Production Consultant Poland: Franek Palowski	Art Directors Poland: Ewa Skoczowska Maciej Walczak Ewa Tarnowska Ryszard Melliwa Grzegorz Piatkowski
	Set Decorator Poland: Ewa Braun
	Special Effects Co-ordinator US: Bruce Minkus

Special Effects
Croatia:
Marijan Karoglan
Drago Poldrugac
Ivo Sambol

Music
John Williams

Music Extracts
"La Capricieuse Opus 17" by Edward Elgar, performed by Itzhak Perlman, Sam Sanders

Music Performed by
Violin Soloist:
Itzhak Perlman
Clarinet Soloist:
Giora Feidman
The Boston Symphony Orchestra

Orchestrations
US:
John Neufeld

Music Editor
US:
Kenn Wannberg

Songs
"Mamatschi" ("Mommy Buy Me a Pony") by Oskar Schima, F. X. Kappus, performed by Mimi Thoma; "God Bless the Child" by Billie Holliday, Arthur Herzog Jnr, performed by Billie Holliday; "Die Holzauktion" by Otto Teich, performed by Rudi Scherfling, Egon Kaiser Orchestra; "Gute Nacht Mutter" by Werner Bochman, Erwin Lehnw, performed by Wilhelm Strienz, FFB Orchestra

Costume Design
Anna Biedrzycka-Sheppard

Make-up Supervisor
US:
Christina Smith

Additional:
Matthew Mungle

Make-up Artists
Poland:
Waldemar Pokromski

England:
Pauline Hayes
Jane Royle

Hair Supervisor
US:
Judith A. Cory

Hair Stylists
Poland:
Czeslawa Baldo
Alicja Kozłowska
Malgorzata Zawadzka-Lewik
Iwona Swierzawska

Barber:
Mariusz Kusia

England: Lisa Thomlin

Titles/Opticals
Pacific Title

Supervising Sound Editors
US:
Charles L. Campbell
Louis L. Edemann

Sound Editors
US:
Donald J. Malouf
Paul Timothy Carden
Jeff Clark
Lenny Geschke

Doug Jackson
Nils C. Jensen
Gary Krivacek
Gary Mundheim
Chuck Neely
Kerry Dean Williams
Bernard Weiser

ADR Supervisor
US:
Larry Singer

ADR Editors
US:
Andrea Horta
Allen Hartz

Sound Recordists
US:
Ronald Judkins
Robert Jackson
Foley:
Carolyn Tapp
Ron Grafton

Music:
Andy Bass
Greg Dennen

England:
ADR:
Geoff Mist

Sound Re-recordists
Andy Nelson
Steve Pederson
Scott Millan
Andrea Lakin
Samuel F. Kaufman

Foley:
Mary Jo Lang
Eric Gotthelf

Music:
Shawn Murphy

England:
ADR:
Mike Dowson

Sound Effects
Mel Neiman

Foley Artists
John Roesch
Kevin Bartnof
Alicia Stevenson
Ellen Heuer

Consultant
Leopold Page

Stunt Co-ordinator
Poland:
Krzysztof Kotowski

Cast
Liam Neeson
Oskar Schindler
Ben Kingsley
Itzhak Stern
Ralph Fiennes
Amon Goeth
Caroline Goodall
Emilie Schindler
Jonathan Sagalle
Poldek Pfefferberg
Embeth Davidtz
Helen Hirsch
Malgoscha Gebel
Victoria Klonowska
Shmulik Levy
Wilek Chilowicz
Markivanir
Marcel Goldberg
Beatrice Macola
Ingrid
Andrzej Seweryn
Julian Scherner
Friedrich Von Thun
Rolf Czurda
Krzysztof Luft
Herman Toffel

Manipulator or manipulated? Liam Neeson (right) with Ralph Fiennes...

Harry Nehring
 Leo John
Norbert Weisser
 Albert Hujar
Adi Nitzan
 Mila Pfefferberg
Michael Schneider
 Juda Dresner
Miri Fabian
 Chaja Dresner
Anna Mucha
 Danka Dresner
Albert Misak
 Mordecai Wulkan
Michael Gordon
 Mr Nussbaum
Aldona Grochal
 Mrs Nussbaum
Jacek Wojcicki
 Henry Rosner
Beata Paluch
 Manci Rosner
Piotr Polk
 Leo Rosner
Ezra Dagan
 Rabbi Menasha
 Levartov
Beata Nowak
 Rebecca Tannenbaum
Rami Hauberger
 Josef Bau
Leopold Kozlowski
Jerzy Nowak
 Investors
Uri Avrahami
 Chaim Nowak
Adam Siemion
 OD/Chicken Boy
Magdalena Dandourian
 Nuisa Horowitz
Pawel Delag
 Dolek Horowitz
Shabtai Konorti
 Garage Mechanic
Oliwia Dabrowska
 Red Genia
Henryk Bista
 Mr Lowenstein
Tadeusz Bradecki
 DEF Foreman
Wojciech Kłata
 Lisiek
Elina Löwensohn
 Diana Reiter
Ewa Kolasinska
 Irrational Woman
Bettina Kupfer
 Regina Perlman
Grzegorz Kwas
 Mietek Pempier
Vili Matula
 Investigator
Stanisław Koczanowicz
 Doorman
Hans Jorg Assmann
 Julius Madritsch
Geno Lechner
 Majola
August Schmolzer
 Dieter Reeder
Ludger Pistor
 Josef Liepold
Beata Rybotycka
 Club Singer
Branko Lustig
 Nightclub Maitre d'
Artus Maria Matthiessen
 Treblinka
 Commandant
Hans Michael Rehberg
 Rudolph Hoss
Eugeniusz Priwiezencew
 Waiter
Michael Z. Hoffmann
 Montelupich Colonel
Erwin Leder
 SS Waffen Officer
Jochen Nickel
 Wilhelm Kunde
Andrzej Welminski
 Doctor Blanche
Daniel Del Ponte
 Doctor Josef Mengele
Marian Glinka
 DEF SS Officer
Grzegorz Damiecki
 SS Sergeant Kunder
Stanisław Brejdygant
 DEF Guard
Olaf Linde Lubaszenko
 Haymon Maria Buttinger
Peter Appiano
 Auschwitz Guards
Jacek Pulanecki
 Brinnlitz Guard
Martin Semmelrogge
 SS Waffen Man

Tomasz Dedek
Slawomir Holland
 Gestapo
Tadeusz Huk
 Gestapo Brinnlitz
Gerald Alexander Held
 SS Bureaucrat
Piotr Cyrwus
 Ukrainian Guard
Joachim Paul Assbock
 Gestapo Clerk Klaus
 Tauber
Osman Ragheb
 Border Guard
Maciej Orlos
 German Clerk
Marek Wrona
 Toffel's Secretary
Zbigniew Kozłowski
 Scherner's Secretary
Marcin Grzymowicz
 Czurda's Secretary
Dieter Witting
 Bosch
Magdalena Komornicka
 Goeth's Girl
Agnieszka Kruk
 Czurda's Girl
Anemona Knut
 Polish Girl
Jeremy Flynn
 Brinnlitz Man
Agnieszka Wagner
 Brinnlitz Girl
Jan Jurewicz
 Russian Officer
Wiesław Komasa
 Plaszow Depot SS
 Guard
Maciej Kozłowski
 SS Guard Zablocie
Martin Bergmann
 SS NCO Zablocie
Wilhelm Manske
Peter Flechtner
Sigurd Bemme
 SS NCO-Ghetto
Ethel Szyk
 Lucyna Zabawa
 Ghetto Women
Jerzy Sagan
 Ghetto Old Man
Ruth Farhi
 Old Jewish Woman
Dirk Bender
 Clerk at Depot
Dariusz Szymaniak
 Prisoner at Depot
Hanna Kossowska
 Ghetto Doctor
Maciej Winkler
Radosław Krzyżowski
Jacek Lenczowski
 Black Marketeers
Maja Ostaszewska
 Frantic Woman
Sebastian Skalski
 Stable Boy
Ryszard Radwanski
 Pankiewicz
Piotr Kadłcik
 Man in Pharmacy
Bartek Niebielski
 NCO Plaszow
Thomas Morris
 Grun
Sebastian Konrad
 Engineer Man
Lidia Wyrobiec-Bank
 Clara Sternberg
Ravi Ferera
 Maria Mischel
Agnieszka Korzeniowska
Dominika Bednarczyk
Alicja Kubaszevska
 Ghetto Girls
Danny Marcu
Hans Rosner
 Ghetto Men
Alexander Strobele
 Montelupich Prisoner
Edward Linde Lubaszenko
 Brinnlitz Priest
Georges Kern
 Depot Master
Alexander Buczolicz
Michael Schiller
Goetz Otto
Wolfgang Seidenberg
 Hubert Kramer
 Plaszow SS Guards
Razia Israeli
Dorit Ady Seadia
Esti Yerushalmi
 Plaszow Jewish Girls
17,540 feet
195 minutes



... and Ben Kingsley

September, 1939. As Polish Jews are rounded up by the invading German forces, Austrian entrepreneur Oskar Schindler comes to Krakow in search of gain. Making himself popular with the local Nazi leaders, he takes over a confiscated enamelware business (renamed 'Emalia') and secures the right to supply crockery to the German army. Staffing the factory with unpaid Jewish workers, he quickly achieves huge profits. His accountant, Itzhak Stern, discreetly turns Emalia into a haven for Jewish refugees. By March 1941, when all Jews are forced into a ghetto in the city's Podgorze district, Schindler is enjoying a lavish lifestyle; bribing his Nazi contacts with black market goods, he is able to ensure that his Jewish work force continues to service Emalia. Even so, one of his employees, Lowenstein, is shot in the street, and Schindler personally has to rescue Stern from a train bound for a concentration camp.

In the winter of 1942, SS Commandant Amon Goeth arrives in Krakow to set up the Plaszow forced labour camp. Orders are received to destroy the ghetto; the survivors are herded into Plaszow. Horrified at the brutality as well as at his empty factory, Schindler cultivates a friendship with Goeth, persuading him to authorise the building of a sub-camp at Emalia itself so that production can be resumed. Pouring his profits into gifts to Goeth and his superiors, he 'buys' the safety of individual Jews from Goeth's murderous outbursts, although aware of the risk of arrest for such illegal activity. Particularly sympathetic towards the plight of Helen Hirsch, Goeth's young housekeeper, Schindler tries to talk Goeth into more lenient behaviour, with erratic results. Goeth allows Schindler to provide water for a trainload of doomed prisoners, and later comes to his defence when he is arrested for kissing a Jewish girl, at his birthday party. Schindler is cautioned and released.

In 1944, when the ashes from 10,000

corpses, exhumed and burned, drift down on the city like snow, and orders come for the Plaszow Jews to be taken to Auschwitz, Schindler decides it is time to leave Krakow. He and Stern create a list of 'essential' workers, and he negotiates with Goeth, using suitcases of cash, for the transfer of 1,100 Jews to a new factory at Brinnlitz on the Czechoslovakian border. They include Helen Hirsch, won from the reluctant Goeth in a deciding game of cards. In error, the women on Schindler's list are delivered to Auschwitz, but Schindler achieves the impossible and they are transferred safely to Brinnlitz. Settled at the factory, Schindler ensures that for seven months his work-force produces nothing of any value to the German army. At the war's end he is broke but, presented with a token of gratitude by his *Schindlerjuden*, he weeps that if he hadn't wasted so much money he could have saved more lives. Leaving his workers to their new freedom, he flees to the West.

With his final colour-restored sequence at Schindler's graveside on Mount Zion in Jerusalem, Steven Spielberg partners a number of the actors in his film with the survivors they have been impersonating, paying homage together to the man who saved their lives. It forms an unsettling epilogue. Here, for example, is the girl whose kiss nearly signalled the end of her benefactor, accompanying like a wraith the mature woman she was to become. Here is the small boy who narrowly avoided the death-trucks by hiding in a latrine, demurely leading his laundered and somehow depersonalised elder self. And here is the elegant Emilie Schindler pushing in a wheelchair what the passage of 50 years has made of her. Forced by such alliances to accept what we may have preferred to doubt – that the film has been, if not a direct re-enactment of the truth, then at least a kind of con-

sensus of fact – we might be persuaded (as the director clearly intends that we should) that Spielberg, the great manipulator, has with this project at last met his match, and that Schindler's story has manipulated him.

Schindler's List does not in fact, look like a Spielberg film at all, although various rehearsals for it could be selected in hindsight from *Close Encounters*, *Empire of the Sun*, or even the third Indiana Jones adventure, with Schindler as another Nazi-hating specialist in last-minute rescue. At many points, if the film stock had been grainier and some scratches added, it could pass for newsreel, the kind of footage that the Germans frequently, in a spirit of detached enquiry, accumulated for themselves. Deliberately discarding his classy crane-shots in favour of the haphazard urgency of the hand-held camera, Spielberg either mingles us with his crowds in panic-inducing proximity or provides vistas where so much is happening, so many details of independent action are almost unobserved, that his audience can only be aghast at the enormity of the event, unable to imagine the logistics of its fakery.

Filming in monochrome, Spielberg honourably evokes the immediacy of post-war European cinema, particularly the films of Munk, Aleksander Ford, and the seminal concentration-camp drama *The Last Stage*. Obvious contexts are provided by *A Generation*, *Kanal* and the more recent *Korczak* (and Wajda's influence is duly acknowledged), although the formality of the Brinnlitz scenes in *Schindler's List* acquires by contrast a mood of Russian expressionism, rather too worthy for comfort. This almost turns to farce when Schindler crumples into tears, overwhelmed by a mound of sympathisers, but is narrowly rescued by the superb shot of his workers' faces reflected in the windows of his departing car. After this, Spielberg's return to colour seems a vulgarisation, such ►

◀ has been the eloquence of Janusz Kaminski's rich, tonal compositions among the cruel grey winters and savagely bleached summers of an appalling history. Secure from any accusation of prettifying the Holocaust, Spielberg runs only the risk of an allowable excess of sentimentality at its memory.

The authenticity of Spielberg's staging has three debatable flaws. The first, of course, is his use of a sudden detail of colour to pick out the red coat of a child who wanders among the carnage as the ghetto is destroyed, an event observed by Schindler from a hillside above the city. Since the quality of the whole celluloid image has to change in order to accommodate this touch of crimson, it seems ponderous, a purported insight into Schindler's normally enigmatic viewpoint that is both inconsistent (we, not Schindler, get a closeup of the little girl hiding under a bed) and unnecessary, since she could have been rendered just as noticeable by, say, a scarf or a hairstyle. When her body, still in red, is carried past under Schindler's gaze, her iconic fate becomes almost demeaning to the many other victims we have seen.

Similar editorialising is indicated by the intercutting between Schindler's birthday party, a Jewish marriage ceremony in one of the camp huts, and the attack by Goeth on his housekeeper in the wine-cellar. These three separate events (although Goeth manages somehow to be present at two of them) each have a complexity that gains nothing from interruption by images from elsewhere; since the figure of Goeth is as interesting to Spielberg as that of Schindler, one might guess that the confusion is merely an attempt to dilute Goeth's growing command over the story as a whole. A villain of astounding presence, able to freeze the action with a single basilisk close-up, Goeth provides not only the most convincing moments (his executions are filmed with a harrowing precision) but also the most misleading, since the entire terrorisation of Krakow seems to be his doing.

The third of Spielberg's manipulative overstatements is the scene of Goeth's casual urination after sniping at prisoners from his balcony, a gesture that invites our disgust but tells us nothing that has not already been conveyed, by the sniping itself. A subtler irony is provided by the single shot of Goeth's hanging, when the stool under his feet is kicked to pieces before he drops. Whether rehearsing his leniency in a mirror or struggling to overcome his interest in the Jewish girl who is "not strictly a person at all", Goeth is performed with such skill as to divide *Schindler's List* into two different experiences – one a near-documentary, brilliantly designed and choreographed, the other a character study in which Ralph Fiennes, the winningly urbane Liam Neeson, and the magnificently impassive Ben Kingsley attain a memorable dramatic intensity. In either form, it is a privilege to watch.

Philip Strick

Shadowlands

United Kingdom 1993

Director: Richard Attenborough

Certificate

U

Distributor

UIP

Production Company

Shadowlands Productions/Spelling Films International
In association with Price Entertainment/Savoy Pictures

Executive Producer

Terence Clegg

Producers

Richard Attenborough
Brian Eastman

Co-producer

Diana Hawkins

Associate Producer

Alison Webb

Production Co-ordinator

Leila Kirkpatrick

Location Managers

Nicholas Daubeney
Richard Dunmore

Casting

Lucy Boulting

Assistant Directors

Patrick Clayton
Michael Stevenson
Sean Clayton

2nd Unit:

Adam Somner

Screenplay

William Nicholson

Director of Photography

Roger Pratt

Scope

In colour

2nd Unit Director of Photography

Eddie Collins

Camera Operators

Michael Roberts
2nd Unit:

Martin Kenzie

Plate Photography and Translites

Alan White

Optical & Digital Effects

Peerless Camera Company

Editor

Lesley Walker

Production Designer

Stuart Craig

Supervising Art Director

John King

Art Director

Michael Lamont

Set Decorator

Stephenie McMillan

Draughtsman

Peter Dorme

Junior:

Paul Kirby

Scenic Artist

Brian Bishop

Storyboard Artist

Tony Wright

Special Effects Supervisor

Chris Corbould

Special Effects

Brian Warner

Music/Music Director

George Fenton

Music Performed by

The London Symphony Orchestra, The Choir of Magdalen College, Oxford

Soloists:

Daniel Cochlin
Daren Geraghty

Music Editor

Kevin Lane

Music Co-ordinator

Eliza Thompson

Costume Design

Penny Rose

Wardrobe Supervisor

Kenny Crouch

Make-up Design

Christine Beveridge

Make-up Artist

Norma Webb

Hairdresser

Betty Glasgow

Title Design

Barbra Flinder

Dialogue Editor

Michael Crouch

Foley Editor

Peter Holt

Sound Recordists

Simon Kaye
Jonathan Bates
Gerry Humphreys

Music:

Keith Grant

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Dean Humphreys
ADR/Foley:
John Bateman

Cast

Anthony Hopkins

Jack Lewis

Debra Winger

Joy Gresham

John Wood

Christopher Riley

Edward Hardwicke

Warnie Lewis

Joseph Mazzello

Douglas Gresham

Julian Fellowes

Desmond Arding

Roddy Maude-Roxby

Arnold Dopliss

Michael Denison

Harry Harrington

Peter Firth

Doctor Craig

Andrew Seear

Bob Chafer

Tim McMullan

Nick Farrell

Andrew Hawkins

Rupert Parrish

Peter Howell

College President

Robert Fleming

Claude Bird

James Frain

Peter Whistler

Toby Whithouse

Frith

Daniel Goode

Lieven

Scott Handy

Standish

Charles Simon

Barker

Giles Oldershaw

Marcus

Simon Cowell-Parker

John Egan

Roger Ashton-Griffiths

Doctor Eddie Monk

Pat Keen

Mrs Young

Carol Passmore

Woman in Tea Room

Howard 'Lew' Lewis

Tea Room Waiter

John Quentin

Station Acquaintance

Alan Talbot

College Porter

Leigh Burton-Gill

Mrs Parrish

Cameron Burton-Gill

Chandler Burton-Gill

Kendall Burton-Gill

Christina Burton-Gill

Parrish Children

Sylvia Barter

Woman in Bookshop

James Watt

Boy in Bookshop

Pauline Melville

Committee

Chairwoman

Sophie Stanton

Ysobel Gonzalez

Ninka Scott

Lecture Committee

Walter Sparrow

Fred Paxford

Gerald Sim

Superintendent

Registrar

Terry Rowley

Registrar

Norman Bird

Taxi Driver Witness

Abigail Harrison

Staff Nurse

Julian Firth

Father John Fisher

Karen Lewis

Hotel Receptionist

Matthew Delamere

Simon Chadwick

11,803 feet

131 minutes

● Oxford 1952. C.S. ("Jack") Lewis, successful children's writer and Professor of English, is a conventional middle-aged don. He sings in the college choir, has dinner at high table with his male colleagues, and lives in the same house he grew up in with his brother Warnie. His life is a round of tutorials, evenings in the pub with his fellow dons, giving lectures on Christianity and answering the steady trickle of correspondence he has been receiving for years.

One of these letters is from an American poet, Joy Gresham, who is currently in England and wants to meet Lewis. He arranges tea and is surprised by her forthright personality. Soon after, she returns to Oxford with her son Douglas, also an ardent fan of Lewis's 'Narnia' books. They are not returning to the States until the New Year, and Jack – pitying the prospect of two Americans spending Christmas in an English hotel – invites them again to Oxford.

On the first evening Jack and Warnie invite Joy to the college Christmas drinks party. Back at the house, Christmas is a sedate affair, with homesick Douglas disappointed on several fronts: the old wardrobe in the attic doesn't have any of the magic of the one in *The Lion, The Witch and the Wardrobe*, he has to have strawberry jam with his turkey rather than cranberry sauce, and Joy won't allow him to call his father, Bill. She explains to Jack that her husband – whom she hasn't loved for years – is a violent alcoholic who wants to divorce her to marry another woman.

After Joy and Douglas have left for America, Jack re-establishes his old routine. While giving one of his Christian lectures, he notices Joy in the audience. She is now permanently living in London with Douglas, having divorced Bill. She invites Jack to her basement flat for dinner. On his return to Oxford, Jack tells Warnie that he has agreed to a marriage of convenience with Joy, to enable her to obtain British citizenship and remain in England. Their marriage is to be kept a secret, and the ceremony is perfunctory.

At a degree-time garden party in Oxford, Joy is exasperated by Jack's detachment and cosy life. Having confronted him to no effect, she leaves, apparently for good. Later, when Jack calls her flat, she collapses while trying to reach the phone. She is then taken to hospital and diagnosed as having terminal bone cancer. Jack commutes to London daily while Warnie looks after Douglas back in Oxford. He begins to realise and acknowledge that he is in love with Joy. As a Christian, Jack does not consider the civic wedding to have been performed before God, so he proposes to Joy and they are married again in the hospital, this time by a vicar.

A temporary remission allows Jack to take Joy back to Oxford. On the study wall there is a kitsch picture of the so-called Golden Valley in Herefordshire that used to hang on Jack and Warnie's nursery wall. As they never had a hon-



Cupboard love: Hopkins, Winger

eymoon, Joy decides they should go in search of the valley. Soon after, Joy's cancer returns, and after a spell of treatment in London, she returns to Oxford. Joy never leaves her bed and dies with Jack, who has promised to care for Douglas, beside her.

After Joy's funeral, Jack retreats into his own grief, but eventually re-establishes his familiar academic routine. The film ends with Jack and Douglas walking through the Golden Valley.

● In that anthem to lovers left behind – *In Memoriam* – Tennyson wrote "Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all". At the end of *Shadowlands*, as he recalls Joy's truism that pain and happiness are part of the same bargain, Jack Lewis reaches much the same realisation as Tennyson does through the death of Arthur Hallam – that if you sidestep pain you also forsake the possibility of happiness. In order to really love you have to risk getting hurt.

The only reason, it seems, that this grandiose, beautifully crafted film rises above the level of banal sentimentality is that it is about the famous C.S. Lewis – not an anonymous suffering widower, but the author of the 'Narnia' books, and also one of the definitive studies of Courtly Love. The thought that, if this story had been culled from the diaries of a nobody, I would dismiss it as just too slushy and sentimental niggled at me throughout the film, because it raised questions of what – or who – was playing with my emotions.

Shadowlands is an accomplished formula film of the kind that induces tears even in the hardy. The staple ingredients of a Richard Attenborough Great and Good biopic are all intact – even if Donald Woods and Gandhi have been supplanted by an engaging English reincarnation of the type, more in keeping with the current vogue for clipped anguish and strangulated desire than bombastic political convictions. Attenborough, it seems, adheres to the Great Man Theory of history which maps out the past in terms of the interaction between key individuals, invariably men. Likewise in cinema. Pain, suffering, elation and devotion are all the more keenly conveyed to a susceptible audience if they are happening to an Important Man. All the surrounding characters in *Shadowlands* – Warnie, colleagues, Douglas – are mere ciphers in Lewis's story who

serve this end, the most blatant case of idolatry being Douglas, the Narnia fan and the fatherless son.

Thus we are never permitted to forget that this humanist parable is about an eminent person; indeed the references to Lewis’s famous children’s books by his posse of bitchy don-friends are amongst the film’s most inelegant plants. Similarly the poignant pertinence of Lewis’s analysis of medieval love poetry (that “what you most desire is out of reach”) is sign-posted like a ragged shoreline by a lighthouse. Ah, we think, intellect can take one so far, but experience takes one further. Enter Joy, jolting Jack from his ivory tower into tingling consciousness with a brash and healthy defiance of convention, gentility and etiquette.

This response is not contrariness on my part but annoyance, stemming from being too easily led into the tangled mesh of true love, true death, true cliché. Although Joy is the story’s active agent, who instigates Jack’s transformation, is struck by cancer and dies, she too is a satellite character in Jack’s narrative. At the core, *Shadowlands* is about Joy’s effect on Jack; it’s the tale of one Great Man’s discovery of his own feelings. However convoluted it may sound, we desire the prolongation of Joy’s remission so that Jack can be given time to unravel more about himself and his capacity for love. In essence the copious tears are for C.S. Lewis, who no sooner unlocks the gate of his safe little world of childhood memorabilia, High Table dinners and hot water bottles with Warnie, than he finds himself left behind, bereft, mourning. Jack’s faith is a poor thing, but his grief is a very intense experience. The film’s most affecting moment is not, as might seem logical, Joy’s death, but the scene in the attic where the wardrobe sits, when Jack finally drops all of his defences and is able to weep and bond with Douglas. It is this which precipitates the upbeat, cathartic ending: Oxford in the spring, tutorials about the real rather than the poetic nature of love, and walking with Douglas through the Golden Valley.

The whole narrative, like George Fenton’s omnipresent, referential score, is intricately orchestrated to this crescendo. While watching *Shadowlands* I colluded in my own gross manipulation, I offered no resistance, I succumbed to the Great Man theory and empathised with a character whose ‘glory’ was that he began – late in life – to learn about himself. It’s a good story, and Anthony Hopkins gives an impassioned, beautifully modulated performance, signalling each emotional shift through the smallest intensification of a look or the merest softening of a gesture. But the whole experience is so suffocating, so unequivocal. The option to remain aloof, to stay unmoved is denied, in large part, because *Shadowlands* is the story of C.S. Lewis rather than a fictitious anybody. The “true story” tag weighs heavy on reluctant viewers.

Stella Bruzzi

Short Cuts

USA 1993

Director: Robert Altman

Certificate

18

Distributor

Artificial Eye

Production Company

Spelling Films

International

In association with

Fine Line Features

Avenue Pictures

Executive Producer

Scott Bushnell

Producer

Cary Brokaw

Associate Producers

Mike Kaplan

David Levy

Production Co-ordinator

Shelly Glasser

Unit Production Manager

Diana Pokorny

Location Manager

Jack Kney

Paul D. Boydston

Assistant Directors

Allan Nichols

Jeff Rafner

Screenplay

Robert Altman

Frank Barhydt

Based on the writings

of Raymond Carver

Director of Photography

Walt Lloyd

Panavision

In colour

Editor

Geraldine Peroni

Film Editor

Suzy Elmiger

Production Designer

Stephen Altman

Art Director

Jerry Fleming

Art Department

Co-ordinator

Michelle Guastello

Set Decorator

Susan J. Emshwiller

On Set Dresser

David Ronan

Special Effects

John Harrdigan

Chris Nelson

Music

Mark Isham

Music Extracts

“Cello Concerto No.2

Opus 30” (Second

Movement) by Victor

Herbert, “Cello Suite

No. 5 in C Minor (BWV

1011” by Johann

Sebastian Bach,

“Berceuse” from *The*

Firebird Suite, by Igor

Stravinsky, “Schelomo”

by Ernest Bloch,

performed by Lori

Singer; “Cello Concerto

in D Minor” by Antonin

Dvorak, “Cello

Concerto No.2 Opus

30” (First Movement)

by Victor Herbert,

performed by The

Trout Quintet

Music Performed by

David Speltz

Mark Isham

Vocals:

Annie Ross

Piano:

Terry Adams

Drums:

Bobby Previte

Bass:

Greg Cohen

Vibes:

Gene Estes

Trombone:

Bruce Fowler

Cello:

Lori Singer

Violin:

Stuart Canin

Anatoly Rosinsky

Viola:

Roland Kato

Piano:

Armen Guzelimian

Music Producer

Hal Willner

Music Co-ordinator

Susan Jacobs

Songs

“I Don’t Want To Cry

Any more” by Victor

Schertzinger,

“Punishing Kiss” by

Costello, MacManus,

O’Riordan, “To Hell

With Love”, “Prisoner

of Life”, “I Don’t Know

You” by Doc Pomus,

Mac Rebennack,

“Conversation on a Bar

Stool” by Bono, The

Edge, “I’m Gonna Go

Fishin” by Duke

Ellington, Peggy Lee,

performed by Annie

Ross and The Low Note

Quintet; “Blue” by Jon

Hendricks, Gildo

Mahones, “Nothing

Can Stop Me Now”

by Horace Silver, “Full

Moon” by Doc Pomus,

Mac Rebennack, “These

Blues”, “Those Blues”

by Terry Adams,

“Imitation of a Kiss” by

Nathanson, Cale, Ribot,

performed by The Low

Note Quintet

Costume Design

John Hay

Wardrobe Supervisor

Angela Billows

Make-up/Hair Supervisor

Theo Mayes

Make-up/Hair

Dee Dee Altamura

Title Design

Balsmeyer & Everett

Supervising Sound Editor

Eliza Paley

Supervising

Dialogue Editor

Ira Spiegel

Dialogue Editors

Jeffrey Stern

Elliot Dietch

Foley Editor

Miriam Biderman

Sound Recordists

John Pritchett

Music:

Eric Liljestrاند

Music Score:

Stephen Krause

Foley:

George A. Lara

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Lee Dichter

Michael Barry

Music:

Eric Liljestrاند

Music Score:

Stephen Krause

Sound Effects Editor

Margaret Crimmins

Foley Artists

Elisha Birnbaum

Additional:

Bruce Pross

Frank Kern

Marko A. Costanzo

Stunt Co-ordinator

Greg Walker

Cast

Andie MacDowell

Ann Finnigan

Bruce Davison

Howard Finnigan

Jack Lemmon

Paul Finnigan

Zane Cassidy

Casey Finnigan

Julianne Moore

Marian Wyman

Matthew Modine

Doctor Ralph Wyman

Anne Archer

Claire Kane

Fred Ward

Stuart Kane

Jennifer Jason Leigh

Lois Kaiser

Chris Penn

Jerry Kaiser

Joseph C. Hopkins

Joe Kaiser

Josette Maccario

Josette Kaiser

Lili Taylor

Honey Bush

Robert Downey Jnr

Bill Bush

Madeleine Stowe

Sherri Shepard

Tim Robbins

Gene Shepard

Cassie Friel

Sandy Shepard

Dustin Friel

Will Shepard

Austin Friel

Austin Shepard

Lily Tomlin

Doreen Piggot

Tom Waits

Earl Piggot

Frances McDormand

Betty Weathers

Peter Gallagher

Stormy Weathers

Jarrett Lennon

Chad Weathers

Annie Ross

Tess Trainer

Lori Singer

Zoe Trainer

Lyle Lovett

Andy Bitkower

Buck Henry

Gordon Johnson

Huey Lewis

Vern Miller

Danny Darst

Aubrey Bell

Margerie Bond

Dora Willis

Robert De’Qui

Knute Willis

Darnell Williams

Joe Robbins

Michael Beach

Jim Stone

Andi Chapman

Harriet Stone

Deborah Falconer

Barbara

Susie Cusack

Nancy

Charles Rocket

Wally Littleton

Jane Alden

Mrs Schwartzmeier

Christian Altman

Jimmy Miller

Willie Marlett

Jimmy’s Friend

Dirk Blocker.

Diner Customer

Suzanne Calvert

Tarmac Secretary

Natalie Strong

Mourner

Jay Della

Bartender

Jeruth Persson

Club Owner

Derek Webster

Nathaniel H. Harris III

Joe Robbins’ Pals

Alex Trebek

Jerry Dunphy

Themselves

Terry Adams

Bobby Previte

Greg Cohen

Gene Estes

Bruce Fowler

The Low Note Quintet

Lori Singer

Stuart Canin

Anatoly Rosinsky

Roland Kato

Armen Guzelimian

The Trout Quintet

16,906 feet

188 minutes

● An evening in the suburbs of Los Angeles. As the helicopters fly overhead, spraying chemicals to kill a plague of medfly, various city dwellers go about their business. Anne Finnigan, a housewife and mother, is at home with her husband Howard, a TV personality, watching Howard’s show. At the city concert hall, Dr Ralph Wyman and his wife Marian are listening to a performance by young cellist Zoe Trainer. They make friends with the couple sitting alongside them, Claire and Stuart Kane, and end up inviting them to a barbecue later in the week. Lois Kaiser is in her kitchen, feeding the baby while conducting a dirty telephone conversation, as her husband Jerry listens in disgust; her job is answering sex calls, and she fits it round her domestic life. Policeman Gene Shepard is arguing with his wife and kids, and growing ever more exasperated with the family dog. Eventually, he rushes off in a temper to visit his mistress, Betty Weathers. Earl Piggot, a chauffeur, draws up at a local nightclub where jazz singer Tess Trainer, Zoe’s mother, is getting ready for her evening set.

The next morning, Bill and Honey Bush say goodbye to their neighbours, who are off on holiday, promising to look after their

◀ friends; she tries to prompt her mother into revealing more about her jazz musician father, who died in Europe, but Tess refuses to reminisce. When Tess sends her to fetch another vodka, Zoe reacts by smashing the glass in the kitchen sink, and smearing the blood from her cut hand all over the walls.

Afternoon. Sherri Sheppard is over visiting her sister, Marian Wyman, an artist. She has agreed to pose naked. Halfway through the sitting, Ralph arrives home unexpectedly, and they shoo him off. Then they go to Sherri's place for tea, and conspiratorially discuss how rotten their husbands are. Gene, having cobbled up another excuse to explain his absence to his wife, takes Betty for a birthday meal. Gene hints he is sick of his family life, and they discuss starting a more serious relationship. Stuart, back from fishing, makes love to Claire, and then tells her about the dead body. She is horrified that he didn't report it at once. (The next day, when she finds out it belonged to a young woman from Bakersfield, she drives out to the funeral.) Bill, Honey, Lois and Jerry head off to the nightclub. Earl is here, propping up the bar. Stormy Weathers has discovered about Betty's affair with Gene. One night when she is away, he breaks into the house, and shreds all her clothes and furniture.

Casey dies shortly after coming out of his coma. Zoe is appalled by Anne and Howard's grief. She visits her mother at the nightclub, where Tess is rehearsing for the evening show. Tess shows her no sympathy. Zoe reacts by locking herself in the garage, turning on the car, and waiting for the exhaust fumes to kill her.

It's the end of the week. Claire and Stuart have turned up for a barbecue at Ralph and Marian's with a fish Stuart caught during his trip. Gene has decided Betty is abandoning him, and has returned home to Sherri and the kids. Anne and Howard are being consoled by Andy Bitkower, who is mortified to hear about Casey. Betty has returned from a mystery jaunt with a businessman boyfriend, to be confronted by the destruction Stormy has left behind him. Tess is reeling from the discovery of Zoe's body. Doreen and Earl are back together, vowing undying love.

The Bush family and the Kaisers have gone for a picnic in the park. Bill and Jerry leave their wives and kids to run after two young women cyclists. They catch up with them and try to chat them up. Jerry suddenly attacks one of the women, assaulting her at the precise moment a huge earthquake begins. The earthquake subsides and Stormy Weathers, who witnessed it from his helicopter, appears on TV, blithely telling an interviewer what a wonderful city Los Angeles is.

● There is something of the biblical epic about Robert Altman's *Short Cuts*. It begins with a plague of medfly; ends, more than three hours later, with an earthquake; and rumbles



You're never alone with a narrative strand: Lily Tomlin, Tom Waits

throughout with a sense of impending disaster. Like *The Player*, it is set in Los Angeles, but the city it depicts is a long way removed from the glossy, affluent world of the Hollywood studio executive. Here, the action is firmly rooted in less glamorous terrain – in suburbs which are going to seed, diners, cheap nightclubs. Given the tribulations endured by white, middle-class America in recent years, the Raymond Carver stories Altman uses as his raw material have a surprisingly contemporary relevance. The author's ramshackle collection of woebegone heroes and heroines no longer exist quite so far in the margins of American experience: their small-town tales of debt and disappointment are becoming more and more familiar across the country as a whole. Even California, traditionally a bastion of optimism, has taken a bruising. Since the 1990s began, Los Angeles, for one, has been hit by a series of near-apocalyptic disasters: droughts, riot, fire. This, you imagine, must have been why Altman chose it rather than Carver's grey, anonymous Midwest as his location. He doesn't broach the city's political or environmental problems directly, but he hints at the paralysing anxiety which has overcome its citizens. His cluster of intertwined narratives, nearly all of them concerning some sort of a breakdown in a relationship, deflect the prevailing mood of crisis into the domestic sphere.

Not that it's all millennial doom and gloom. The jeremiads come laced with comedy, and the soap opera structure allows Altman to shift gear as frequently as he makes his short cuts between characters. He and fellow scriptwriter Frank Barhydt may use Carver as their inspiration, but they take a refreshingly robust approach to the whole process of adaptation, jumbling the stories up, changing names and locations, and even creating two pivotal figures of their own, mother and daughter team Tess and Zoe Trainer. The mother is a nightclub

singer, the daughter a cellist, and, throughout the film, the action revolves round them. Altman suggests that the cello represents "inner feelings," and that jazz is "what we express outwardly." While the idea of having the duo as lodestars to guide characters and set moods is an effective one, the two women don't really come to life outside their music.

Theirs is probably the weakest of the film's various strands, and pinpoints Altman's central problem – by threading so many stories together, he can't help but simplify Carver's original work, imposing an all-too-rigid pattern on writing which derived much of its power from its sparseness, its very open-endedness, its inchoate quality. As Chekhov noted, a storyteller's task is not to solve the problems of the characters he or she depicts, but to state those problems correctly. Altman may have preserved the spirit of Carver's work, but he has managed to do so only by bullying it into an artificial shape. *Short Cuts'* grand structure, its sheer length and earthquake finale, seem absurdly bombastic by comparison with Carver's tiny, self-contained, almost throwaway shards of fiction. Whatever else he is, Altman is no miniaturist. You're always aware of him in the background, the demiurge pulling the strings. *Short Cuts* is a logistical triumph, certainly; a masterpiece of orchestration, but the sheer formal virtuosity required to keep nine stories on the boil at the same time, and to map out the movements of more than 20 main characters, can't help but detract from the film's emotional impact. There's simply too much going on for the viewer to dwell on any one incident. Last year, before the picture went into production, Altman told *Sight and Sound* that "any of those Carver stories done as a full-length movie could make you go off and shoot yourself," but suggested that by interweaving several of them, it would be possible to bring out the comedy. *Short Cuts* works wonderfully as a tapestry,

but only at the price of skimming over the tragic events it depicts and sometimes patronizing its characters.

Whether in the modernist visions of avant-garde film-makers like Dziga Vertov, Jean Vigo and Walter Ruttmann in the 1920s, or in the grand, naturalistic sweep of pictures like John Sayles' *City of Hope*, there has always been something compelling about films which strive to offer a "symphony of a city." *Short Cuts* is mainly based in a small, suburban enclave of Los Angeles, and deals exclusively with the experiences of the white middle-classes, but it still has that magic sense of unfolding in almost real time, and of offering a multiplicity of perspectives.

In this respect, *Short Cuts* harks back to Altman's acknowledged classic, *Nashville*. His 'polyphonic' style of filmmaking would not work at all if his casts weren't up to scratch. What ultimately makes *Short Cuts* so memorable is the brilliance of the performances. There's Tim Robbins' splendidly venal cop; Lily Tomlin as the wrinkled, worn-out waitress; Jack Lemmon reprising his pathetic old man routine from *Glengarry Glen Ross*; Julianne Moore, arguing with her husband, blithely oblivious to the fact that she isn't wearing any underwear; Lyle Lovett as an extremely melancholy baker; Jennifer Jason Leigh nonchalantly feeding her baby as she has phone sex with a variety of customers; and a host of other striking character turns from the likes of Fred Ward, Chris Penn and Andie MacDowell.

Altman paints a very gloomy portrait of relationships, with men and women baffled by each other, and on opposite sides of some great divide. Several times, the tension between the sexes flares up into misogynistic violence. For all its comic touches, its biting irony and delight in observation, there is no disguising that *Short Cuts* is the anatomy of a dysfunctional, frightened society, worried sick that doomsday is only round the corner.

Geoffrey Macnab

Son in Law

USA 1993

Director: Steve Rash

Certificate

12

Distributor

Buena Vista

Production Company

Hollywood Pictures Company

Executive Producer

Hilton Green

Producers

Michael Rotenberg
Peter M. Lenkov

Production Co-ordinator

Pat Chapman

Production Manager

Gary Maxwell

Unit Production Manager

Frederic W. Brost

Location Manager

Donald A. Potts

Casting

Cheryl Bayer

Associate:

Lisa Miller

Assistant Directors

Jerram A. Swartz
Janet K. Van Etten
2nd Unit:
Richard Peter Schroer
Steven Hirsch

Screenplay

Fax Bahr

Adam Small

Shawn Schepps

Story

Patrick J. Clifton
Susan McMartin
Peter M. Lenkov

Director of Photography

Peter Deming
Miniature Visual

Effects:

Michael Sajbel

Colour

Technicolor

In colour

Prints by

Technicolor

2nd Unit Director of Photography

Paul D. Huguen

Visual Effects Photography

Michael Sajbel

Camera Operator

Scott Browner

Video Playback

Robert Morgenroth

Editor

Dennis M. Hill

Production Designer

Joseph T. Garrity

Art Director

Pat Tagliaferro

Set Design

Barry Chusid

Set Decorator

Dena Roth

Set Dressers

Lance Clarke

Michael Goyak

Danielle M. Simpson-

Abaravich

Mitchell G. Myers

Anna Rita Raineri

Special Effects

Co-ordinator

Cliff Wenger

Computer Effects

Todd Marks

Models

Jack Sessums

Miniature Visual Effects

Sessums Engineering

Music/Music Director

Richard Gibbs

Music Extract

"Overture from *Don Pasquale*" by Gaetano Donizetti

Orchestrations

Philip Giffin

Music Supervisor

Sid James

Music Editor

Allan K. Rosen

Songs

"Bled Me Dry" by Matthew Carey,

Laurence Carey,

Stephen Barber, Alex

Boucher, performed by

3½ Minutes; "Fallin'

Down" by John

Rzeznik, performed by

Goo Goo Dolls;

"Electric Harley House

(of Love)" by and

performed by Green

Jelly; "Independent" by

Phil Rind, performed

by Sacred Reich; "Chef"

by Mike Dillon,

Brandon Smith, Reed

Easterwood, Adina

Richmond, Matt

Chamberlain,

location Manager by Billy

Goat; "Green Acres

Theme" by Vic Mizzy,

performed by Eddie

Albert, Eva Gabor;

"I Wonder Why" by and

performed by D.D.

Wood; "Boot Scootin'

Boogie" by Ronnie

Dunn; "Who Was in My

Room Last Night" by

and performed by

Butthole Surfers; "Feed

the Tree" by Tanya

Donnelly, performed by

Belly; "The Price I Pay"

by and performed by

Boo-Yaa T.R.I.B.E.;

"Little Miss Can't Be

Wrong" by and

performed by The Spin

Doctors"; "Perfect

World" by Glen

Burtnik, Steven W.

Krikorian, performed

by Alias; "The

Manhandlers" by Dick

Mercer, Ted German;

"Hey Good Lookin'" by

Hank Williams Snr,

performed by C.C.

DeVille, Spike; "Thank

God I'm a Country

Boy" by John Martin

Sommers, performed

by John Denver; "The

Way You Look Tonight"

by Dorothy Fields,

Jerome Kern,

performed by Joey

Scarburi and the Ribbs

Pickers; "Trashy

Women" by Chris Wall,

performed by

Confederate Railroad;

"T-R-O-U-B-L-E" by Jerry

Chestnut, performed

by Travis Tritt; "Crazy

Little Thing Called

Love" by Freddie

Mercury, performed

by Queen

Choreography

Miranda Garrison

Costume Design

Molly Maginnis

Costume Supervisor

Valerie Zielonka

Make-up Artist

Daniel C. Striepeke

Hairstylist

Susan Germaine

Title Design

Burke Mattsson

Titles/Opticals

Buena Vista Optical

Supervising Sound Editor

James Troutman

Sound Editors

Stuart Chasmar

Denis Dutton

Edward Hirsch

Dan Molina

Alan Schultz

Randall K. Tomlin

Supervising ADR Editor

Michael Goodman

ADR Editor

Darrell Hanzalik

Sound Recordists

Bruce Bisenz

Music:

Jeff Vaughn

ADR Recordist

Doc Kane

Foley Recordist

David Gertz

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Terry Porter

Mel Metcalfe

David J. Hudson

ADRGroup

L.A. Maddogs

Edie Mirman

Jackie Gonneau

Rosemary Alexander

Elisa Pensler Gabrielli

Tawny Moyer

Mitch Carter

Ike Eisenmann

Newell Alexander

Dennis Tufano

David Cowgill

Stunt Co-ordinator

Gary Combs

Stunts

Gil Combs

Lonnie Parkinson

Greg Brickman

Glory Fioramonti

Jim Pratt

Mike Watson

Gary McLarty

Ken Watson

Animal Trainers

Diana C. Smith

Larry McKinney

Rex Peterson

Wranglers

Donald F. Spinney

Phil Smith

Cast

Pauly Shore

Crawl

Carla Gugino

Rebecca Warner

Lane Smith

Walter Warner

Cindy Pickett

Connie Warner

Mason Adams

Walter Warner Snr

Patrick Renna

Zack Warner

Dennis Burkley

Theo

Tiffani-Amber Thiessen

Tracy

Dan Gauthier

Travis

Ria Pavia

Carol

Lisa Lawrence

Lisa

Graham Jarvis

Principal

Nick Light

Mud Wrestling

Announcer

Ernie Kinney

Horace

Troy Shire

Cowboy

Adam Goldberg

Indian

Robert Koch

Country Club Waiter

RykO.

Halloween Fairy

GarretSato

Hairdresser

Emily Dole

Thumper

John Matton

Fiddle Player

Jim Henken

Guitar

Lynn Coulter

Drums

Mike George

Bass

Jay Leach

Musician

8,576feet

95 minutes

knock out Crawl and local girl Tracy by lacing their drinks with pills; they contrive to have the pair discovered in Walter's barn by Rebecca, who sends Crawl packing. However, Tracy guesses what happened, and she and Crawl denounce Travis. He is thrown out and Crawl is welcomed back to the family.

● *Son in Law* is a vehicle for Pauly Shore and the character he developed for his MTV comedy show, *Totally Pauly*. Previously seen on film in 1992's *California Man*, Shore is a purveyor of a 'dudespeak' distantly related to the patter of the *Wayne's World* or *Bill and Ted* films, although Shore's version has none of the others' charm or invention. "Fresh meat!" he shouts, filming the backsides of the new female arrivals at college; while middle-aged Connie is delighted at his praise of her "neat package" – talk and responses that neither script nor direction treat with irony. Shore's character (more worldly and self-assured than Wayne and Garth) allows for the now bankable 'dude' principal to be slipped into a film made from story-lines and themes worn thin by TV melodrama.

The film's central subject is a culture clash, as America speaks to itself. Crawl (named for the way he used to get home after a night's revelry) is Venice Beach via Las Vegas, where he was raised; Rebecca and her family are Great Plains folk. They are "real people, pure people" according to Crawl, who video-tapes their movements. However, *Son in Law* sweeps away any conflict. Both Rebecca and Crawl have watched enough television programmes and movies to know the ropes. Indeed *Son in Law*'s desultory compliance with the teen film's now obligatory TV name-checking means that Crawl views Rebecca's family as the Waltons. Each takes to the other's world with such ease that the erstwhile downhome girl might be mistaken for a Sunset Strip hooker, while Crawl is soon riding pigs bareback.

Crawl, of course, is nothing less than that great rebel figure, the unconventional truth-teller come to shake up a sterile community. But woozy neo-hippiness, carried by his speech's cloying mixture of babewatching and all-hang-out therapeutics, can only produce an unthreatening, asexual hero. The film, admittedly, is for teenagers. Still, what are they to think? The men go to the river to bond; and the women free themselves of inhibitions by wearing fewer clothes. Does the film's wisdom lie in its suggestion that if men hold hands and women bare their breasts all will be well with the world?

Son-In-Law, one presumes, was saved from straight-to-video distribution because of its MTV connections. But there is a horrible cynicism at work here – way removed from the affectionate media mockery of *Wayne's World* or the cartoon nihilism of Beavis and Butt-head, who share the MTV alma mater with Shore – which grafts modish antics and language onto the laziest of set-ups.

Robert Yates

The Three Musketeers

USA 1993

Director: Stephen Herek

Certificate

PG

Distributor

Buena Vista

Production Company

The Walt Disney

Company

A One For All

production

In association with

Caravan Pictures

Executive Producers

Jordan Kerner

Jon Avnet

Producers

Joe Roth

Roger Birnbaum

Make-up Chief	Sean McCabe
Paul Engelen	Terry Walsh
Supervisor:	John Lees
Adolf Uhrmacher	Wayne Michaels
Artists:	Dinny Powell
David Anderson	Gary Powell
Ann Masterson	Gerry Crampton
Hairstylists	Tom Lucy
Chief:	Roy Allon
Colin Jamison	Nick Wilkinson
2nd Unit:	Paul Jennings
Ethne Fenell	Lee Sheward
Title Design	Mark Southworth
Burke Mattson	Simon Crane
Titles/Opticals	Stunt Doubles
Buena Vista Imaging	Charlie Sheen:
Sound Design/Supervising	Dan Speaker
Sound Editors	Kiefer Sutherland:
Tim Chau	Jimmy McConnell
Rick Franklin	Armourer
Sound Editors	Simon Atherton
Louis L. Edemann	Sword Master
Albert Gasser	Bob Anderson
David Kern	Horse Master
L. Davies	Tony Smart
Daniel Evan Yale	
Doug Jackson	Cast
Kerry Dean Williams	Charlie Sheen
William Jacobs	Aramis
Steve Mann	Kiefer Sutherland
Nils C. Jensen	Athos
Paul Timothy Carden	Chris O'Donnell
Gary Krivacek	D'Artagnan
Jeff Bushelman	Oliver Platt
ADR Supervisor	Porthos
Tom Whiting	Tim Curry
ADREditors	Cardinal Richelieu
Gale Clark	Rebecca De Mornay
Andrea Horta	Milady
Sound Recordists	Gabrielle Anwar
Colin Charles	Queen Anne
Herbert Koller	Michael Wincott
Heinz Ebner	Rochefort
Helmut Junker	Paul McGann
Music Recording	Girard/Jussac
Consultant	Julie Delpy
Steve McLaughlin	Constance
ADR Recordist	Hugh O'Connor
Doc Kane	King Louis
Foley Recordists	Christopher Adamson
Mary Jo Lane	Henri
Eric Gotthelf	Philip Tan
Dolby stereo	Parker
Sound Re-recordists	Erwin Leder
Terry Porter	Peasant
Mel Metcalfe	Axel Anselm
David J. Hudson	Musketeer
Foley Artists	Bruno Thost
John Roesch	Oliver Hoppa
Kevin Bartnoff	Seneschals
Hilda Hodges	Emma Moore
Ellen Heuer	Damsel
Stunt Co-ordinator	Herbert Fux
Paul Weston	Innkeeper
Stunts	Nicola Cordey
Nick Hobbs	Barmaid
Brian Bowes	Sebastian Eckhardt
Nick Gillard	Armand de Winter
Steve Whyment	
Graeme G. Crowther	9,482 feet
Paul Heaseman	105 minutes
Mark Henson	

● France, the seventeenth century. Reckless young D'Artagnan is on his way to Paris, determined to join the ranks of the Musketeers. Unfortunately, though, the corps has been disbanded. Cardinal Richelieu, who is plotting to usurp the youthful king, has tricked his Majesty into decommisioning them and sending them off to join the war against England. D'Artagnan, unaware of the fact, heads straight to Musketeers headquarters to enrol. Athos, one of the three Musketeers who remain at large, is the only man there, and is so offended by D'Artagnan's impudence that he challenges him to a duel. In the course of a busy morning, D'Artagnan also manages to insult Porthos, the portly second Musketeer, and bumps into Aramis, the suave third. Both demand "satisfaction."

At the appointed time for the first duel, D'Artagnan is surprised to see his three opponents know each other, and awe-struck to discover they're Muske-

teers. He gets ready to fence with Athos, but the duellists are interrupted by a troop of the Cardinal's men. A fight ensues. D'Artagnan acquits himself bravely, and all the soldiers are killed. The Musketeers escape, but D'Artagnan is captured by a second wave of the Cardinal's troops. He is thrown into the dungeons, and has his sword stolen by Rochefort, the Cardinal's chief henchman. D'Artagnan escapes from his cell and overhears Richelieu plotting with a mysterious woman. She is being dispatched to England to sign a secret treaty with the Duke of Buckingham. This augurs ill for the King. D'Artagnan is found eavesdropping, pulled before the Cardinal, and, when he refuses to say where the Musketeers are hiding, condemned to death. The three come to his rescue, snatching him from beneath Richelieu's nose, and escaping in the Cardinal's own carriage.

Finding out from D'Artagnan about the Cardinal's plan, the Musketeers hurry toward Calais, determined to apprehend the mysterious envoy. There is a price on their heads, and hordes of bounty hunters are close behind them. To ensure greater safety, they split up, resolving to meet at the port. D'Artagnan collapses with exhaustion a few miles short of Calais. He is picked up off the open road by a beautiful woman in a carriage. Although he doesn't at first realize it, she is Milady, the very person he heard the Cardinal conspiring with. She nurses him and seems about to seduce him, but then, when she discovers he is associated with the Musketeers, tries to kill him. He escapes her dagger, but is overcome by her guards. She decides to keep him alive a little longer, and takes him as a prisoner to Calais. There, however, she finds the Musketeers waiting for her. It turns out she is Athos's former wife, a convicted murderess. At first, she refuses to reveal the full extent of Richelieu's plot, but then, just before she is about to be executed, she warns her old husband that there are plans afoot to assassinate the King at his birthday celebrations. She avoids the executioner's axe by throwing herself to her death.

The Musketeers hot-foot it back to Paris. D'Artagnan intercepts the assassin at the very instant he is taking aim to fire at the King with his blunderbuss. There is a huge fight in the palace. Eventually, Athos, Porthos and company, joined by their old comrades, prevail. But the Cardinal escapes into the dungeons with the King and Queen as hostages. As he flees, D'Artagnan is left to fight Rochefort, who turns out to be his father's murderer. With a little help from Constance, the Queen's chamber maid, he beats him in an epic duel.

Just as the Cardinal seems about to escape down an underground river, Aramis stops him in his tracks. The King, grateful to the Musketeers for keeping him on the throne, reappoints them as his bodyguards and admits D'Artagnan to their ranks. Girard, a pompous upstart whose sister D'Artag-



Gadzooks: Tim Curry

nan is accused of insulting, turns up, wanting to revenge the family honour. But on learning that the Musketeer code, "All For One And One For All", means he will have to fight the entire corps, he turns tail and flees.

● Given memories of the 'Mouseketeers', Uncle Walt's folksy troupe of fresh-faced youngsters who first strutted their way across American TV in the 1950s, wearing funny caps and chanting Mickey Mouse mantras while helping hawk millions of dollars worth of merchandise, the prospect of a Disney version of *The Three Musketeers* was hardly one to relish. One of cinema's most exhilarating yarns seemed destined to end up as yet another paean to homely, commercial values, with the chivalric slogan "One For All And All For One" no doubt converted into a new Disney Club nostrum. This, though, proves to be a surprisingly sprightly swashbuckler.

Admittedly, it is scarcely original, being after all the umpteenth version of the tale. And our latest crop of Musketeers are a little on the callow side. Unlike Oliver Reed, Frank Finlay or even Douglas Fairbanks, they're not worldly-wise, heavy-drinking matinee idol types. Still, if Chris O'Donnell, Kiefer Sutherland, Charlie Sheen and Oliver Platt do lack the element of weary, charming cynicism which sometimes characterizes Dumas's heroes on screen, they more than make up for it with their nimble acrobatics and their infinite capacity for duelling. They leap hither and thither, fight on staircases, balustrades and in forests without appearing in the slightest bit fazed by their rather flouncey costumes.

The film-makers take certain liberties with Dumas's original text, re-writing the episode of the Queen's Diamonds, banishing the Duke of Buckingham to an off-screen role, cutting down on the boozing and the wenching, and allowing the usually incorrigible Milady (Rebecca De Mornay) a touch of saving grace; but, in their way, they give as faithful a rendition of the tale as any of their predecessors. Fidelity here lies not so much in keeping to the plot of the novel as in preserving its spirit, in staging the swordfights with grace and elan, and featuring as many chases as possible. It is only to be expected that the villains should be played by English actors. Tim

Curry offers an overblown Cardinal Richelieu, not so very far removed from his Dr Frank N. Furter, and Paul McGann is the nincompoop Girard, who is always trying to engineer D'Artagnan's downfall. They may not be the heroes, but they provide most of the film's comic momentum.

Superficially, this follows in the wake of *Young Guns*: the bankable brat pack, having colonized the Western, rides off into genres new. Nevertheless, there is no sense here that the stars overshadow their vehicle or that this is just another American rites-of-passage yarn transposed to an unusual setting. Director Stephen Herek, whose previous credits include *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*, manages to infuse the film with a little self-reflexive irony without losing that likeable, ingenuous quality so essential to the story. The script incorporates elements of the JFK saga, boasting a denouement which involves a lone sniper with a blunderbuss on a roof, and borrows back motifs from the *Indiana Jones* cycle, but never becomes portentous.

On one level, this is corporate, theme-park movie making, guilty of fetishizing history. We're presented with the same image of seventeenth-century France as you might encounter in a heritage museum, all dungeons, palaces and vast halls. As the recent GATS talks illustrated, European sensitivity about Hollywood is at a high pitch. A picture like this, which is based on a French novel, and uses Austrian and English locations, may serve to heighten fears that the Americans, not content with taking most of our box-office receipts, are now pilfering our national myths as well. However, the swashbuckler has always been among the quintessential Hollywood genres. Jeffrey Richards was not far off the mark in his study *Swordsmen Of The Screen*, when he placed it alongside the Busby Berkeley-style musical as something so extravagant, colourful and hard to pull off that only the studio system as its best could manage it. True, Musketeer fables are conventional Boy's Own tales, full of derring-do, but they are also highly stylized pieces of cinema, where choreography, costume and music tend to be privileged at the expense of narrative.

Writing in the 1970s, Richards struck an elegiac note. He was convinced that swashbucklers had become prohibitively expensive to make, and worried that their romantic flamboyance was out of synch with the times: he couldn't imagine Clint Eastwood or Steve McQueen in doublet and hose – they were too mean to be chivalric. But he was premature in writing off the sword-and-cape spectacular. Whatever other criticisms might be levelled at it, Disney's *The Three Musketeers*, like *Robin Hood: Prince Of Thieves* or the forthcoming *Zorro*, at least suggests there is still mileage in the genre. With Hollywood ever more willing to plunder its past, and the conventional, tough-guy hero on his last legs, the swashbuckler is enjoying an unlikely new lease of life.

Geoffrey Macnab

Tombstone

USA 1993

Director: George P. Cosmatos

Certificate

15

Distributor

Entertainment

Production Company

Cinergi Productions

Executive Producers

Buzz Feitshans

Andrew G. Vajna

Producers

James Jacks

Sean Daniel

Bob Misiorowski

Associate Producers

William A. Fraker

John Fasano

Michael Sloan

Production Co-ordinator

Patt McCurdy

Unit Production Manager

Terry Collis

Location Manager

Lauren Ross

2nd Unit Director

Terry J. Leonard

Casting

Lora Kennedy

Tucson:

Holly Hire

Assistant Directors

Adam C. Taylor

Matthew Feitshans

Conte Mark Matal

Vince McEveety

2nd Unit:

Robert Rooy

Screenplay

Kevin Jarre

Director of Photography

William A. Fraker

Panavision

Colour

Technicolor

2nd Unit Director of Photography

Lenny Hirschfield

Camera Operators

Buzz Feitshans IV

Dave Diano

Kristin Glover

2nd Unit:

Larry Orlick

Steadicam Operator

Elizabeth Ziegler

Editors

Frank J. Urioste

Roberto Silvi

Harvey Rosenstock

Production Designer

Catherine Hardwicke

Art Directors

Chris Gorak

Kim Hix

Mark Worthington

Art Department Co-ordinators

Donna Coxon

Nell Dickerson

Set Design

Tom Benson

Richard Prantis

Siobhan Roome

Set Decorator

Gene Serdena

Set Dressers

Bill Land

Matt Marich

Paul Penley

Jeff Schell

David Solomon

Chris Stagg

On-set:

Patricia Gura

Mara Massey

Charles Scaife

Josh Warner

Key:

Greg Evans

Bob Smith

2nd Unit:

Jeff Hay

Lead Scenics

Craig Muzio

Lee Ross

Special Effects Co-ordinators

Dale Martin

Paul Stewart

Special Effects

Matt Kutcher

Lambert Powell

Philip A. Schwartz

Kevin C. Parker

Garry Elmendorf

2nd Unit:

Joe Quinlivan

Blumes Tracy

Music

Bruce Broughton

Music Director

David Snell

Music Performed by

Sinfonia of London

Music Producer

Bruce Broughton

Music Supervisors

Randy Gerston

David Landau

Music Editor

Patricia Carlin

Music Consultant

Kevin Odegard

Choreography

Sabrina Vasquez

Costume Design

Joseph Porro

Costume Supervisors

Christi K. Work

Mary Robin

Make-up/Hair

Department Head

David Atherton

Make-up Artists

Cheryl Nick

Karen Dahl

Marilyn Carbone

Kathleen Hagan

Dennis Liddiard

2nd Unit:

Cheryl Markowitz

Tina Simms

Key Hair

Candy Walker

Hairstylists

Patty Androff

Robertta Grudem

2nd Unit:

Cheryl Markowitz

Tina Simms

Title Design

Bob Dawson

Supervising Sound Editors

Jerry Ross

John Morris

Dialogue Editors

Michael Magill

Gordon Davidson

Hugo Weng

Duncan Burns

Larry Mann

Bob Newlan

ADR Supervisor

George Brendt

ADR Editors

Avram Gold

Ulrika Akander

Foley Supervisor

Sandy Berman

Foley Editors

Nancy Richardson

Steve Richardson

Phil Linson

Chris Flick

Sound Recordists

Walt Martin

Music:

Mike Ross

ADR Recordists

Bob Deshaine

Tami Treadwell

Foley Recordists

Brion Paccassi

Nerses Gezalyan

David Jobe

Jim Ashwill

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Kevin O'Connell

Rick Kline

Gregory H. Watkins

Daniel Sharp

John W. Brilhante

Sound Effects Editors

Roger Pardee

Simon Coke

Karen Wilson

John Edwards-Younger

Steve Bissinger

Donny Blank

Foley Artists

Dan O'Connell

Gary "Wrecker" Hecker

Alicia Stevenson

Zane Bruce

Technical Adviser

Bob Elliot

Stunt Co-ordinator

Terry J. Leonard

Stunts

Terry Barndt

Tony Boggs

Chris Barnham

Hal Burton

Danny Costa

Richard Duran

Kip Farnsworth

Teri Garz

J.B. Getzweiler

John Hock

Cody Lee

Malosi Leonard

Marshall Landau

Clint Lilley

Bobby McLaughlin

Cliff McLaughlin

Ben Miller

Jim Ortega

Ben Scott

Russell Solberg

Matt Taylor

R.L. Tolbert

Mark Warrick

Jerry Willis

Armourers

Thell Reed

2nd Unit:

Johnnie Mitchell

Head Wrangler

Kim Burke

Gang Boss

Bob Lester

Wranglers

George Abos

Robin Baldwin

Joseph Brown

Brad Clark

Holly Edwards

John Fearn Jnr

Joseph Getzweiler

William Getzweiler

Gary Gang

Ron Graves

J.T. Hall

Clinton James

J. Chris Knagge

Robin C. Larson

Ron Mitchell

Harold Clay Scott

Brenda Sue Wadsworth

Byron Wilkerson

Ivan Red Wolverton

Kip Wolverton

Wendy Wolverton

Buckaroo Co-ordinator

Peter Sherayko

Buckaroos

Jemison Beshears

Hunter Brown

Jerry Brown

Reggie Byrum

Jerry Crandell

Jeff Dolan

Heath Hammond

John Jackinon

John Peel

Chris Ramirez

Terry Rick

Garrett W. Roberts

Curt Stokes

Jerry Tarantino

Bob Vincent

Charlie Ward

Paul Ward

Tom Ward

Larry Zeug

Cast

Kurt Russell

Wyatt Earp

Val Kilmer

Doc Holliday

Sam Elliott

Virgil Earp

Bill Paxton

Morgan Earp

Powers Boothe

Curly Bill

Michael Biehn

Johnny Ringo

Charlton Heston

Henry Hooker

Jason Priestley

Billy Breckenridge

Jon Tenney

Behan

Stephen Lang

Ike Clanton

Thomas Haden Church

Billy Clanton

Dana Delany

Josephine Marcus

Paula Malcomson

Allie Earp

Lisa Collins

Louisa Earp

Dana Wheeler-Nicholson

Mattie Earp

Joanna Pacula

Kate

Michael Rooker

Sherman McMasters

Harry Carey Jr

Marshall Fred White

Billy Bob Thornton

Johnny Tyler

Tomas Arana

Frank Stillwell

Pat Brady

Milt Joyce

Paul Ben Victor

Florentino

John Philbin

Tom McLaury

Robert Burke

Frank McLaury

Billy Zane

Mr Fabian

◀ before Johnny Ringo conveniently quotes from the Book of Revelations: “Behold the pale horse and the man who sat on it was death and Hell followed with him.” The next scene is of Wyatt Earp getting off a train and re-primanding a station employee for mistreating his horse!

Tombstone is not so much an attempt to discover the – apparently very grubby – reality of Wyatt Earp and the gunfight at the OK Corral, more a celebration of Earp as one of the founding inspirations of the Western movie. His character is also a strong platform for an exploitation of the Western’s renewed commercial potential as perhaps the pre-eminent film spectacle. In the wake of *Unforgiven*, *Tombstone* is replete with traditional Western pleasures: lusciously photographed sunsets, rugged landscapes, consistently witty dialogue, a superbly choreographed shoot-out at the OK Corral, and a gallery of finely-realised heroes and villains. But it’s also a deliberately shallow film, skimming across the surface of the genre.

Despite some impeccable cinematography, period costuming and art direction, the film’s main terms of reference are to other movies. Like a menu of bite-sized snacks designed to re-acquaint audiences with the delights of the form, the allusions come thick and fast: the wedding massacre suggests the clear-cut morality of *The Magnificent Seven*, Johnny Ringo’s Bible-spouting recalls the vengeful stranger of Eastwood’s *Pale Rider*, the extreme close-ups of faces and eyes during the OK Corral shootout is a stylistic nod to Sergio Leone.

The film’s knowingly self-conscious references are not at all intrusive to its main project of slickly re-packaging one of the most durable of Western yarns. On that superficial level, the film is an accomplished orchestration of clichés often bordering entertainingly on pastiche. But it also deliberately shies away from some of the more intriguing ideas possible within the form. In force-marrying the town-taming and the revenge Western plots, the film eventually opts for an unproblematic version of the former, after plunging heavily into the latter’s scarred heart and soul and suggesting that something more profound might be forthcoming.

Finally, there’s a desperate lack of psychological complexity in this Earp. Despite Kurt Russell’s credibly hard demeanour, we’re abruptly asked to believe that such a character can happily put his experiences behind him and find over 40 years of true love. There’s a definite diminution in heroic stature from the pure mythic splendour of *My Darling Clementine* – in which Henry Fonda’s Earp finally rides off into the desert – to the finale here, in which Earp promises his new love a life of hotel room service. Not since *How the West Was Won* in 1964 – which ended with a aerial shot of the modern Los Angeles freeway – has a Western concluded on such an utterly banal note.

Tom Tunney

Wayne’s World 2

USA 1993

Director: Stephen Surjik

Certificate

PG

Distributor

UIP

Production Company

Paramount

Executive Producer

Howard W. Koch Jr

Producer

Lorne Michaels

Co-producers

Barnaby Thompson

Dinah Minot

Production Associate

David B. Leener

Production Office

Karen Shaw

Production Manager

Ronald G. Smith

Location Manager

Murray L. Miller

2nd Unit Directors

Matt Earl Beesley

Barnaby Thompson

Casting

Lora Kennedy

Associate:

Michael Bircumshaw

Voice:

Barbara Harris

Assistant Directors

Matt Earl Beesley

David N. Schrager

Rebecca Strickland

John M. Morse

Screenplay

Mike Myers

Bonnie Turner

Terry Turner

Based on characters

created by Mike Myers

Director of Photography

Francis Kenny

Colour

DeLuxe

Additional Photography

Laszlo Kovacs

2nd Unit Director

of Photography

Robert Brinkmann

Camera Operators

Billy O. Drobina

Michael Ferris

Video Playback

Joe Unsinn

Matte Painting

Illusion Arts

Editor

Malcolm Campbell

Additional:

Earl Ghaffari

Jon Poll

Production Designer

Gregg Fonseca

Art Director

Richard A. Yanez

Art Department

Co-ordinator

Elizabeth J. Flaherty

Set Design

Stephanie Gordon

Mark Poll

Gary Sawaya

Set Decorator

Jay R. Hart

Special Effects

Co-ordinator

Darrell Pritchett

Special Effects

Ken Clark

Music

Carter Burwell

Music Extracts

“Romeo and Juliet –

Fantasy Overture”

by Pyotr Tchaikovsky,

performed by Berlin

Radio Symphony

Orchestra; “Wedding

March” from *A*

Midsummer Night’s

Dream by Felix

Mendelssohn,

performed by Anthony

Newman

Music Supervisor

Peter Afterman

Music Editor

Adam Smalley

Songs

“Frankenstein” by and

performed by Edgar

Winter; “Wayne’s

World Theme” by Mike

Myers, G.E. Smith;

“Batman Theme”

by Neal Hefti; “Dream

Weaver” by and

performed by Gary

Wright; “WPIG Logo”

by Adam Smalley;

“Radar Love” by George

Kooymans, Barry Hay,

performed by Golden

Earring; “Dude (Looks

Like A Lady) (Live

Version)” by Steven

Tyler, Joe Perry, Jack

Blades, Tommy Shaw,

performed by

Aerosmith; “Mary’s

House” by Linda Perry,

Shaunna Hall,

performed by 4 Non

Blondes; “Guitar Licks”,

by Michael McMahan;

“Rule Britannia” by

Thomas Arne,

performed by

Grenadier Guards

Band; “Louie, Louie”

by Richard Berry,

performed by Robert

Plant; “No Matter

What” by Peter Ham,

performed by

Badfinger; “Twist and

Shout” by Bert Russell,

Philip Medley; “I Love

Rock & Roll” by Alan

Merrill, Jake Hooker,

performed by Joan Jett

and the Blackhearts;

“Can’t Get Enough”

by Mick Ralphs,

performed by Bad

Company; “Mission

Impossible Theme” by

Lalo Schiffrin; “Wipe

Out” by The Surfaris,

performed by The

Ventures; “Step It Up”

by Robert Birch,

Nicholas Hallam,

performed by Stereo

MC’s; “Y.M.C.A.” by

Henry Belolo, Jacques

Morali, Victor Willis,

performed by Village

People; “Superstar”

by Leon Russell, Bonnie

Bramlett, performed

by Superfan; “Spirit in

the Sky” by and

performed by Norman

Greenbaum; “The Girl

From Ipanema” by

Antonio Carlos Jobim,

Vinicius de Moraes,

Norman Gimbel,

performed by Stan

Getz, Astrud Gilberto;

“Wave” by and

performed by Antonio

Carlos Jobim; “Idiot

Summer” by and

performed by Gin

Blossoms; “Out There”

by J. Mascis, performed

by Dinosaur Jnr; “Show

Me The Way” by and

performed by Peter

Frampton; “Hey Joe”

by Billy Roberts, “The

Wind Cries Mary” by

Jimi Hendrix,

performed by The Jimi

Hendrix Experience;

“Age of Consent” by

Stephen Morris, Peter

Hook, Bernard Sumner,

Gillian Gilbert;

“Mrs Robinson” by Paul

Simon, (1) performed

by Simon & Garfunkel,

(2) performed by

Lemonheads; “Wayne’s

World Theme

(Extended Version)”

by Mike Myers,

G.E. Smith, performed

by Mike Myers,

Dana Carvey

Choreography

Tony Gonzalez

Costume Design

Melina Root

Wardrobe Supervisor

Elinor C. Bardach

Make-up Artists

Key:

Lynne K. Eagan

Courtney Carell

Michael Thomas

Janeen Schreyer

Hair Stylists

Key:

Gus D. Le Pre

Katherine Gordon

Ora Tillman Green

Title Design

Dan Curry

Titles/Opticals

Pacific Title

Supervising Sound Editors

John Dunn

Harry B. Miller III

Supervising Dialogue

Editor

Joseph Ippolito

ADR Editor

Stephen Janisz

Foley Editors

Jeff Payne

Bobby Mackston

Sound Recordists

Keith A. Wester

ADR:

Bob Baron

Foley:

Greg Curda

Dolby stereo

Sound Re-recordists

Jeffrey J. Haboush

Greg P. Russell

Kevin E. Carpenter

Sound Effects Editors

Michael Benavente

Donald Flick

Stephanie Flack

Michael Chock

Jeffrey Sandler

Foley Artists

David Lee Fein

Ken Dufva

Film Consultant

Aerosmith Segment

Marty Callner

Stunt Co-ordinator

Bud G. Davis

Stunts

Bernie Pock

Gary K. Price

Tabby Hanson

Steven Maines

Martin Valinsky

Kristi Frankenheimer

George Cheung

Cast

Mike Myers

Wayne Campbell

Dana Carvey

Garth Algar

Tia Carrere

Cassandra

Christopher Walken

Bobby Cahn

Ralph Brown

Del Preston

Olivia D’Abo

Betty Jo

Kim Basinger

Honey Hornée

James Hong

Mr Wong

Lee Tergesen

Terry

Dan Bell

Neil

Richard Epper

Burning Hair Guy at

Concert

Jennifer Miller

Topless Girl at Concert

Duke Valenti

Benny Graham

Concert Security Guys

Gavin Grazer

Scott

Googy Gress

was given the freedom to make the second film more daring, if slightly less funny, than the first. Stephen Surjik, graduating from Bryan Adams and Tears for Fears videos and the Lorne Michaels-produced TV comedy *The Kids in the Hall*, takes no such chances.

Penelope Spheeris' sharper edge and sub-cultural savvy are sorely missed here. Not only did she place a vital check on some of Michaels' and Myers' more sophomoric inclinations; her long acquaintance with the intricacies of low-rent US teendom gave the first film a precision that precluded condescension. This high ideal has been lost in the quest to cash in on a guaranteed mass audience. So the soundtrack has none of the first film's endearingly desperate loser-attractions (does anybody remember Rhino Bucket?) – it's cast-iron radio certainties all the way.

There are still some good jokes – the foiling of Wayne and Garth's attempts to outwit the robotic order-taker at a drive-through restaurant is a particular highlight – but there are more bad ones, and the self-consciousness that was so funny first time around has lost some of its novelty. The "extreme close-up"s and "Exqueeze me"s are sounding a bit tired and the endless film-quotes, of which the one from *The Graduate* is only the lengthiest, seem to have been put there to fill up the space rather than for any merit of their own.

The real problem is that the success of the first film compromises Wayne and Garth's integrity as no-hoper spokesmen. Early on there are some promising attempts to make capital out of this, especially on our two heroes' trip to London – "I can't believe Paramount would spend all this money to fly us over to England" – but the effort is not sustained. Executive producer Howard W. Koch Jr told us what to expect: "This film has many fresh jokes and fresh areas of conflict for Wayne and Garth. For one thing, there are more girlfriends..."

In the first film, the irony in Wayne's rebuff to Cassandra's domineering father ("In our culture women are allowed to make their own decisions") would have felt intended. In the sequel, it's an insult. And not just because of the limited opportunities for self-expression the film allows Tia Carrere – "Hey, not bad for a little girl from Hong Kong!". The overall babe count is too high. The schwingometer is in the red zone.

What made the drooling chops with which Wayne and Garth approached the opposite sex funny in the first film was the fact that they were underdogs. Now that we know they are overdogs, the spectacle of Heather Locklear as herself, Drew Barrymore as lusty Scandinavian secretary Bjerger Kjergen and Kim Basinger as (I'm sorry but there's no getting around this) Honey Hornée, all queuing up to be leered at by them, is just plain demeaning. Basinger's role in particular would have made Benny Hill blush; she'd have been better off sticking it out in *Boxing Helena*.

Ben Thompson

TV FILM

Bambino Mio

United Kingdom/France 1994

Director: Edward Bennett

Distributor

BBCTV
Production Company
BBCTV
For Screen One
In association with
Hamster
Productions/France 2

Executive Producers

Richard Broke
France:
Sophie Ravard

Producer

Kenith Trodd
Associate Producer
Julie Scott

Production Associate

Venezuela:
Tony Redston

Production Managers

Patrick Millet
Jose Berger

Location Managers

Jonathan Crofts
Ximena Iribarren

Casting

Gail Stevens
Andy Pryor
Mamade

Assistant Directors

Paul Judges
Pip Short
Clare Nicholson
Simon Bird
Amy Sugdon

Screenplay

Colin Welland
Director of Photography

Chris Seager
In colour

Camera Operator

Nigel Willoughby
Graphic Designer

Iain Macdonald

Editor

Ken Pearce
Production Designer

Roger Cann
Art Directors

Michael Trevor
Chantal Giuliani

Jorge Sanchez

Music

Stephen Warbeck
Costume Design

Jackie Vernon

Costume Associates

Ginny Humphries
Kate O'Farrell

Gaynor Oldham

Make-up Design

Dorka Nieradzik

Dubbing Editors

Jane Greenwood
Ged Murphy
Sound Recordist
Richard Manton
Dubbing Mixer
Aad Wirtz

Cast

Julie Walters
Alice
Georges Corraface
Jean-Paul
John McArdle
Harry
Orlando Urdaneta
Luis
Sophia Diaz
Pilar
Sophie de la Rochefoucauld
Nicole

Mirlady Valcillo

Chico (Venezuela)

Jacob Scipio

Philippe Gonzalez

Chico (Europe)

Roger Bret

Priest

Marianne Borgo

Banker

Don Crann

Psychiatrist

Joy Richardson

Angela

James Staddon

Solicitor

Evelin Nava

Chico's Mother

Roberto Hernandez

Man in Market

Beatrice Athias

Airport Announcer

Katia Machado

Teresa

Veronica Roberts

David Michaels

Immigration Officers

Stella Maris

Maria

Dave Kent

David

Thomas Wheatley

Stuart Whittaker

Neville Phillips

Judge

8,000 feet
(at 25 fps)
84 minutes

France. Expatriate Alice, heavily pregnant at 40, is attending the funeral of her wealthy French husband when she suffers a miscarriage. Two years later, unable to have another child, she is investigating the possibility of adoption but, as she and her younger French boyfriend Jean-Paul don't want to be married, this looks impossible through ordinary channels. Her priest friend Harry raises her hopes when he tells her about a single woman who has adopted a child from Central America and puts her in touch with a lawyer, Luis, who charges \$10,000 for his services.

In London with her sister-in-law Nicole at her side, Alice obtains documents to facilitate the adoption: bank statements, a psychiatric assessment and a report from a social worker. She emerges as a perfect candidate. At a restaurant with Harry she finally gets the call telling her a suitable baby has been found. Alice and Jean-Paul travel



Another true story: Georges Corraface, Julie Walters

to a Central American country where Chico, a baby boy, is handed over to her unceremoniously at a hotel swimming pool by his poor mother. Alice immediately falls in love with Chico and urges Luis' wife Pilar to drive her to the shanty town where he was born. She leaves in horror after witnessing the horrendous conditions.

Luis tells her that the paperwork is delayed and Alice reluctantly agrees to go ahead home to prepare the house for Chico's arrival. But after a few weeks she receives a phone call informing her that Chico has died of an inherited infection. Alice is distraught but consoled by Jean-Paul who can't quite understand her enormous grief for a child she has only met briefly.

Encouraged by Harry, Alice eventually agrees to go through the trauma of trying to find another baby. Luis is successful and Alice and Jean-Paul fly to Orly airport to pick it up but almost miss the courier. Alice names the new child also Chico. On re-entry into the UK they are stopped by an unsympathetic immigration official and, as the paperwork is incomplete, are referred to the social services who eventually agree to support the adoption. Prompted by a phone call from Luis telling them that the authorities of his country no longer approve of adoption by unmarried couples, Alice and Jean-Paul are married.

Thinking they have jumped the last hurdle, they are surprised when government official Whittaker is assigned to their special case. Despite Jean-Paul losing his temper with Whittaker's inquisitiveness, a brief court hearing by a sympathetic judge finally legalizes the adoption. Alice is delighted and a few years later the family happily walk in the grounds of their French estate.

"I'm 42, I've got money, a beautiful house, a man who loves me and God knows I don't feel complete," cries Alice to a social worker who will judge whether she can be a fit mother to a Central American baby. She emerges with flying colours. For all the issues it potentially raises, above all *Bambino Mio*, subtitled a true story, is Alice's tale. Everyone else is relegated to a secondary position.

Writer Welland seems to have something to say about the politics and

implications of his protagonist's actions, but leaves most issues until the end of his film, when the audience has either become too involved with Alice's quest to care, or has given up on it becoming as interesting as the premise may have promised.

Much of the story's potential is left unexploited: the priest doesn't offer any interesting religious insight, while Alice's boyfriend never seems daunted by the fact that an initially casual relationship turns into a marriage with child in a matter of months. Often the telling of the story has a third-hand feel to it as only Alice convinces as a character.

The social workers lurking everywhere are, by turns, unreasonable and loving, going by the book or pulling strings as the story demands. It's as if several real-life characters have been reduced to a few fictional ones. The suggestion, late in the film, that Chico may have been snatched from his mother illegally is quickly brushed aside. Instead we are offered the philosophy that Chico will be better off in wealthy Europe than with his natural parents. Inevitably we are on Alice's side as she wins her battle. Interestingly enough, the child is referred to by everyone as 'he' long before 'he' turns out to be a boy.

Director Edward Bennett gives us hardly a moment to breathe: *Bambino Mio* is a very noisy film and rarely are we allowed to reflect for ourselves on the issues, as we face almost constant deliberation by the characters and tight, very conventional plotting. Stephen Warbeck's score fills the remaining interludes intrusively, thereby further reducing the scope for subtlety. However, excellent writing does occasionally shine through the film's basic superficiality – especially in a scene in which a blind social worker gets to hold Chico, the object of his decision.

His affection is probably the only indication that we are dealing with the future of a human being rather than just a wealthy woman's urge to satisfy her maternal instinct without considering the expense to others. If the ending nevertheless is moving, it is due to Julie Walters' performance rather than any satisfying moral conclusion.

Martin Wagner

TV FILM

The Bullion Boys

United Kingdom 1993

Director: Christopher Morahan

Distributor
BBCTV

Production Company
BBC

In association with
Mentorn Films
For Screen One

Executive Producers
Richard Broke
Tom Gutteridge

Producer
Christopher Morahan

Associate Producer
Alison Gilby

Location Operative Supervisor
Phil Baggarley

Location Manager
Crispin Buxton

Casting Adviser
Susie Bruffin

Assistant Directors
Brett Fallis
David Reid
Jamie Annett

Screenplay
Jim Hitchmough

From an idea by
Christopher Morahan

Director of Photography
Chris Seager

In colour

Graphic Designer
Michael Graham-Smith

Editor
Peter Coulson

Designer
Malcolm Thornton

Art Director
Brian Sykes

Music
Robert Lockhart

Costume Design
Amy Roberts

Make-up Design
Kezia De Winne

Dubbing Editors
Mike Feinberg

Jason Adams

Sound Recordist
Jim Greenhorn

Dubbing Mixer
Hugh Strain

Cast

David Jason
Billy Mac

Tim Pigott-Smith
Hubert

Brenda Blethyn
Gwen

Geoffrey Hutchings
Barton

Gorden Kaye
Mr Nickson

Noreen Kershaw
Mrs Mac

Neil Caple
Jacko

Colin Edwynn
Chips

Paul Angelis
Destry

Christopher Quinn
Adam

Stephen Lord
Alf

Bill Speed
Stan

David Pugh
Ivor

Antony Brown
Sir John Anderson

Stephen Hancock
Peters

Christopher Lang
Fredrickson

Susannah Corbett
Judith

Suzanne Hitchmough
Maureen

Ray Williams
Kenny

Stephen Hall
William

Jack Deam
Richard

Al Ashton
Barnstable

Gerry White
George

Tony Caron
Watson

Barbara Halliwell
Vi

Ken Sharrock
Arthur

James Culshaw
Greengrocer

Andrew Abrahams
Michael Strobel

Inspectors
Billy Moores
Driver

Rynagh O'Grady
Mrs O'Brien

Al T. Kossy
Pawnbroker

David Buckingham
Tony Pritchard

Heavies
Ifan Huw Dafydd
Carlos

Ralf Beck
German Captain

8,008 feet
(at 25 fps)
90 minutes

● Liverpool. Showing his great-grandson around the city, Billy Mac stops by a bank's commemorative plaque, and starts to reminisce. 1940. As a foreman on the docks, and occasional pilferer of cargo, Billy is well liked by his fellow workers. At the pub, he is approached by Ivor about a possible scam. The next evening he meets up with Hubert, a London spiv with plans to skim off the delivery of some of the Allies' gold reserves to a local bank. Initially dismissing the deal as too major-league, Billy eventually succumbs and starts to devise a plan. Meanwhile, all foreign mail is being checked. M.O.D. worker Gwen intercepts a card that details, in code, the incipient gold snatch; but her boss, Douglas Barton, is more interested in trying to seduce her.

The bank's vaults are 'cased' during a practice air raid and Ivor – now an ARP

warden – makes further visits and draws up a detailed floor plan. Billy and his men construct a roller system for switching the boxes. Despite being overseen by Mr. Nickson, the bank manager, they manage to substitute some bars with sandbags on the first two nights of deliveries. But Billy becomes suspicious of Hubert and follows him to Crewe, where he sees him signal out to sea. Back home, Ivor approaches Billy because Hubert has told him to place a thermostatically controlled bomb on a troop ship. Billy says he will take care of it, and summons his men to devise how to return the bars on the third delivery.

During the transfer of the gold (actually several cases of sandbags and a thermostatic bomb), the Nazis are suspicious and take Billy and his sidekick Jacko hostage. While Hubert is deciding whether to kill them, Billy produces a copy of a letter he has deposited with Mr. Nickson that will incriminate all involved. The bluff works, but Billy then discovers he has been paid with forged notes; solace comes in the form of a gold bar he sequestered as 'insurance'. Out at sea, the enemy sub explodes. In the present day, Billy and his great-grandson chat affectionately as they get into a chauffeur-driven limousine.

● The Liverpool of *The Bullion Boys* is Little England through Ealing eyes: safely past, gently told – probably too gently, but it's not so much the tale that counts as having already heard it, or something similar, thereby evoking cosy familiarity. That is not to malign such pleasures as Gorden Kaye's prissy Nickson, or the acme of Jack-the-lad-dery that is David Jason's Billy Mac. It's just that – as with watching a good impersonation – the pleasure comes from recognising what is absent. *The Bullion Boys* is a simulacrum of the British comedy film-as-was, elided with the period comedy nostalgia that is – such as *The Darling Buds of May*, *Allo! Allo!*, and *Goodnight Sweetheart*. It's 1940 in 1993, in content, style and values.

White-collar workers like Nickson and Barton pass through a world oblivious to what's really going on. The workers operate through and are accountable only to the community. As dispensers of Justice rather than owners of the Law, their low-level criminality becomes permissible, and even endearing, because they're not harming their brethren. By taking part in the robbery, however, they overstep self-regulation, becoming transgressively selfish as well as accessories to the Axis powers.

It's all cutely moralistic and lightly played, although the later scenes lack any possibility of doom, since Billy can hardly die in his own reminiscence. The only question is: why redo so anachronistically what has been well done before? It's the sort of indulgence that *Screen One* can afford. Time lends the qualifier of 'classic' in television lexicography and *The Bullion Boys* is designed to be old before the fact.

Paul Tarrago

TV FILM

The Railway Station Man

United Kingdom/USA 1993

Director: Michael Whyte

Distributor
BBCTV

Production Companies
Turner Pictures/
BBC Films
ForScreen 2

In association with The
First Film Company
Ltd/Sand Productions

Executive Producers
Llauren Joy Sand
Mark Shivas

Producers
Roger Randall-Cutler
BBC Films:
Andree Molyneux

Co-producer
Amanda Marmot

Associate Producer
Simon Mills

BBC Production Executive
Geoffrey Paget

Location Managers
Kate Power
Linda Buxton

Casting
John Hubbard
Ros Hubbard

Assistant Directors
Dermot Boyd
P.J. Simpson
John Spencer

Screenplay
Shelagh Delaney

Based on the novel
by Jennifer Johnston

Director of Photography
Bruno De Keyzer

In colour

Aerial Camera Operator
Adam Dale

Camera Operators
Dominique Pinto

2nd Unit:
Jeremy Gee

Steadicam Operator
John Ward

Editor
John Stohart

Production Designer
Tony Burrough

Art Director
David Walley

Special Effects
Ace Effects

Music
Richard Hartley

Songs
"All I Have To Do Is Dream" by Boudleaux Bryant, performed by The Everly Brothers; "Creole Love Call" by Duke Ellington, performed by Duke Ellington and his Famous Orchestra; "Tallahassie Lassie" by Frank Slay, Bob Crewe, Fred Picariello, performed by Freddy Cannon; "Music from *High Noon*" by Dimitri Tiomkin

Choreography
Lindsay Dolen

Costume Design
Dinah Collin

Make-up Design
Morag Ross
Ann Brodie
Kathy Carruth

Title Design
Linda Sherwood-Page

Opticals
Studio 51

Dubbing Editor
Helen Whitehead

ADR Engineer
Paul Whitmarsh

Sound Recordists
Clive Derbyshire
Malcolm Campbell

Music:
Phil Chapman

Dolby stereo

Consultant:
John Iles

Dubbing Mixer
John Hayward

Sound Effects Editor
Janet Lawson

Foley Artists
Pauline Griffiths
Jacky Austin
Jenny Lee-Wright

Stunt Co-ordinator
Gerry Crampton

Action Vehicle Co-ordinator
Tony Sankey

Stunts
Helen Caldwell
Driver:
Roy Alon

Stunt Doubles
Donald Sutherland:
Richard Hammatt

Armourer
Brian Halliday

Helicopter Pilot
Marc Wolff

Film Extract
High Noon (1952)

Cast

Julie Christie
Helen Cuffe

Donald Sutherland
Roger Hawthorne

John Lynch
Damien Sweeney

Frank MacCusker
Jack Cuffe

Mark Tandy
Manus Dempsey

Ingrid Craigie
Mary Heron

Niall Cusack
Father Quinlan

Maire Hastings
Mrs Sweeney

Peadar Lamb
Mr Hasson

Ann Callanan
Policewoman

Gary Walker
Policeman

John Craig
Young Jack

9,000 feet
(at 25 fps)
90 minutes

● Christmas, 1981. Helen Cuffe and her son Jack are at home in Derry when the police arrive and inform her that her husband has been mistakenly killed in a terrorist attack. Ten years later, she has moved to the Donegal coast and taken up painting. Jack, who prefers to be in Dublin, comes to see her occasionally. She cycles over to the deserted railway station, which is being restored by an



Cheap day return: Sutherland, Christie

American Vietnam vet, Roger Hawthorne, to see whether the newcomer needs anything. But he receives her in a surly manner. Roger goes to the pub where he meets Jack. Jack learns that his teenage enemy, Damian, is helping Roger with the station. Returning home, Jack argues with his mother about socialism and Republicanism. He goes to find Damian, who is unfriendly, and gives him a message from a certain Manus; it is clear that there is some terrorist involvement.

Roger sees Helen at a jumble sale and asks her to dance to an old record on the gramophone she is selling. He drives her to the sea and then home. He later returns to buy some of her pictures. Some time later, Damian sees her swimming naked in the sea. She is embarrassed but he takes off his own clothes and jumps in the sea, while she sketches him. Helen goes to see Roger's signal box. When she next sees him, she has started a series of pictures of Damian in the sea. He takes her out to celebrate. Jack brings home a friend, Manus, who wants Jack to help him to store guns in the outhouse by the railway station. Damian, who has disappeared, turns up at Helen's and tells her that Jack is involved with the IRA. Helen and Roger have dinner together and become lovers. But she leaves early the next morning and refuses to see him, saying she wants to paint. When she has finished, she visits him again. She refuses to marry him but they seem happy together.

One night, Jack and Manus lead a lorry full of arms up to the railway station. Jack is to keep his mother and Roger occupied while they unload the guns. Bursting into his mother's house, he finds the couple having oral sex. He becomes hysterical and Roger drives off. Suddenly realising that he must not let Roger get home, Jack follows him, shining his headlights at him. Blinded, Roger drives into the arms truck and Jack skids after him. They are both killed in the ensuing explosion. In voice-over, Helen reflects on her loss and continues painting.

● When a film sells itself on the reunion of a famous duo of screen lovers, it may be time to become suspicious. But the fact that *The Railway Station Man* is so determinedly low-key is to its advantage where the curiosity factor of the *Don't Look Now* Christie/Sutherland dynamic is concerned.

Nevertheless, the reunion certainly persuades the audience to engage in gossip of the "how do they look now?"/"what will they do together?" variety.

The answer to the second is simple: a couple of short bursts of 80s-influenced, propped-up coupling. The answer to the first is mixed. As an older woman, Christie lends no more weight to her performance than she ever did as a carefree Chelsea Girl. So she manages to pull off the almost irresponsible refusal of her solitary, artistic widow to deal with her grief or to act in a conventional fashion. She's as stunning as ever and it's easy to see why her son is frustrated with her for not being the kind of mother he wants. Just as it's easy to feel the understated sexual attraction Damian feels for her (comparing her with his own mother, catching her naked in the sea like a shy teenager) and her attraction to him that emerges through the romanticised nude paintings she does of him. It's symbolic of the relationships that Damian and Helen get naked together, which is more than Helen and Sutherland's Roger do.

If Christie has nothing to fear from the cameras, Sutherland is well disguised. Sporting no less than facial scarring, a false, hook arm, a gammy leg and a bizarrely fake orange mop of hair, he's the antithesis to the frisky Damian – a man who never takes his shirt off, not even in bed. But lest we find the idea of this too unappealing, Sutherland strides crookedly through the film like a lonesome hero, an odd-ball Gary Cooper, as the rather pointed clips of *High Noon* hint. If Helen has turned from real life to art, Roger too has found solitary pleasure in making machinery work. His, and our, satisfaction in the link between the levers in his signal box and the arm he carefully removes and repairs is palpable. And any sexual symbolism it may bring to mind is just more grist to the mill.

But that is all sublimation. The film in front of the viewer is a different matter, and a less engaging one. One moment, Helen is making hysterically naive remarks to her son about terrorism. Soon after, she is calmly receiving the news that her son is one of these terrorists. Although we get a strong idea of Helen's refusal to engage with the world, we have to rely on what she says about herself in voice-over to get anywhere near her. In the same way, there's no sense of how Sutherland's grumpy railway restorer unbends and unwinds as he falls in love. To her credit, writer Shelagh Delaney counterpoints the two romantic relationships by focusing obstinately on the harsh ideology of pure politics, seen mainly through Jack's sneering friend Manus. But, as with Helen and Roger, he's never allowed even to get close to being more than he seems.

What leaves the deepest impression is the extraordinary, bleakly beautiful Donegal setting, which adds volumes to the way we see the film's strong, self-imposed exiles from the normative context of society. But it's not quite enough. Unable to convince us by their passion or obsessions, and guided by a predictable narrative, the lonely souls disappear, too often, in pat fabrication.

Amanda Lipman

TV FILM

Wall of Silence

United Kingdom 1993

Director: Philip Saville

Distributor

BBCTV
Production Company
BBC Screen One
In association with
Alomo Productions
Executive Producers
Richard Broke
Allan McKeown
Joanna Willett
Producers
Sheryl Crown
Derek Nelson

Associate Producer

Joanna Gueritz
Production Managers
Terence Banks
Kate Power

Casting

Ann Fielden
Assistant Directors
Paul Judges
Clare Nicholson
Peggy Mackenzie

Screenplay

Laurence Marks
Maurice Gran

Director of Photography

John Kenway
In colour
Visual Effects Designer
Mike Kelt

Editor

Sue Wyatt
Production Designer
Don Taylor

Music

Barrington Pheloung
Costume Design
Dinah Collin

Make-up

Suzan Broad
Françoise Cresson
Kim Burns

Sound Editor

Ged Murphy
Sound Recordists
Peter Maxwell
Simon Bishop

Stunt Co-ordinator

Gareth Milne

Cast

Bill Paterson
PC Howard Mullen
John Bowe
DCI Percy Reynolds
Warren Mitchell
Shmuel Singer
Juliette Caton
Rifka Klein
Timothy Busfield
Ephraim Lipschitz
Adrienne Ventura
WPCGander
Brian Bovell
DS Ibbotsen
Suzanne Bertish
Rosa Klein
Tusse Silberg
Esther Singer
Marcia Tucker
Woman at Door
Helen Kluger
Shoshonna Wilshonsky
Harry Landis
Moishe Smelker
Clive Panto
Dov Rosengarten
Ken Bones
John Kavanagh
Jonathan Deverall
Levi Singer
Saul Reichlin
David Guntzman
Jack Klaff
Yossel Wilshonsky
Brigitte Kahn
Mouth
Morgan Johnson
Black Youth
Tom Delmar
Gabe Cronnelly
Policemen
Iris Russell
Lady Halstead
Thelma Ruby
Mrs Danziger
Adrian Neil
Mr Lester
Diana Brooks
Shmuel's Secretary
Sheila Tait
Christine Mullen
Sharon McKevitt
Nurse

8,008 feet
(at 25 fps)
90 minutes

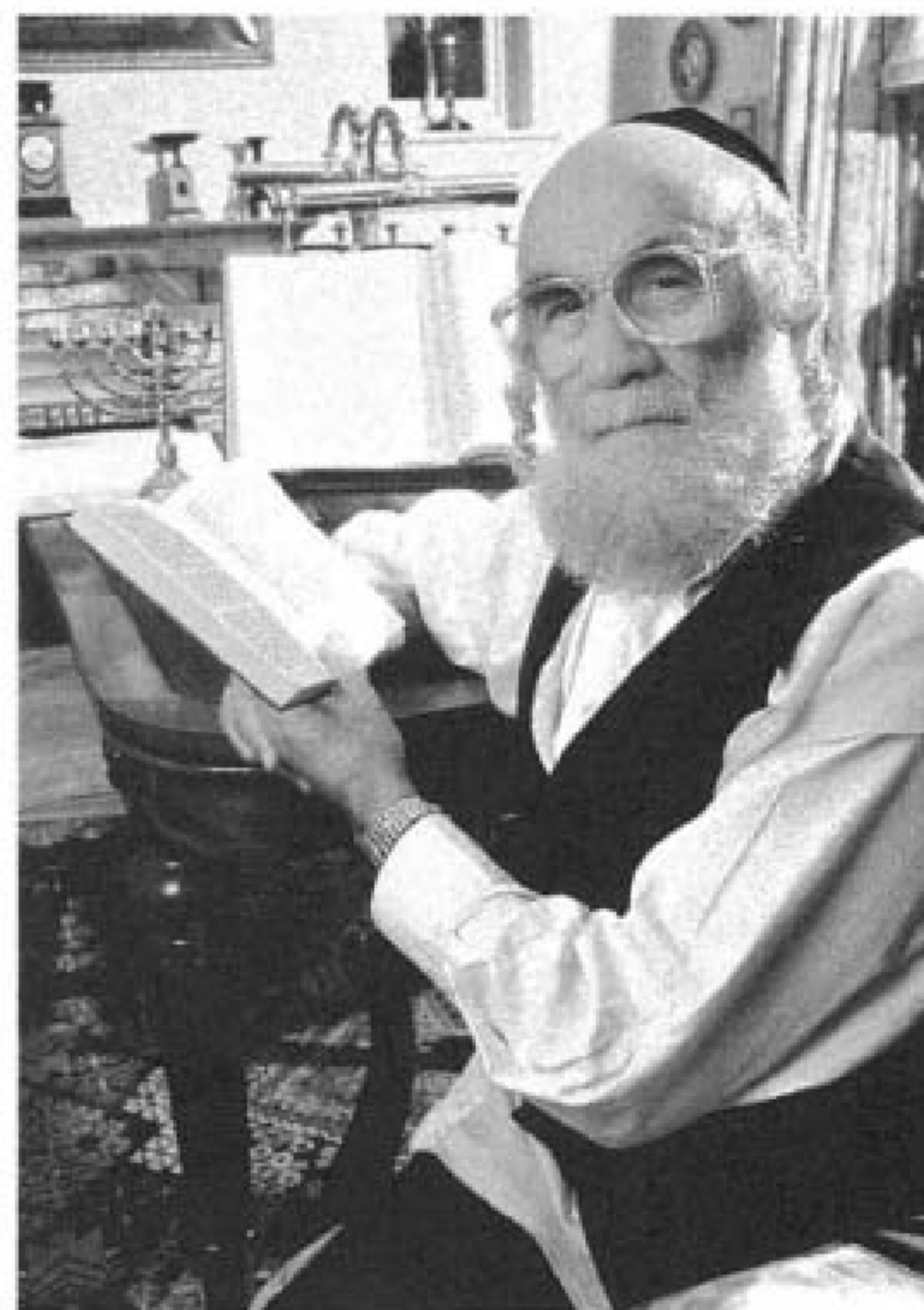
When the body of a North London kosher butcher is found dumped in the boot of a car daubed with Nazi slogans, DCI Percy Reynolds believes that he has an anti-semitic murder on his hands. But local PC Howard Mullen, who has the benefit of intimate knowledge of the close-knit Hassidic community, knows that Klein was murdered in the executionary manner set down for informers by ancient Judaic lore and believes that the murder must have been committed within the community. Mullen's secret Hassidic contacts alert him to a connection with the forthcoming Passover speeches that the Chief Rabbis will be making. Klein, the murdered man, had just returned from a meeting with a rabbi in New York and may have intended to leak important information from the speech.

Mullen's contact, Dov Rosengarten, discovers that the dead man's brother-in-law Shmuel Singer has a letter proving that Klein had no such intention, but Rosengarten is murdered before he can convey this news to Mullen. When

rumours that the Rabbi intends to make a speech condemning the State of Israel reach Mullen, he realises that premature news of this would have endangered the Rabbi's life and sees a viable and likely motive for the murder of Klein by members of the Rabbi's sect. The CIA, alarmed by these possibilities, send a replacement spy to the UK (Rosengarten, it transpires, was a CIA agent). The new agent, Ephraim Lipschitz, gains entry to the community as a Hassidic printer seeking an English wife and is swiftly introduced to the murdered man's daughter, Rifka Klein, from whom he gains crucial information about the political schisms surrounding her father's murder. Lipschitz suspects that Yossel Wilshonsky, a Russian Hassidic Jew who opposed the State of Israel – and would therefore have wanted to prevent Klein from leaking the Rabbi's speech – is the true murderer. Lipschitz has Yossel kidnapped and sent back to the USA for questioning.

Meanwhile Esther Singer, the dead man's sister-in-law, is found unconscious on the London Underground with a fractured skull. Visited by Rifka in hospital, Esther confesses the truth: it was her husband Shmuel Singer who murdered Rifka's father because he had threatened to tell the Chief Rabbi that Singer was beating her. PC Mullen goes to warn Lipschitz that he has caught the wrong man but walks into a trap laid by Singer and is brutally beaten. Lipschitz walks into a second murder trap laid by Singer but escapes alive to learn the truth about the murders from Rifka (now his fiancée). Lipschitz abandons his fake Hassidic identity and prepares to leave for Israel. Miserable at having to leave Rifka, he is ecstatic when she arrives unexpectedly at the airport to accompany him.

In hands less experienced than Marks and Gran, the dense plot of *Wall of Silence* might have weathered badly. Director Philip Saville never loses control over the many complicated strands: he trims his *mise en scène* down to the basic elements needed to keep the plot moving and his direction is expertly focused – sometimes too focused. Saville adheres tightly to the old and established TV direction for-



Enough already: Warren Mitchell

mula of point-of-view mid-shots and their reverses, which *Screen One* offers the chance to escape; but then this narrative has little room for manoeuvre.

Each scene is crammed with pointed clues and twists in the plot that outrank any Hollywood political thriller. The narrative deftly swoops from the heights of the CIA and the security of the Israeli State to domestic brutality in the depths of Stamford Hill, petrol bombing of 'National Movement' meetings and midnight joy-riding in London's backstreets, and one's imagination performs a series of categorical mind-leaps to take in such news as that the CIA have agents within the Hassidic community.

Equivocating in its identity as a political thriller, domestic drama and realist documentation of racist London in the 90s, the film's obvious anxiety to get across the fact that the Jewish community in London lives in a hostile environment fronted by the British Movement and silently backed by successive Labour and Tory governments for decades read like uncomfortably P.C. footnotes in a film which is worrying in its larger implications. For the impression left of the Hassidic community by *Wall of Silence* is not a good one. It is associated with domestic violence, conspiracy and murder. Television is a political and extremely powerful medium which appropriates the right to define cultural identities, this will define most non-Hassidic British people's vision of the community.

But perhaps the worst stereotyping lies in loose-lipped, aggressive and promotion-gearred Detective Chief Inspector Reynolds and his good community police constable Mullen whose extent of knowledge of ancient Judaic lore and current political schisms in the international Jewish community is almost incredible. PC Mullen outshines any advert the police forces might have for their commitment to anti-racism and upholds that great tradition in British TV of detectives and officers whose commitment to the law lies in their heart rather than the official rules of the game (*The Sweeney*, *Inspector Morse*, *Heartbeat* and *The Bill*).

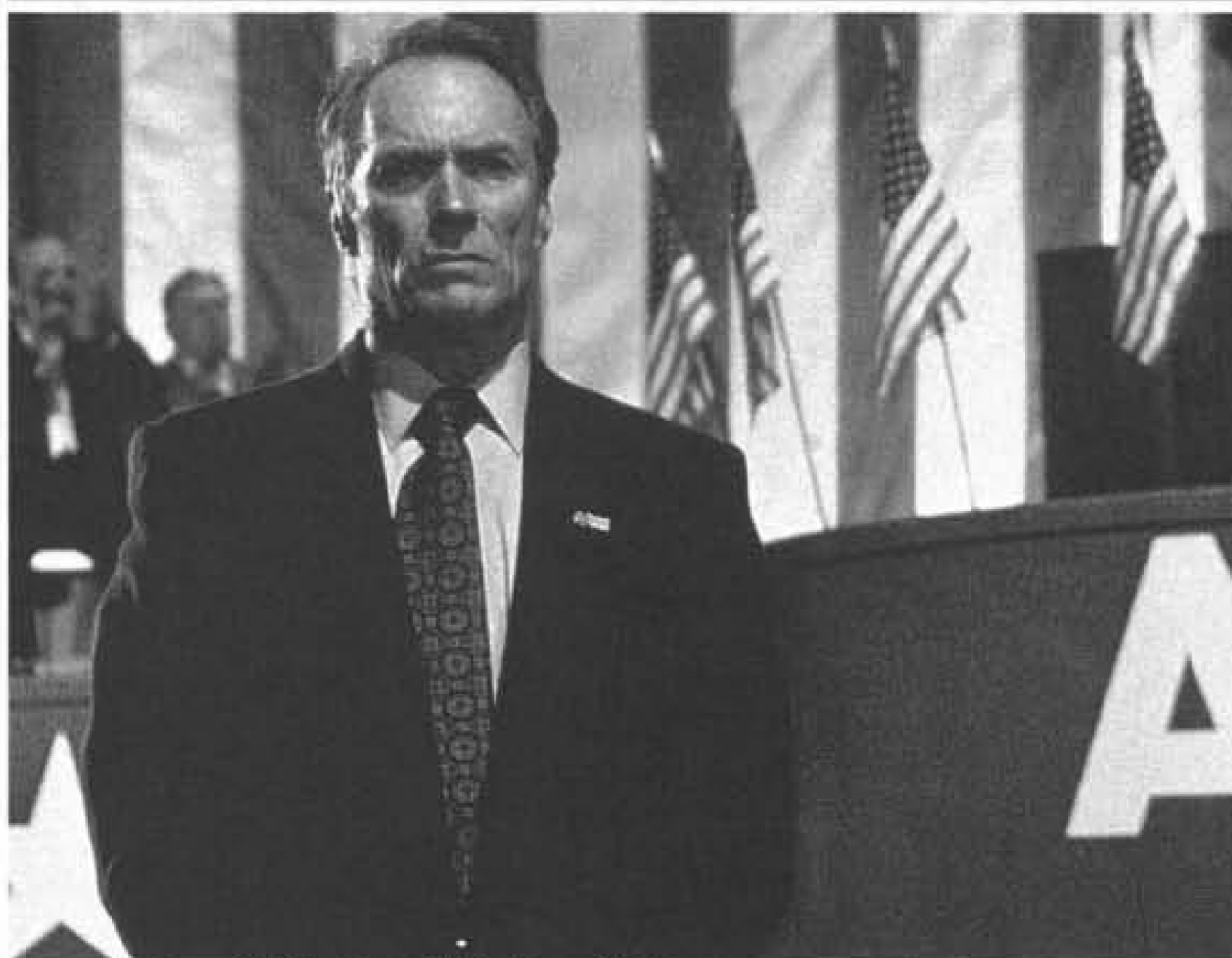
Without Bill Patterson in the role, PC Mullen might have been a mere pastiche; but his distanced distaste for the opinions and methods of some of his colleagues brings an unspoken depth to a screenplay which is heavy on dialogue but lean on action. Credit too goes to Jack Klaff, who commands an unusually strong screen presence as the Russian trader Yossel Wilshonsky, Timothy Busfield (of *thirtysomething*) and Warren Mitchell. Harry Landis and Suzanne Bertish bring a beautifully reticent and sensitive acting to their smaller roles. But the acting can't make the film. *Wall of Silence* ultimately loses itself in a melodrama of fantastic conspiracies and coincidences that can only have been conceived to guarantee a commission from bored editors at the Beeb, looking to win that sparkle of difference that keeps the BBC from completely losing the ratings battle.

Emily Caston

VIDEO

Mark Kermode and Peter Dean highlight their ten video choices of the month and overleaf review, respectively, the rest of the rental and retail releases

VIDEO CHOICE



Boys will be boys: Clint Eastwood 'In the Line of Fire'

In the Line of Fire

Director Wolfgang Petersen/USA 1993

Thirty years ago secret service agent Frank Horrigan (Clint Eastwood) failed to prevent the assassination of JFK and has been haunted by the catastrophe ever since. Horrigan is offered the chance to redeem himself when latter-day psycho Mitch Leary (John Malkovich, in excellent form) engages him in a deadly game whereby he dares Horrigan to stop him from gunning down the current

president. Firmly anchored by the structural sturdiness of Jeff Maguire's script, this riveting thriller allows Petersen to indulge his unique visual aesthetic while for once keeping to a coherent narrative. Underlying themes of loyalty, betrayal and sacrifice are touched on, but the primary thrust is linear as the action races towards its nail-biting denouement. Top quality thrills and spills. (S&S September 1993)

● Rental; Columbia TriStar CVT 19668; Certificate 15

The Fugitive

Director Andrew Davis/USA 1993

A gripping action-adventure inspired by the 60s cult TV series of the same name. Returning home one evening Dr Richard Kimble (Harrison Ford) finds that his wife has been murdered by a one-armed man (David Lynch's *Twin Peaks* also borrowed this character from the TV series). Wrongly convicted of the killing, the doctor escapes captivity and, pursued by the law, goes in search of the true culprit. Harrison Ford cruises through the piece, but it is the electrifying presence of Tommy Lee Jones as deputy marshal Sam Gerard that carries the film. Davis directs with economic flair (despite the lengthy running time) and the train-truck collision rivals *Alive's* legendary plane-crash scene for gut-churning thrills.

(S&S October 1993)

● Rental; Warner VO 12408; Certificate 15



A hasty retreat: Harrison Ford 'The Fugitive'



Not of this world: Chris Marker's 'La Jetée'

La Jetée (The Pier)

Director Chris Marker/France 1962

This short, experimental 'photo-roman' stays with you long after its 29 minutes are over. Using black-and-white still photographs, a narrator in English tells the story of a boy who is bewitched by a woman he sees at Orly airport. The film then moves to the future where World War III has reduced Paris to rubble and its survivors to subterraneans who try to return to the pre-holocaust world through time travel. The grown-up boy becomes a key figure in the quest to escape back in time because of his deep attachment to the past through the

woman. Marker's only fictional work to date is an often witty discourse about the nature of time, space and cinema that resembles a structuralist version of *Back to the Future*. The combination of sci-fi plot, still images and a structure normally associated with a teen-photo love story is unique. The philosophising about the ability to travel through time is haunting while the one point where the photos turn momentarily into moving images may make the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. A key film in understanding Marker's subsequent work. (MFB No. 378)

● Retail; Academy CAV 003; Price £9.99; B/W; Certificate PG

Sans soleil (Sunless)

Director Chris Marker/France 1982

Marker returns to his epistolary form in triumphant fashion in this enigmatic and haunting collage of images and anthropological/socio-political musings. The film's structure centres on a series of letters written by an imaginary cameraman to a woman who is the film's narrator. Seemingly unconnected images and observations, particularly about life in Japan, create meaning through montage and visual rhymes. For example, the narrator comments "He wrote, 'The more you watch Japanese television, the more you get the feeling it's watching you'" – accompanied by fast-edited images of people staring directly into the camera. This also refers to a previous observation in the film, "Have you thought of anything more stupid than what they teach you at film school, to not look straight at the camera," which is accompanied by shots of African people staring blankly at the camera. The end result is like *Koyaanisqatsi* re-made by a philosopher. It's quite hallucinatory and way ahead of its time. (MFB No. 606)

● Retail; Academy CAV 001; Price £15.99; Certificate 15



'Sans soleil'



Steve Buscemi, Seymour Cassel: 'In the Soup'

In the Soup

Director Alexandre Rockwell/USA 1992

The winner of the 1992 Sundance Festival Grand Jury Prize, Rockwell's satirical tale of a director's struggle to get his first film made was sadly ignored on its theatrical release. Steve Buscemi stars as tortured artist Aldolpho who sells his soul to producer-cum-gangster Joe (Seymour Cassel). Aldolpho wants to make a surreal art movie about Nietzsche, desolation and ping-pong balls, but Joe prefers something a little more uptempo. For financial reasons Rockwell shot this on colour stock which he then developed in black and white, his intended format. For its rental release, however, Tartan have produced a more commercial colour print, although the subsequent sell-through release will be in monochrome. Purists may squirm, but anything that gets *In the Soup* a wider audience must be good. The script is witty and blackly comic, Buscemi is a joy, and cameos from such notables as Jim Jarmusch (appearing as the director of a naked chat show) add cult potential. Up there with *The Big Picture* as an undiscovered Hollywood lid-lifter. (S&S November 1993)

● Rental; Tartan Video TVT 1135; Certificate 15

The Tune

Director Bill Plympton/USA 1992

Feature length animation which kicks off a series of alternative animated features on the Tartan label. Songwriter Del has 47 minutes in which to come up with a hit for his ogre of a boss Mr Mega, or else he will be fired. Trying to find inspiration en route to the chief's office he is side-tracked by various singing characters including a lonesome waitress and an Elvis-impersonating dog. The animation metamorphoses are fascinating, in particular the transformation of a guru's head into a zoo. Although Plympton's brain-scrambling images work best in short bursts (the project resembles a compilation of shorts set to music), it's refreshing that the film is getting a release of some sort in this country. It's a reflection of today's distribution problems that a film as witty and intelligent as *The Tune* is denied a big screen release.

● Retail; Tartan Video TVT 1124; Price £15.99; Certificate PG; 80 minutes; Animator Bill Plympton; Screenplay Bill Plympton, P.C. Vey, Maureen McElheron; Voices Daniel Neiden, Maureen McElheron, Mary Nelson, Chris Hoffman



Alternative animation: 'The Tune'



Beauty and the beasts: Rita Hayworth star of 'Gilda'

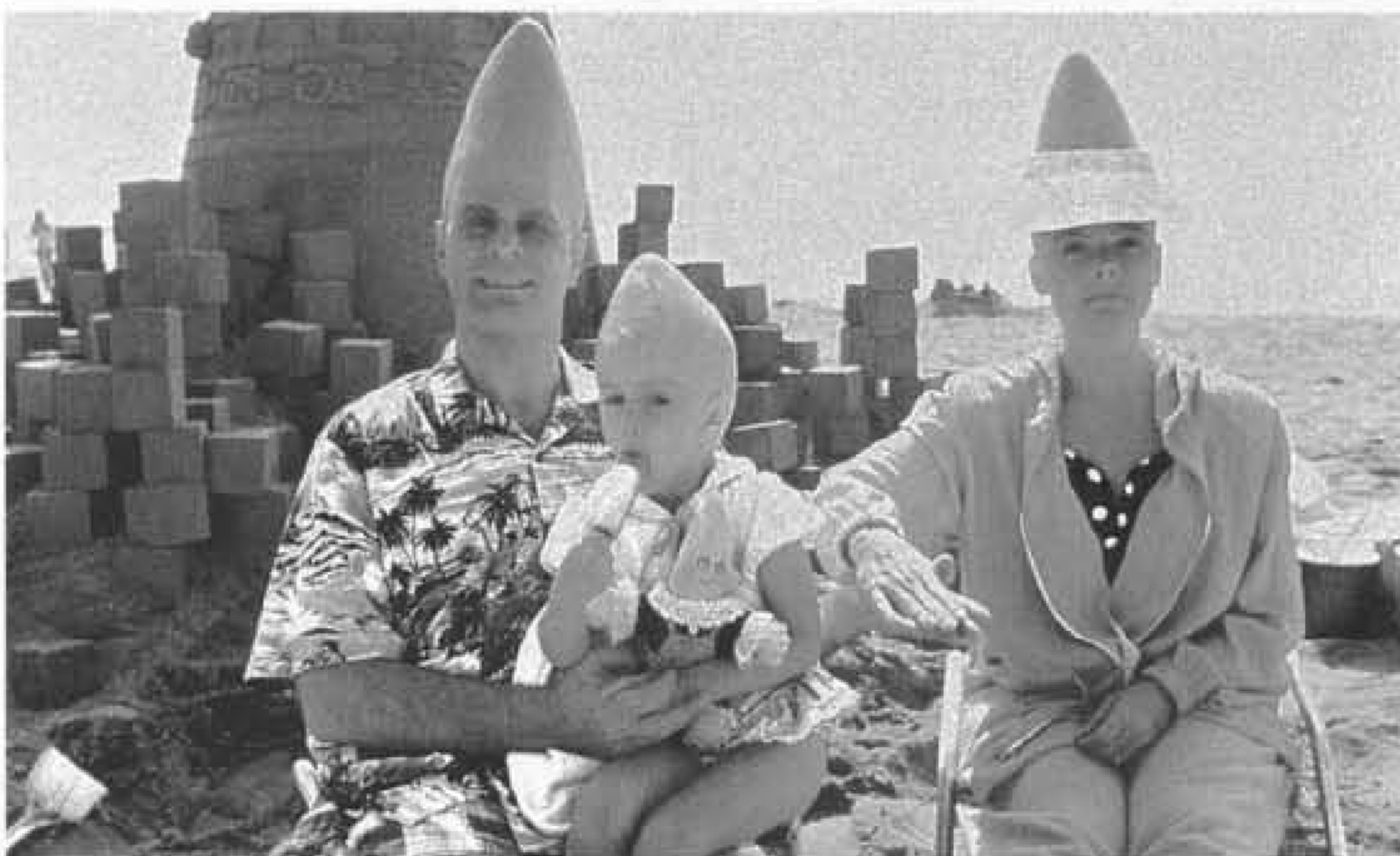
Gilda

Director Charles Vidor/USA 1946

American gambler Johnny Farrell's (Glenn Ford) managership of a Buenos Aires casino is threatened when the new wife of owner Mundson (George Macready) turns out to be his ex-girlfriend Gilda (Rita Hayworth). Like *Notorious*, *Gilda* was made just after World War II, and features a silly subplot involving Germans and an obscure mineral, but has a script that crackles with enough sexual energy to fry a full English breakfast. Although the ending is transparent, with Gilda's get-out clause being that her promiscuity was faked so as to win Farrell back, the film is full of glorious innuendoes. "Are you decent Gilda?" Macready asks, "Sure I'm decent,"

Hayworth purrs. Also hysterical is the way in which Ford withers in her presence. The film is at its best after Gilda's entrance when Farrell's motivations are ambiguous and the twisted *menage à trois* starts to work its tensions out in cryptic dialogue. Contrary to what the three leads claim – that they have no past, only futures – they are weighed down by their past and, ostensibly at least, are as wicked and bitter as all the other characters. In this era of erotic thrillers it is interesting to note how sexy *Gilda* still is. In particular, Hayworth's performance is better than anything which passes for vampish these days. Sharon Stone eat your heart out. (MFB No. 148)

● Retail; Columbia TriStar CVR 10255; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate PG



All non-American family: Dan Aykroyd and Jane Curtin in 'The Coneheads'

Coneheads

Director Steve Barron/USA 1993

Although heavily publicised here last year, this moderate US theatrical success missed out on a UK cinema release, presumably due to fears that its humour wouldn't travel. Like *Wayne's World*, *Coneheads* is a *Saturday Night Live* spin-off which takes quick-fire verbal snipes at American culture. Beldar (Dan Aykroyd) and Prymaat (Jane Curtin) are conical-craniumed alien emissaries temporarily stranded on earth prior to a planned invasion. As with the underrated *Meet the Applegates* (to which this owes a debt) the satire stems from the aliens' attempts to

replicate and blend in with human culture. While some of the gags hit home (tips on life from cabbies for example) the movie's structure is flabby and much of the word-play indecipherable. Despite the obvious comic potential of Aykroyd's role, Michael McKean steals the show as an immigration officer from hell concerned only with the aliens' attempts to gain illegal employment. Patchy but not without merit.

● Rental; CIC VHB 2788; Certificate PG; 82 minutes; Producer Lorne Michaels; Screenplay Tom Davis, Dan Aykroyd, Bonnie Turner, Terry Turner; Lead Actors Dan Aykroyd, Jane Curtin, Laraine Newman, Phil Hartman, Michael McKean

Slaughter of the Innocents

Director James Glickenhaus/USA 1993

This film is worthy of note as a strong example of how at odds British censorship law is with the rest of the world. According to its director, the audience for this bizarre serial killer/kids' adventure hybrid is young teenagers, who he believes can "think about and deal with the issues in the film." Glickenhaus' Stateside philosophy is clearly out of step with British censorship – some examples include an early scene depicting the execution of a condemned prisoner, conversations about serial killers' semen and Gabe Bartalos' horrifying special effects. *Slaughter* is clearly adult fare yet, aiming at a younger US audience, Glickenhaus melds the gruesome elements with a risible escapist *Boys' Own* narrative in which a kid with a computer outwits the intelligence service and tracks down a maniac. The final scene involving a mountain and a huge ark is impressive, but overall the translation problem from US to UK audiences is worse than those besetting a foreign language film.

● Rental; EVV 1251; Certificate 18; 99 minutes; Producer Frank K. Isaac; Screenplay James Glickenhaus; Lead Actors Scott Glenn, Jesse Cameron-Glickenhaus, Sheila Tousey, Zitto Kazanin



Lonesome gangster: Alain Delon

Le Samourai

Director Jean-Pierre Melville/France 1967

The complete version of Melville's classic gangster film shot in steely blues and greys, with little dialogue and a meticulous eye for detail. Jef Costello (Alain Delon) is a hired killer who shoots dead the manager of a club, believing his alibi to be watertight. Pursued by suspicious cops and double-crossing employers who try to kill him, Jef remains highly principled in a cold, solitary fashion. Noteworthy is the caged bird he keeps in his sparse apartment, whose song creates both an eerie ambience in the absence of incidental music and also serves as a fitting metaphor for his isolated and trapped existence. (S&S September 1993)

● Rental; Artificial Eye Art 083; Price £15.99; Widescreen; Subtitles; Certificate PG

Reviews in Monthly Film Bulletin and Sight and Sound are cited in parentheses. A retail video that has previously been reviewed in the rental section will be listed only and the film review reference given. The term ‘Premiere’ refers to a film that has had no prior UK theatrical release and is debuting on video.  denotes closed captioning facility

Rental

Blood In, Blood Out

Director Taylor Hackford; USA 1993; Hollywood Pictures D915222; Certificate 18
There are moments of powerful physical and emotional violence in this tale of Chicano sub-culture set in LA, as half-caste hero Miklo (Damian Chapa) rises to prominence in prison while his friends outside turn variously to drugs and law enforcement. Unlike Edward James Olmos’ *American Me*, which covered much the same ground in under two hours, Hackford seems to equate quality with length, and sadly the forceful set-pieces are lost amid the unwieldy three-hour narrative. A shame, since there is a great 100-minute movie in there. (S&S October 1993)

Boiling Point

Director James B. Harris; USA 1993; Guild 8732; Certificate 15
Wesley Snipes and Dennis Hopper head this enjoyable action-thriller-cum-black comedy. A treasury agent (Snipes) swears vengeance for the murder of his partner by evil crook Hopper. Not very original but plenty of muscle-flexing fun and seething one-liners. (S&S November 1993)

Closeto Eden

Director Sidney Lumet; USA 1992; Columbia TriStar CVT 13776; Certificate 15
Ludicrous nonsense originally titled *A Stranger Among Us*, but more appropriately dubbed “Vitness” by scathing American critics. Goy cop Melanie Griffith goes undercover in New York’s Hasidic community in search of a killer. Initially useless (“Camps? What camps?”), she is soon eating chicken soup and attempting to seduce young rabbis. (S&S June 1993)

Hard-Boiled

Director John Woo; Hong Kong 1992; Tartan Video TVT 1120; Certificate 18
Following the breakthrough international success of *The Killer*, *Hard-Boiled* is something of a disappointment. After a jaw-dropping opening shoot-out, Woo merely cranks up the levels of violence, creating a rather monotonous passage towards a hospital-bound climax. Tony Leung and Chow Yun-Fat are engaging leads, representing two sides of a divided soul, but western audiences may find the dramatic overkill impenetrable. The video release has been dubbed into English. (S&S October 1993)

Innocent Blood

Director John Landis; USA 1992; Warner V012570; Certificate 18
A toothless latter-day vampire tale, lacking the gritty horror and satirical bite of *An American Werewolf in London*. Bloodsucker Marie (Anne Parillaud) prowls the streets of Pittsburgh preying on mobsters and villains. When one of her dishes (the excellent Robert Loggia)

escapes her table, a new breed of eternal enemy is born. Occasional moments of effective gore add spice, but overall a bland offering. (S&S August 1993)

Made in America

Director Richard Benjamin; USA 1993; Warner V012652; Certificate 15
Not as rotten as it sounds, this cross-breed farce benefits from a lively performance by Ted Danson and an uncharacteristically bearable performance from Whoopi Goldberg. A black girl attempts to locate her sperm-donor father and discovers to her surprise that he is in fact a white car salesman. (S&S August 1993)

El Mariachi

Director Robert Rodriguez; USA 1992; 20.20 Vision NVT 19871; Subtitles; Certificate 15
A delightful low-budget oddity, funded (apparently) by writer-director Rodriguez selling his body to medical science. A young musician is mistaken for a gun-toting gangster recently sprung from prison and becomes involved in an escalating feud. Sparkling and witty. (S&S September 1993)

Much Ado About Nothing

Director Kenneth Branagh; UK 1993; EV EVV 1272; Certificate PG



Emma Thompson, Kenneth Branagh

A lusty and vibrant adaptation of Shakespeare’s comedy which makes a relatively successful pitch for mainstream acceptability. Kenneth Branagh and Emma Thompson head an uneven cast which includes such transatlantic notables as Denzel Washington, Michael Keaton and even Keanu Reeves. Popular but effective. (S&S September 1993)

The Night We Never Met

Director Warren Leight; USA 1993; Guild G8731; Certificate 15
A frisky but flawed romantic comedy in which likeable couple Matthew Broderick and Annabella Sciorra fall in love without meeting. Kevin Anderson provides the catalyst when he rents his Greenwich Village apartment to the pair on a time-share basis. Broderick sports a mature beard throughout, although the video sleeve depicts him as a clean-shaven youth (as did cinema ads). (S&S October 1993)

Sliver

Director Phillip Noyce; USA 1993; CIC VHB 2782; Certificate 18
A tepid addition to the ‘erotic thriller’ genre lacking the sparkle, sass and sexiness of its straight-to-video predecessors. Sharon Stone moves into an apartment block secretly wired for sound and vision by photophilic Alec Baldwin. Questions abound; did he watch and kill the previous tenant? Has Sharon Stone got career potential beyond *Basic Instinct 2*? (S&S September 1993)

Rental Premiere

All Tied Up

Director John Mark Robinson; USA 1992; Columbia TriStar CVT 20732; Certificate 15; 86 minutes; Producer Isabella Mula; Screenplay Robert Madero, I. Markie Lane; Lead Actors Zach Galligan, Teri Hatcher, Lara Harris, Tracy Griffith
The ‘racy’ cover and potentially sleazy premise of this film sadly shroud an average, well-behaved teen comedy. Zach Galligan is bound and gagged by his fiancée after failing to curb his lascivious appetites.

Black Belt

Director Charles Phillip Moore; USA 1992, Imperial Entertainment IMP138; Certificate 18; 84 minutes; Producer Mike Elliott; Screenplay Charles Phillip Moore; Lead Actors, Don “The Dragon” Wilson, Richard Beymer, Alan Blumenfeld, Bad Brad Hefton
A surprisingly bloody exploitation vehicle from Roger Corman’s Concorde company. Ex-cop Don Wilson is hired to guard a pop singer after she receives severed fingers in the post from a mother-obsessed madman (Hefton). The opening sequence where a prostitute is killed has been clumsily cut, but is still pretty tasteless and the rest of the film features impact wounds and limb-ripping aplenty. Wilson is watchable, but top marks go to Hefton who excels in his role as the psycho mother fucker Wilson has to stop.

Death Wish 5: The Face of Death

Director Allan Goldstein; USA/Canada 1993; Guild 8708; Certificate 18; 90 minutes; Producer Damian Lee; Screenplay Stephen Peters; Lead Actors Charles Bronson, Lesley-Anne Down, Michael Parks, Saul Rubinek, Ken Welsh
When his fiancée is murdered by her gangster ex-husband, Paul Kersey (Bronson) goes on a vengeful rampage. Unimaginative exploitation fodder that is vicious and cynical – a catalogue of woe followed by violent retributions which the audience is encouraged to enjoy. Bronson was impressive in *The Indian Runner* but here revives a role he has outlived. Worryingly, Goldstein directs with sadistic flair – the camera lingering on bottle-smashed faces, ‘humorous’ chokings and rather nasty tortures.

Emmanuelle Forever

Director Francis Leroy; France/USA 1993; Reflective CER 001; Certificate 18; 89 minutes; Producer Alain Siritzky; Screenplay Jean-Marc Vasseur; Lead Actors Sylvia Kristel, Marcella Walerstein, George Lazenby
On a plane journey a lithe young woman reveals to an understandably bemused man that she is his ex-lover, possessed of shape-changing powers after a session in a Tibetan monastery. Oldies Sylvia Kristel and George Lazenby plod through the explanatory verbal material while Marcella Walerstein does the physical honours in a series of surprisingly explicit sexual romps.

Good Cop, Bad Cop

Director David A. Prior; USA 1993; Medusa MO 405; Certificate 18; 88 minutes; Producer David Winters; Screenplay David A. Prior; Lead Actors David Keith, Robert Hays,

Pamela Anderson, Stacy Keach
Wacko bounty hunter Mace (Keith) teams up with a lovable hooker (Anderson) and a framed suspect (Hays) when the daughter of a political top-dog is murdered. Prior’s action-comedy features another sterling performance by David Keith, who is far better than the film, but Hays and *Baywatch* star Anderson are unremarkable. The shoot-outs and chases are efficient but unoriginal.

The Hidden II

Director Seth Pinsker; USA 1993; PolyGram Video PG 1010; Certificate 18; 90 minutes; Producers Michael Meltzer, David Helpern; Screenplay Seth Pinsker; Lead Actors Raphael Sbarge, Kate Hodge
The opening of this sequel comprises the climactic scenes from the remarkable and ingenious sci-fi *The Hidden* – the subsequent material is not without interest but pales by comparison. An alien cocoon grows in an abandoned freighter which has been turned into a nightclub, and only the surviving ‘enforcer’ and his human associate can prevent its spawning. The script offers some intriguing conversations between alien and earthling about the irresistible lure of physical pleasures and the special effects are enjoyably rubbery.

The Hit List

Director William Webb; USA 1993; EV EVV 1279; Certificate 18; 93 minutes; Producer William Webb; Screenplay Reed Steiner; Lead Actors Jeff Fahey, Yancy Butler, James Coburn
A convoluted thriller packed with enough double-crossing and plot twists to leave you confused. Government assassin Jeff Fahey is hired by glamorous widow Yancy Butler to eliminate a troublesome associate and is subsequently caught up in political intrigue. Webb’s direction conveys an engrossing air of mystery and shows evidence of a growing visual talent – the final violent tableau is particularly impressive.

Streetwise

Director Rafa Zelinski; USA 1993; EV EVV 1257; Certificate 18; 96 minutes; Producer Donald P. Borchers; Screenplay Robert Vincent O’Neil, Allen Castle, Donald P. Borchers; Lead Actors C. Thomas Howell, Renee Humphrey
“It’s sick!” declares hard-nosed cop C. Thomas Howell as he drags hopeful young dancer Renee Humphrey from the sleaze-pits of LA’s underbelly. But while Howell rails against vice and depravity, director Zelinski wallows in its titillating potential – strip-clubs and exotic brothels provide eye-catching background decor. Howell’s youthful looks undermine the supposedly dangerous tension between him and the ‘underage’ Humphrey. Too clean to be good filth and too exploitative to be morally ‘clean’.

Troubleshooters Trapped Beneath the Earth

Director Bradford May; USA 1993; CIC VHA 1667; Certificate PG; 88 minutes; Producer Ted Kurdyla; Screenplay Michael Pavone, Dave Alan Johnson; Lead Actors Kris Kristofferson, David Newsom, Leigh J. McCloskey, Frank McRae
A superior action fantasy from Steven Spielberg’s Amblin Entertainment. The movie is a bizarre inversion of *The Towering Inferno* scenario with an earthquake causing a multi-storey apartment block to sink into the ground. Trouble-shooter Kris Kristofferson and

Ray Galton and Alan Simpson on Hancock's 'The Rebel'

The unlikely lads

When did you first meet Tony Hancock?

Ray Galton, Alan Simpson: We first met Tony Hancock in the stalls of the Paris cinema Lower Regent Street, in October 1951, during rehearsals of a radio show in which Hancock was appearing and to which we were contributing, albeit not the bit in which he was appearing in up to then. We didn't say anything to him and he didn't say anything to us. Thus began a partnership that lasted until 1961 and encompassed 103 radio half-hours, 65 television half-hours, 26 other assorted radio shows, several *Worker's Playtimes*, *Variety Ahoys*, *Music Halls* etc, two stage shows and one film. All in ten years – just imagine what we could have achieved had we spoken to each other that afternoon. The one film was, of course, *The Rebel*, first released in 1960 and such a huge success that it is being released on video 34 years later.

What memories do you have of making 'The Rebel'?

It was the first film that we were ever involved in. After nine years of the relative tat of the wireless and television, we were ushered into the glamorous and sophisticated world of the cinema. A magical never-never land that we had hitherto only heard about from the likes of such luminaries as Sid James and Bill Kerr. And we were not disappointed. It was goodbye to the Empire Dining Room, Shepherd's Bush, and hello to the Savoy Grill. At last we were among proper actors. A glance down the cast list will explain our wide-eyed wonderment; Dennis Price, Paul Massie, Irene Handl, Nanette Newman, and the first screen appearance of the legendary Oliver Reed. Then just 21, Reed's one short scene in the film was prophetically set in a bar. He portrayed a young artist and had one long speech expounding his philosophy on art. Normally one could expect such a bit part to be completed in one or two takes. It says much for the power and magnetism of his performance that the producer allowed him to do 27 takes before he got it right. Any other unknown with less charisma would have been slung off the set after four or five takes and replaced. It was obvious that even with such a small part we were in the presence of a future star.

But undoubtedly for us the most exciting part of the experience was meeting and working with the legendary George Sanders. A true star! A Hollywood star! One of our boyhood heroes – The Saint. *The Picture of Dorian Gray*, *The Moon and Sixpence*, *All About Eve*, *Call Me Madam*, dozens and dozens of them – and to cap it all, a man who up to a year beforehand had been married to Zsa Zsa Gabor. And what a charming, lovely man. His contract was a work of art in itself. A product of years of experience in the Hollywood jungle. Twice the salary of anybody else on the film, including the star, a grand piano to be on the set at all times for his sole use between takes, whereupon he would regale us all with selections from Franz Lehar, Sigmund



Tony Hancock in 'The Rebel'

Romberg and Ivor Novello, which immediately alienated him from the 'sparks' and 'chippies' who regarded such flamboyance as the behaviour of a big-headed pofter. And not for George some of the current contractual obligations for a regular supply of illegal substances. Instead George insisted that all his clothes for the film be made in Savile Row by his personal tailor and sold to him for half price on completion of principal photography. His role as the rich Parisian art critic called for him to be driven round Paris in a Rolls Royce. George, naturally, insisted on using his own car which he hired out to the studio.

The man oozed style. When he was not shooting, he used to spend his leisure time driving crash-helmeted through the narrow lanes of the Kent countryside on a Vespa with his then wife on the pillion. And his wife was none other than Benita Hume, widow of Ronald Colman. Sheer elegance – personified in the story of George's cigarette case. Hancock and ourselves were intrigued by the sight of this beautiful gold hand engraved *objet d'art*. It was very narrow and very, very long, rather like the magazine clip of an automatic rifle. What type of cigarettes could he possibly be carrying in such a strange shaped case? We decided he must either have 40 two-and-a-half-inch long Woodbines going widthwise, or five ten-inch Joysticks going lengthwise. We had to know. Finally the three of us trooped over to the grand piano interrupting the Student Prince in full flow, and asked. He withdrew the priceless cigarette case and opened it. Of course, four separate compartments going lengthwise, each carrying five Balkan Sobranies, five Turkish Ovals, five Russian and five handmade Virginians.

A game we and Hancock subsequently played was called 'What's George doing now?' This was played at the end of the day's shooting, in the pub across the street after George had gone back to his suite at Claridges. One of us would say "I wonder what George is doing now?" Prizes were offered for the most unlikely suggestion. Winners included "He is in

the Temperance Billiard Hall above Burtons in Garratt Lane, Wandsworth, having just sunk the pink and screwed back for the next red" and "He's just shaking the vinegar over his two pieces of rock and three penn'orth of chips."

But the most abiding memory we have of the lovely George was on location in Paris in the Place du Tertre in Montmartre. It was ten o'clock on a beautiful summer's morning. We were sitting on the terrace outside a café between takes, sipping chilled champagne naturally, when the conversation got round to George's recently published biography *The Memories of a Professional Cad*. Tony broached the subject by saying to him, "In your time George, you must have had some of the most beautiful women in Hollywood." We will never forget this impeccably dressed legend of the silver screen as he answered in the languid drawl famous the world over, "Quite true, but you know, dear boy, I am fast reaching the stage of life where a satisfactory evacuation of the bowel is far preferable to a good fuck." George – it was a great privilege knowing you.

Given an unlimited budget and free from any commercial consideration, is there any film you would like to have made but were not able to?

How interesting. We were asked this same question by the *Sunday Times* nearly 30 years ago and our answer is the same. Ever since we first read *Broken Butterfly*, that incredible first novel by the young Yugoslavian author Jacov Mazuranic, we have been obsessed with its possibilities as a motion picture. The problem hitherto has always been to transfer to the screen what Kafka called "This empty barrel of reason". The finance necessary to film what, let's face it, is in essence the study of a schizophrenic father and his inability to restrain his tormented religionymphomaniac daughter with a Joan of Arc mission to lead the peoples of Croatia against the tyrannies of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, has up to now been virtually impossible to attract, but we have never been in any doubt as to the ideal casting of the piece. In the role of Slod, the peasant farmer, we should like to see Anthony Hopkins. As Anya, his hunch-backed dwarf wife, that fine French character actress Boursine. Melitza, the girl with a mission, Slod's daughter by Anya, was always the most difficult problem, but it has now been solved by the arrival of Emma Thompson. And the director? Either Luis Buñuel, Ingmar Bergman or Michael Winner.

That's very interesting, but you haven't told us anything about the actual screenplay of 'The Rebel'.

That's true. You should have pointed this out earlier instead of letting us go on like this. Well there's no room left now. You'll just have to go out and buy the video. Thank you very much. *'The Rebel' and 'The Punch and Judy Man' are available from Lumiere Video*

his estranged son (Newsom) lead the dig for survivors. Even with limited sets and special effects, Bradford May evokes a convincing sense of danger and keeps the suspense level high. Kristofferson and Newsom are engaging as the battling father and son team.

Woman of Desire

Director Robert Ginty; South Africa 1993; Medusa MC 412; Certificate 18; 94 minutes; Producer Danny Lerner; Screenplay Robert Ginty; Lead Actors Jeff Fahey, Bo Derek, Robert Mitchum, Steven Bauer
Former *Exterminator* star Ginty turns his hand to writing and directing with passable, if predictable, results. When Jeff Fahey is washed ashore after a boating accident, he finds himself accused of rape and murder by glamorous passenger Bo Derek. Derek frequently reveals her body, while Fahey anguishes to pleasing effect. One tepid video-sex fantasy scene mid-way through the film provides the necessary erotic sleaze quota.

Retail

L'Accompagnatrice

Director Claude Miller; France 1992; Tartan Video TVT 1140; Price £15.99; Subtitles Widescreen; Certificate PG
Working-class girl Sophie Vasseur moves in with affluent couple Irène and Jacques Brice so as to concentrate on her job as a piano accompanist to the singer Irène. Sophie becomes a go-between for Irène and her lover Jacques, a relationship which is suddenly halted when the Brices' are forced to flee occupied Paris for London after Charles Brice irks a German general. (S&S November 1993)

Après l'amour

Director Diane Kurys; France 1992; Curzon CV 0034; Price £15.99; Subtitles; Certificate 15
Kurys' tale of adult passion is a good deal more believable than her earlier film *A Man in Love*. Isabelle Huppert stars as Lola, a successful novelist who has not one, but two men leave her within 12 months. (S&S September 1993)

The Awful Truth

Director Leo McCarey; USA 1937; Columbia TriStar CVR 12585; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate U
Classic screwball comedy with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne as a couple on the verge of divorce fighting over the custody of their dog, Mr Smith. The battles inevitably lead to reconciliation. (MFB No. 50)

The Baby of Mâcon

Director Peter Greenaway; UK/Netherlands/France/Germany 1993; Electric Pictures EP 0047; Price £15.99; Widescreen; Certificate 18
The miraculous birth of a young boy is exploited, first by a young woman and then by the church. Greenaway's formalist beauty and eye for composition are to the fore in this latest offering, as is his detached, heartless cruelty, especially in an unbearable multiple rape sequence and the scene showing the dismembering of the child. It seems as if Greenaway needs to shock his audience in an increasingly predictable fashion. (S&S September 1993)

Blue Ice
Director Russell Mulcahy; USA 1992; Guild GLD 51562; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S December 1992) 

Cat and Mouse
Director Daniel Petrie; UK/USA 1974; Warner S038282; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 Kirk Douglas gives a chilling portrayal (echoed some years later in son Michael Douglas' character D-Fens in *Falling Down*) of a man who finally snaps and terrorises his estranged wife after her request for a divorce and on discovering that he is not the father of their son. (MFB No. 485)

Les Choses de la vie (The Things of Life)
Director Claude Sautet; France/Italy 1969; Arrow AV 004; Price £15.99; Subtitles; Certificate 15 Moving yet ultimately empty and plotless film with the title referring to the things which cross Michel Piccoli's mind as he is rushed to hospital after a car accident. His ex-wife, son and career conflict with the demands of his mistress (Romy Schneider). The accident is expertly captured, the film's themes are relevant and it's a fine example of French cinema's tolerance of unhappy endings. Piccoli looks throughout as though if the accident doesn't kill him his chain-smoking will. (MFB No. 445)

Desert Hearts
Director Donna Deitch; USA 1985; VRL/DV8 DV8 2; Price £14.99; Certificate 18 Well played, touching and remarkably funny account of a bored middle-class New York lecturer (Helen Shaver) staying on a ranch near Reno while her divorce papers are filed. The woman's realisation of her latent lesbianism is sparked by the rancher's adopted daughter Patricia Charbonneau. Dean Butler steals the show as a laconic cowpoke in a film which takes a non-didactic approach to the issue. (MFB No. 631)

Diary of a Lost Girl (Das Tagebuch einer Verlorenen)
Director G.W. Pabst; Germany 1929; Tartan Video TVT 1153; Price £15.99; B/W Silent; Certificate PG Pabst and Louise Brooks reunite for another tale of social corruption, filmed in the same year as *Pandora's Box*. An aristocrat's daughter (Brooks) becomes pregnant by her father's assistant (Fritz Rasp) and ends up in a reform school and finally a brothel. (MFB No. 587)

Driving Miss Daisy
Director Bruce Beresford; USA 1989; Warner S011931; Price £8.99; Certificate U (MFB No. 674)

Eight O'Clock Walk
Director Lance Comfort; UK 1953; Lumiere 2097; Price £12.99; B/W; Certificate PG Featured as a double bill with *Brighton Rock* (which has had a release before), this courtroom drama stars Richard Attenborough as a taxi driver falsely accused of murdering a young girl on a bomb site. A plot twist is added with a father and son opposing each other across the bench. (MFB No. 242)

Elenya
Director Steve Gough; UK 1992; Imagine IHE 1011; Price £12.99; Certificate PG (S&S December 1992)

The Fencing Master (El maestro de esgrima)
Director Pedro Olea; Spain 1992; Curzon CV 0032; Price £15.99; Subtitles; Certificate 15 Elegiac costume drama set in mid-nineteenth-century Spain which has a standard thriller plot but seems more interested in how a fencing master (Omero Antonutti) teeters on the brink of old age. (S&S July 1993)

Five Dolls for an August Moon (Cinque bambole per la luna d'agosto)
Director Mario Bava; Italy 1970; Redemption RETN 025; Price £15.99; Certificate 18 A variation on Agatha Christie's story *Ten Little Indians* with an inventor, potential investors and assorted partners being bumped off one by one in a seaside villa. The print is in hues of red and orange, the fashions and furnishings are pure 60s (round rotating beds) and the dialogue is often hilarious. (MFB No. 463)

Flavia the Heretic (Iaka Rebel Nun, Flavia Priestess of Violence, Flavia la Monaca Musulmana)
Director Gianfranco Mingozzi; Italy/France 1974; Redemption RETN 024; Price £15.99; Certificate 18 Set in mid-fifteenth-century Italy during the Muslim invasion, Flavia is sent to a convent where she witnesses all manner of violations against women by men. After denouncing Christianity, she begins a bloody campaign of revenge against patriarchal Italian society which ends with her being skinned alive at the stake. The bizarre finale, with a naked nun being eaten and another hiding inside a dead cow, is extraordinary. (MFB No. 499)

La Grande Illusion
Director Jean Renoir; France 1937; Art House AHC 7002; Price £15.99; B/W Subtitles; Certificate U Masterpiece about the futility of war and class distinctions which was banned by Goebbels during the Second World War. Three French soldiers from varying social backgrounds are held captive in a fortress during World War I. Ironically, one of the few surviving prints was discovered in Munich in 1945. (MFB No. 49)

The Howards of Virginia (aka The Tree of Liberty)
Director Frank Lloyd; USA 1940; Columbia TriStar CVR 11182; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate U Dull historical drama with Virginian surveyor Matt Howard (Cary Grant) moving out of his class into high society by marrying Jane Peyton (Martha Scott). When the American War of Independence breaks out the couple are forced to choose between their differing ideological beliefs and their love for each other. (MFB No. 85)

Juice
Director Ernest Dickerson; USA 1992; FoxVideo 5832; Price £12.99; Certificate 15 (S&S October 1992)

The Last Bolshevik (Le Tombeau d'Alexandre)
Director Chris Marker; France/UK/Finland 1993; Academy CAV 002; Price £15.99; Certificate E In six posthumous 'letters' Marker traces the career of film-maker Alexander Ivanovich Medvedkin, illustrating the film's epigram that "It is not the literal past that rules us – it is the images of the past." In an astonishingly varied

selection of clips, interviews and references Marker links past and present Russia and features hitherto unseen footage of the 1991 *putsch*. (S&S September 1993)

Lifespan
Director Alexander (Sandy) Whitelaw; Netherlands/USA 1974; Unique US 8003; Price £12.99; Certificate 18 Dutch director Fons Rademakers co-stars in this tepid fantasy about a wealthy industrialist who fights a young scientist for control of a drug which could be an elixir of life. (MFB No. 547)

The Lover (L'Amant)
Director Jean-Jacques Annaud; France/UK 1992; Guild GLD 51352; Price £10.99; Certificate 18 (S&S July 1992) 

Massacre at Central High
Director Renee Daalder; USA 1976; VIPCO VIP 058; Price £12.99; Certificate 18 Impressive revenge thriller with student David (Derrel Maury) exacting revenge on a group of college bullies who break his leg beyond repair. The killings take place late in the film, allowing sufficient time for character development and tension-building – rare in more recent examples of the genre. Competent acting and direction belie the film's low budget. (MFB No. 530)

Mr Nanny
Director Michael Gottlieb; USA 1992; Entertainment in Video VS 1100; Price £12.99; Certificate PG (S&S May 1993)

La Peau douce (Silken Skin)
Director François Truffaut; France 1964; Artificial Eye ART 074; Price £15.99; B/W Subtitles; Certificate PG Uncharacteristically remote and detached for Truffaut, this study of an obsessive extra-marital affair nevertheless has a superb build-up to its inevitable climax. Middle-aged and married literature professor Pierre (Jean Desailly) falls for an air hostess he meets in Lisbon on a business trip, beginning a catastrophic slide into despair as he sacrifices his family, career and sanity in pursuit of an impossible relationship. (MFB No. 371)

Picnic at Hanging Rock
Director Peter Weir; Australia 1975; Electric Pictures EP 0048; Price £15.99; Certificate PG Weir's obsession with culture clash – here Victorian Europeans caught in the Australian outback – is at its most haunting thanks to a combination of music, slow-motion photography and a based-on-fact enigma at the heart of the film. A party of schoolgirls set out with two teachers for a picnic on the slopes of a volcanic outcrop in Victoria, Australia. Two of the girls and one of the teachers vanish and the mystery deepens when a week later one of the girls reappears bedraggled but unharmed. (MFB No. 512)

The Rebel/The Punch and Judy Man
Directors Robert Day/Jeremy Summers; UK 1960/1962; Lumiere S038340; Price £12.99; B/W/Colour; Certificate U Tony Hancock double bill starting with the *The Rebel*, a witty treatise on the pretensions of the art world, featuring a bored city clerk who heads for Paris determined to become a celebrated artist.



Outback demons: 'Picnic at Hanging Rock'
The Punch and Judy Man stars Hancock as a seaside resort entertainer whose wife aspires to high society. (MFB Nos. 326/352)

Red Dust
Director Victor Fleming; USA 1932; MGM/UA S050560; Price £9.99; Certificate PG Prior to their reunion on *Gone With the Wind*, Fleming and Clark Gable served up this excellently made, if standard fare, starring Gable as an Eastern rubber plantation boss falling for the young wife (Mary Astor) of a new engineer and a sultry prostitute (Jean Harlow) on the run from the authorities. (MFB No. 523)

The Reptile
Director John Gilling; UK 1969; Lumiere LUM 2098; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 Filmed back to back with *Plague of the Zombies*, and often using the same sets, this chiller has a series of mysterious deaths in a small Cornish village being linked to the local doctor's daughter who periodically changes into a giant snake. (MFB No. 387)

Saraband for Dead Lovers
Director Basil Dearden; UK 1948; Lumiere LUM 2090; Price £10.99; Certificate PG Romantic melodrama set in the days of George I which depicts the tragic love affair between Count Königsmark and Sophie Dorothea, wife of the Elector of Hanover. The photography by Douglas Slocombe is particularly noteworthy. (MFB No. 177)

Scent of a Woman
Director Martin Brest; USA 1992; Universal VIR 1639; Price £13.99; Certificate 15 (S&S March 1993) 

She
Director Robert Day; UK 1965; Lumiere LUM 2099; Price £10.99; Certificate U Tedious remake which returns Rider Haggard's fantasy to Africa (the 1935 US version was set in the Arctic). A Cambridge professor and his friends search for a lost African city ruled by a queen (Ursula Andress) who cannot die until she falls in love. Not quite as camp as the 1982 remake starring Sandahl Bergman. (MFB No. 376)

Singles
Director Cameron Crowe; USA 1992; Warner S012410; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S February 1993) 

Son of the Sheikh
Director George Fitzmaurice; USA 1926; Golden Age VRL 57; Price £12.99; B/W Silent; Certificate U

WIND UP

By Peter Dean

● *Love Field*, Jonathan Kaplan's film about a Dallas woman's obsession with JFK during and after that fateful day in 1963, may have earned its star Michelle Pfeiffer an Oscar nomination in 1993 for best performance, but that does not mean the film has been easy to see in the UK – even on video. Although critically well-received on its release in the US and benefitting from the 30th anniversary fever surrounding the president's assassination, Columbia theatrical in Britain passed on the film, consigning it to a direct-to-video release. While a blockbuster video usually sells 50,000 copies on its British release, *Love Field* sold a mere 3,000 and can be found only by the ardent fan willing to scour video



Little seen: Michelle Pfeiffer 'Love Field'

stores. Of course, the film isn't a 'shoot-'em-up' and that hasn't helped sales, but another reason for its poor performance is that Blockbuster Video – who own 750-odd stores in the UK – also decided to pass on the film. According to The Evening Standard's film critic, Neil Norman, out of all the 1993 video premiere titles borrowed from his office, *Love Field* has proved the most popular. It's a pity the US-owned rental chain didn't think so.

Warner has increased the price of its fabulous Elite Collection range by £1 to £9.99. But check this out – if the film is in widescreen (i.e. in its original format) you will pay £12.99, £3 more. By the way, they throw in the original trailer.

● The Hollywood majors are waiting for two copyright laws to be put in place in Eastern Europe before they show the former eastern bloc what videos it has been missing all these years. The new laws will help protect intellectual property – the rights an author has over his/her work – and give video companies the power to control video piracy. At present video lives an underground life in many of these countries, without things we take for granted such as ratings and classification boards – and property rights. In Romania there is no legitimate video industry at all, and all videos are pirated. Things are only slightly better in Poland; for example, one video pirate advertises with the slogan 'In Paris today, in Warsaw tomorrow'. Some films even have a video release in Poland before they have been seen in US cinemas via the pirating of videos from the master film print. Hungary, however, has a more organised video distribution and has introduced a rather interesting and lucrative video rating system. The Hungarian government insists on all video companies paying 3 per cent of their net revenue into a cultural fund when a video is given a release, which is then used to support the various arts. If a video contains pornography or

violence – at least as far as the video company is concerned – 20 per cent of net revenues are paid to the fund. Unsurprisingly, many 18-rated videos in the UK magically become family films on their release in Hungary.

Following on from last month's news of new niche market video labels, Academy Video is the latest – releasing a wealth of documentaries, experimental films, plus short and low-budget films. First up are three films by Chris Marker, as well as documentaries on Buster Keaton and Charlie Chaplin. Other upcoming releases include a collection of British 'Free Cinema' with documentaries such as Karel Reisz's 'We Are the Lambeth Boys' and Lindsay Anderson's 'Every Day Except Christmas', as well as films by Flaherty and Grierson. Terence Davies' 'Trilogy' ('Children', 'Madonna and Child' and 'Death and Transfiguration') could also be coming out.

● According to the speakers at MILIA, the first product-led multimedia conference which was held at Cannes in January, film studies will be radically altered by the CD-ROM explosion. CD-ROM drives can be attached to a computer and play 5-inch compact discs with powerful, data-holding capabilities and image-text interactivity. A disc is capable of holding the entire Encyclopedia Britannica or 74 minutes of digital sound or moving video. Exhibited at MILIA was a copy of Herbert Biberman's 1953 pro-union film classic *Salt of the Earth*, which on one part of the screen showed the film, while the other had rolling script, cameraman's and lighting rigger's original manuals, as well as historical footage about the film's subject matter, texts on blacklisting, the film's production history and more. All this information can be accessed instantaneously. It is predicted that CD-ROM at present won't take over videos as a linear film carrier, but that they will make a big impact in education.

The new interactive media asks many questions of artists, copyright holders and governing bodies, including the BBFC. Under the Video Recordings Act, the BBFC has to see all of the film/video/disc in its finished state before passing a rating. As an example of how exact the BBFC can be, when Connoisseur Video submitted Milos Forman's film 'A Blonde in Love' for certification, the censor refused to rate the video under this title because the print they were given was an American master copy which bore the US title 'Loves of a Blonde'. Connoisseur had to have the title changed to the UK one before it could be rated – and a five minute tape showing the title change was not sufficient. The BBFC had to have a copy of the whole film again to make sure that nothing but the title had been altered. With interactive media things are rather more complicated. The 'cut and paste' facilities of the CD-ROM computer give an almost unlimited number of possible combinations of image and text, all the permutations of which technically have to be viewed by the BBFC examiner before a classification can be given. Video disc company Screen Entertainment has already faced this vexing problem with the censor asking to see all the variations of a soft-core porn film, and according to the company's boss Carey Budnick: "The censor would have to be there for over half a day." Philips say that in rating its interactive 'Joy of Sex' disc the censors spent two half day sessions trying to work their way through the complex menu. "We just left them in there and let them get on with it," said a spokesman at Philips.

Rudolph Valentino plays father and son in this tongue-in-cheek desert romp in which a man protects a woman from a band of renegades. (MFB No. 56)

The Story of Qiu Ju (Qiu Ju Da Guansi)

Director Zhang Yimou; Hong Kong/China 1992; Electric Pictures EP 0037; Price £15.99; Subtitles; Certificate 15

Contemporary Chinese sexual politics and the new civil legal system are highlighted in this beautifully shot and acted shaggy dog story. A wife of a chilli farmer in a North Chinese village seeks justice for her husband's brutal treatment at the hands of the village chief. Zhang's composition, use of *cinéma vérité*-style photography and insight into rural China is fascinating – even if the story is monotonous. (S&S May 1993)

Suddenly Last Summer

Director Joseph Mankiewicz; UK 1959; Columbia TriStar CVR 10395; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate 15

Screen version of Tennessee Williams one-act play of perversion and cannibalism. Katharine Hepburn tries to have Elizabeth Taylor lobotomised after the latter witnesses the brutal death of her cousin. Montgomery Clift is the neurosurgeon who must decide over Taylor's sanity. (MFB No. 317)

Triumph of the Will (Triumph des Willens)

Director Leni Riefenstahl; Germany 1934/6; VRL 0010; Price £14.99; B/W Subtitles; Certificate E

After taking control of the armed forces, Hitler ordered the making of this film as a record of the sixth Nazi Party Congress held in Nuremberg. The film shows Hitler's arrival, the opening and closing speeches and mass SA and SS rallies. The content of his speeches and Riefenstahl's direction form a paean to the individual as part of the collective. Restored by computer technology, it has all the grandeur of a Cecil B. De Mille picture.

Valerie and Her Week of Wonders (Valerie a Tyden Divu)

Director Jaromil Jires; Czechoslovakia 1970; Redemption RETN 023; Price £15.99; Subtitles; Certificate 18

A beautiful mix of Gothic horror and erotic fantasy that resembles Borowczyk's style of film-making, but without his sexual explicitness. Valerie, who is on the threshold of womanhood, dreams of a mystical, religious and sexual fantasy land where a pair of magic earrings save her from rape by a priest and her vampire grandmother from the stake. Even though the plot is pure mumbo-jumbo, this is the best-looking Redemption release to date. (MFB No. 448)

The Voyage (El Viaje)

Director Fernando Solanas; Argentina/France 1991; Tartan Video TVT 1078; Price £15.99; Subtitles; Widescreen; Certificate 15

An eye-catching travelogue through a continent's identity crisis as told through the allegorical road journey of 17-year-old student (Walter Quiroz), searching first in Buenos Aires then in Mexico for his comic-strip artist father. Surreal and highly recommended. (S&S September 1993)

White Men Can't Jump

Director Ron Shelton; USA 1992; FoxVideo 1959; Price £12.99; Certificate 15 (S&S October 1992) □

White Sands

Director Roger Donaldson; USA 1992; Warner SO12532; Price £10.99; Certificate 15 (S&S September 1992)

Who Done It?

Director Basil Dearden; UK 1956; Lumiere LUM 2066; Price £9.99; B/W; Certificate U

Benny Hill made his film debut in this curiosity piece, playing an ice rink sweeper who becomes a private eye after winning a bloodhound in a competition. With the help of his girlfriend he discovers that an Iron Curtain country is trying to control the world's weather. (MFB No. 267)

The Wicker Man

Director Robin Hardy; UK 1973; Warner SO38281; Price £10.99; Certificate 18

84-minute panned-and-scanned version (not the original 103-minute version) of this superb horror in which Edward Woodward plays a detective investigating the disappearance of a child on a remote Scottish island. He is drawn into a web of intrigue by the inhabitants, who are members of a strange and sinister cult. (MFB No. 480)

The Wrong Arm of the Law

Director Cliff Owen; UK 1962; Fabulous BCC 04062; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate U

Peter Sellers stars as cockney gang leader Pearly Gates in this pacy comic caper. British crooks led by Sellers collaborate with Scotland Yard to track down three Australian interlopers. (MFB No. 352)

You Were Never Lovelier

Director William A. Seiter; USA 1942; Columbia TriStar CVR 12061; Price £10.99; B/W; Certificate U

Rita Hayworth and Fred Astaire musical, described by Hayworth as her favourite film. An Argentinian hotel tycoon tries to interest his daughter in marriage by inventing an admirer. (MFB No. 110)

Retail Premiere

Blind Side

Director Geoff Murphy; USA 1992; EVV 1246; Price £10.99; Certificate 18; 93 minutes; Producer Jeffrey Lurie; Screenplay Stewart Lindh, Solomon Weingarten, John Carlen; Lead Actors Rutger Hauer, Rebecca De Mornay, Ron Silver

A cracking thriller combining an ingenious script, effective direction and good acting. A young couple (Silver and De Mornay) run down a Mexican police officer and fail to report the accident. When enigmatic maniac Hauer appears on their doorstep, he elusively hints at knowledge of the crime, drawing his victims into a web of veiled threats and blackmail. Suspenseful.

The Living Dead Girl (La Morte vivante)

Director Jean Rollin; France 1983; Redemption RETN 026; Price £15.99; Certificate 18; 86 minutes; Subtitles; Widescreen; Producer Sam Selsky; Screenplay Jean Rollin; Lead Actors Marina Pierro, Françoise Blanchard, Mike Marshall, Carina Marone

Assured mainstream venture which turned out to be one of Rollin's most commercial films. A woman is brought back to life by a chemical spillage and becomes a flesh-eating zombie, supplied with fresh victims by her best friend.

Letters are welcome, and should be addressed to the Editor at Sight and Sound, British Film Institute, 21 Stephen Street, London W1P 1PL. Facsimile 071 436 2327

Violence and video

From David Alton MP

The letter you published from P. Hartridge (S&S February) completely misrepresents the intention, effect and even the wording of the proposed amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill.

The amendment is motivated by widespread public concern at the links between exposure to violence on screen and actual violence, and at the inadequacy of current regulation. Such links are self-evident and have been well documented in academic research since the 60s. The current system of classification and watersheds implicitly accepts that exposing children to screen violence is damaging.

Recent figures confirm that watersheds and parental regulation are both ineffective. The Home Office estimates that 1.1 million children are still watching television one and a half hours after the watershed. A recent Consumer Association survey revealed the extent to which adult videos were being rented and watched by children.

The purpose of the amendment is for Parliament to set the principle that no film containing degrading or gratuitously violent scenes liable to cause psychological damage to a child, or to present a child with an inappropriate role model, should be viewed in any place to which children have access. Under the terms of the amendment such films may still be viewed in both cinemas and film clubs.

Once the principle has been accepted by Parliament it will be up to the British Board of Film Classification to develop a code of practice to implement the principle. It will be they who make individual decisions on individual films. In no sense are MPs being asked to ban particular films, neither will the amendment remove all 18-rated films from television. Under the terms of the amendment the decision on whether or not to classify a film as suitable for viewing in a place to which a child has access depends not on its current classification but on whether it contains scenes liable to damage a child.

P. Hartridge appears to base his/her arguments on the premise that the "choice" and "civil liberty" to watch degrading and gratuitously violent scenes is more important than protecting children from the psychological and social damage they inflict. S/he should remember that personal choice is not an absolute value and is always qualified by both the needs of the vulnerable and the common good.

House of Commons, London

Ban nothing

From Ciaran Guilfoyle

The response of P. Hartridge to David Alton's proposed amendment to the Criminal Justice Bill is just as likely to reinforce the climate of censorship as Alton's amendment. Does Hartridge not realise that the most widespread form of censorship already in existence is film classification? (Recall that the British Board of Film Classification used to be known as the British Board of Film

Censors.) The classification system is used not only to prevent certain people from seeing certain films, but also to create the artificial and arbitrary distinction between 'suitable' and 'unsuitable' material. The BBFC has already deemed Macaulay Culkin's new feature *The Good Son* "insensitive" and the film has yet to receive a certificate. BBFC director James Ferman has been quoted as saying "We certainly put pressure on them [Fox] not to show this film" (*Screen Finance*, 12 January 1994). In other words, the film has been banned by the BBFC until it decides otherwise. Those who classify and those who censor are one and the same.

Furthermore, the existence of a body such as the BBFC is a direct cause of self-censorship. It is now standard practice for all film companies to try to anticipate the 'suggested' cuts the BBFC will require. 18-rated films are commonly edited down before they are even seen by the BBFC in an attempt to make them eligible for a 15 certificate. This may well be interpreted as the venal tactics of executive producers who want their films to reach a larger audience of cinemagoers, but the effect is that 'unsuitable' scenes are removed and we get to see only a sanitised version.

This everyday censorship is all the more dangerous since it passes relatively unnoticed, which is why I am amazed that Hartridge's alternative to Alton's proposal is to suggest an even tighter film classification system. The suggestions offered include "clearer labelling of videos, possibly the introduction of parental warnings [and] the extension of the video classification system to films shown on television". And these suggestions are made in the name of anti-censorship!

In these days of increasing censorship, a confused reaction such as Hartridge's can only end up making matters worse. It's about time that those who really cared about the cinema and the defence of civil liberties stood up in defence of free speech. "Ban nothing!" should be our demand. Otherwise we will have to satisfy ourselves with being treated like children by the BBFC.

Nottingham

Replaying 'The Piano'

From Stella Bruzzi

In response to Richard Cummings' letter, I should like to posit some counter-arguments to the view that *The Piano* offers only a Eurocentric and patronising imperialist vision of Victorian New Zealand and a woman's sexual awakening. True, Ada does fall in love with a white settler 'posing' as a Maori, and true, the real Maoris do sing 'God Save the Queen' without knowing why they are doing so or what the song signifies, but to classify these actions as either a "cop-out" or "sickening" seems reductive. The overwhelming sense I get from Campion's depiction of the Maoris is that they are a positive force who remain unfettered by colonial notions of sin and guilt and do not censor sexuality or desire. If one considers Campion's own comments that *The Piano* has its roots in the imaginative world of nineteenth-century novels such as *Wuthering Heights*, then the Maoris in some way represent the unconscious of suppressed – and oppressed – characters such as Ada's husband Stewart. They stand for what the

British Victorians denied in themselves.

The issue of Baines as the 'safe' option, the native who is not native, is more complex. Again the Emily Brontë connection is pertinent here. If one takes Baines to be in the 'noble savage' mould – a Heathcliff (or even a de Flores) – then he exists first and foremost as a figment of the white woman's imagination, as Richard Cummings suggests. There is, however, more to the Ada/Baines relationship than representing a sanitised view of danger or sexual liberation – and not only because Ada is physically attacked by her husband for loving Baines. To dispute Baines' Europeaness would be perverse, but Ada does not fall for him because he is white – or (more suspectly) because he is not Maori. Baines has Maori facial markings, but Ada too has etched out Maori patterns on the beach. She isn't secretly hankering after a little bit of rough: both she and Baines want to disengage themselves from the pent-upness of being European. Unlike Othello, Baines is white; but to rest a judgment of such an emotionally intense film as *The Piano* on this seems a trifle mean-spirited – rather like dismissing Jane Eyre because reader, she married him.

London E8

Costume pictures

From Adam Verney

In your editorial (S&S February) you make no distinction between television and the cinema. But there is a difference, which is that the cinema is a spectacular medium – something which television could never be, probably not even when we have screens covering our living-room walls. The reason why most television drama is today unwatchable is that it tries to emulate the cinema, in the process betraying a poor understanding of what the cinema is. Good film-making does not consist of lighting effects that seek to draw attention to themselves, nor does it consist in cutting to irrelevant details. An example of the latter is a scene in the BBC's current adaptation of *Middlemarch*, showing the arrival of a coach and horses. For no very clear reason, this scene is cut into about six shots, including a close-up of the horses' heads as they pass in front of the camera. In fact, do we need the coach and horses at all?

I would also like to take issue with Bob Baker's obituary tribute to Victor Maddern. Maddern did not always play proletarians. I remember seeing him in a B film in the 50s in which he played a solicitor.

Walton-on-Thames, Surrey

Adelaide Hall

From Barry Sullivan

As always, I read your February edition of *Sight and Sound* with pleasure. However, in reading your Obituaries listings for 1993, I failed after several read-throughs to find the name of Adelaide Hall.

While primarily a singing artist and stage performer, Hall appeared in several films during her 70-year career in entertainment, perhaps the most notable being Alexander Korda's classic, *The Thief of Bagdad*. Her contribution to all the fields of entertainment in which she participated will always be important and I feel her life should be rightfully acknowledged.

London NW1

NEW
FOR
APRIL
1994



DEREK JARMAN
BRIAN ENO

GLITTERBUG

Being
at home
with
Claude

Forbidden
Love
THE UNASHAMED
STORIES OF
LESBIAN LIVES
SOCIETY HAS AN
UGLY WORD FOR
THESE WOMEN:
DIFFERENT!

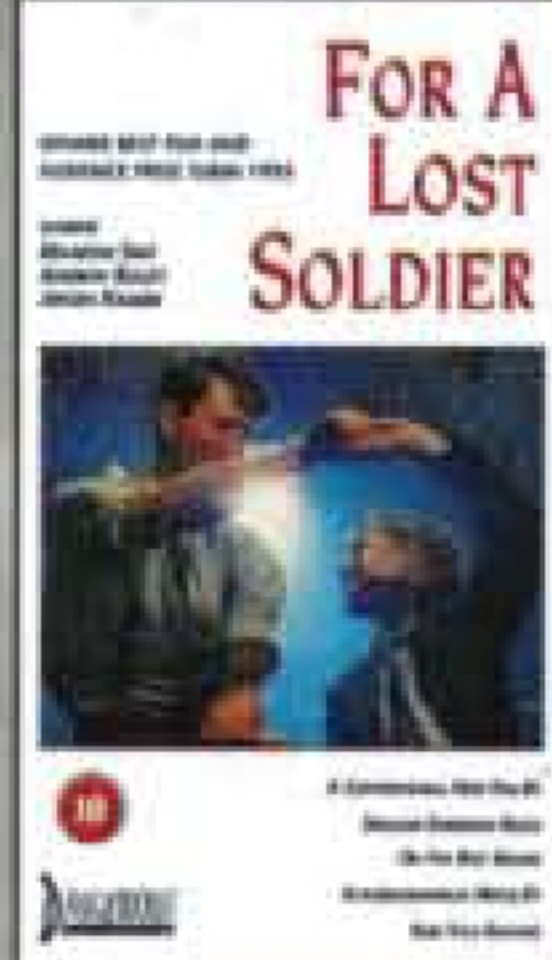


During his adult life Derek Jarman has shot his own visual diary. GLITTERBUG presents for the first time a small fraction of that record, with a retrospective of the 70's and early 80's. This unique vision of his personal and professional life goes behind the scenes of many of his films, and is presented with an exclusive soundtrack by Brian Eno.

Being At Home With Claude - "The lead performances are superb, the direction is tighter than a rent boy's vest, and if the opening scene doesn't leave you gasping for breath, you're probably dead already." Paul Burston, Time Out

AT LAST! The movie that dares to tell the Complete truth about FORBIDDEN LOVE, the unashamed stories of lesbian lives!

THE BEST
SELLING
FEATURES OF
1993



BY MAIL ORDER FROM



PO Box 1701, London SW9 OXD

Glitterbug	£15.99	☐
Being At Home With Claude	£14.99	☐
Forbidden Love	£14.99	☐
Boys On Film Vol One	£14.99	☐
Boys On Film Vol Two	£14.99	☐
Boys On Film Vol Three	£14.99	☐
Claire Of The Moon	£14.99	☐
For A Lost Soldier	£14.99	☐
Feed Them To The Cannibals!	£12.99	☐
Pink Narcissus	£14.99	☐
Lesbian Lykra Shorts	£14.99	☐
Two Of Us	£12.99	☐
My Own Private Idaho	£12.99	☐
Salmonberries	£15.99	☐
Swoon	£14.99	☐
Sandra Bernhard:		
Without You I'm Nothing	£15.99	☐
Gay Classics	£14.99	☐
Caravaggio	£14.99	☐
Wittengstein	£14.99	☐
Nighthawks	£14.99	☐
Strip Jack Naked	£14.99	☐
Man 4 Man Vol 1	£14.99	☐
Man 4 Man Vol 2	£14.99	☐
Man 4 Man Vol 3	£14.99	☐
Je T'aime Moi Non Plus	£14.99	☐

COMING SOON

Lesbian Leather Shorts
 A Mid-Summer Night's Dream
 Macho Dancer
 Paris is Burning
 Coming Out
 Grief
 Oranges Are Not The Only Fruit
 Lesbian Lace Shorts
 Boys On Film Vols 4, 5 and 6

Total £

P&P £

Grand total £

Name

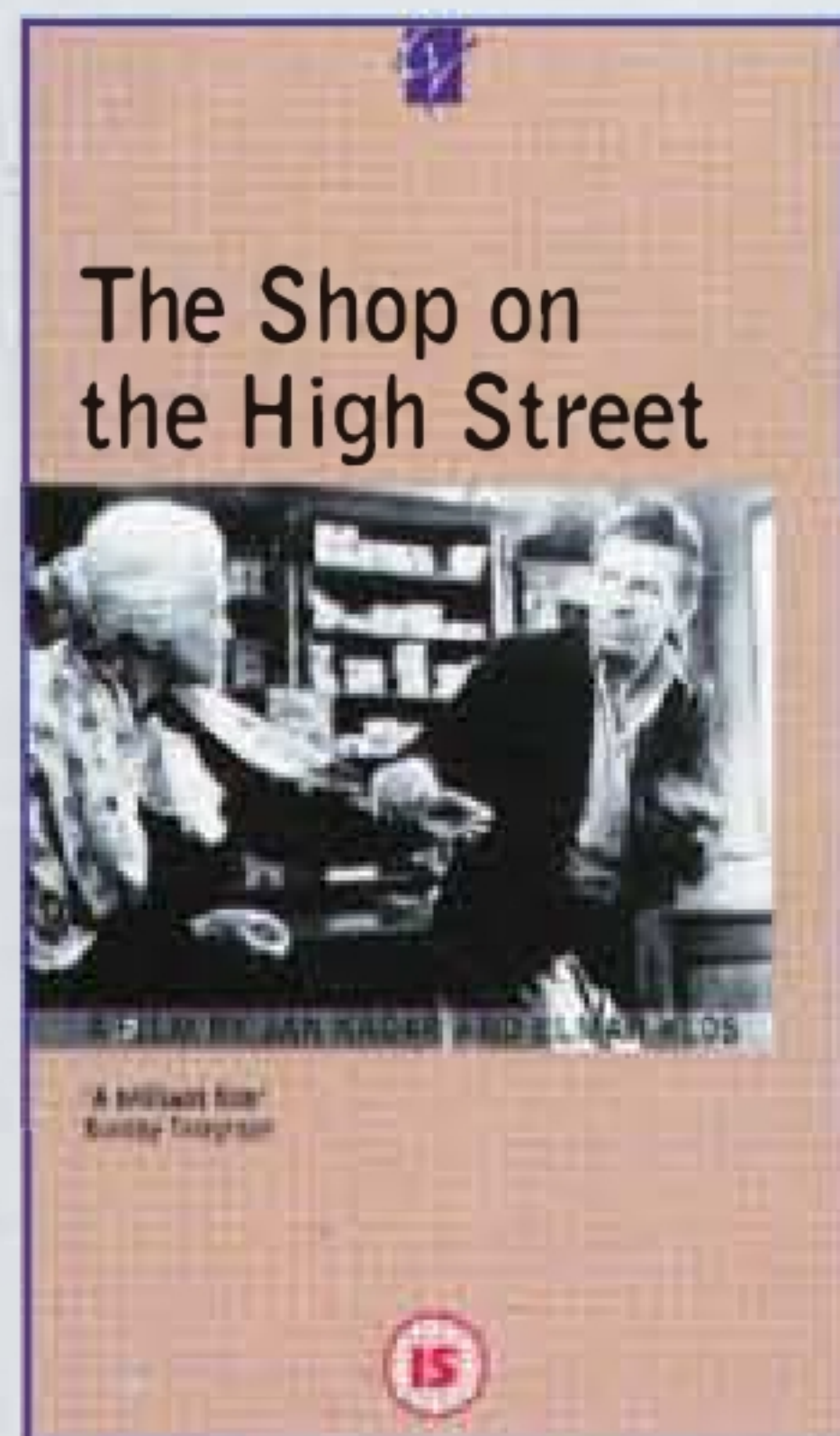
Address

Post Code

Cheques/PO payable to Dangerous To Know plus £1.50 p&p for the first tape, plus £1 p&p each subsequent tape



NEW YEAR RELEASES

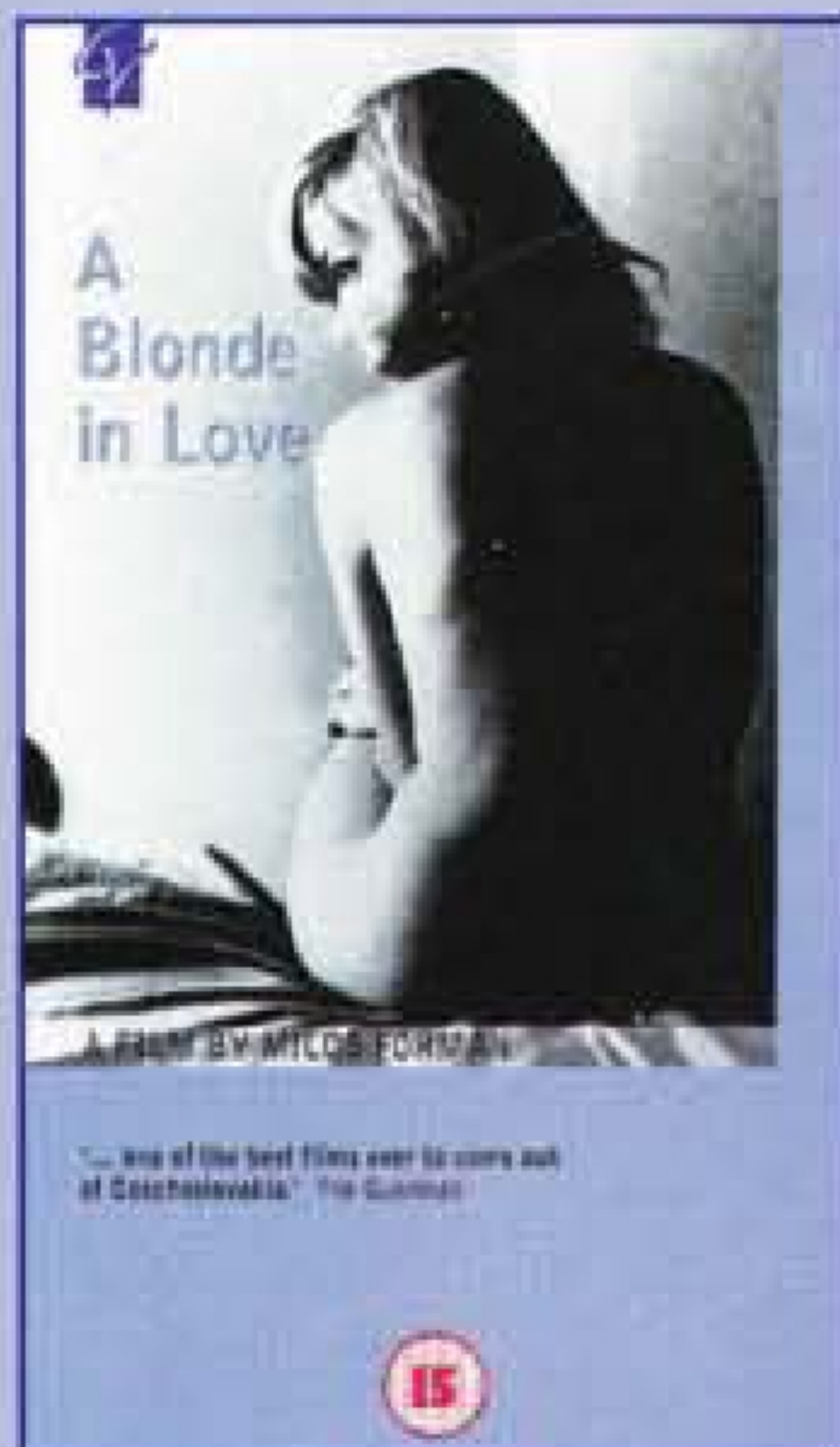


The Shop on the High Street

THE SHOP ON THE HIGH STREET

This every-day story of Fascism won the best foreign oscar in 1965 'A brilliant film'. The Sunday Telegraph

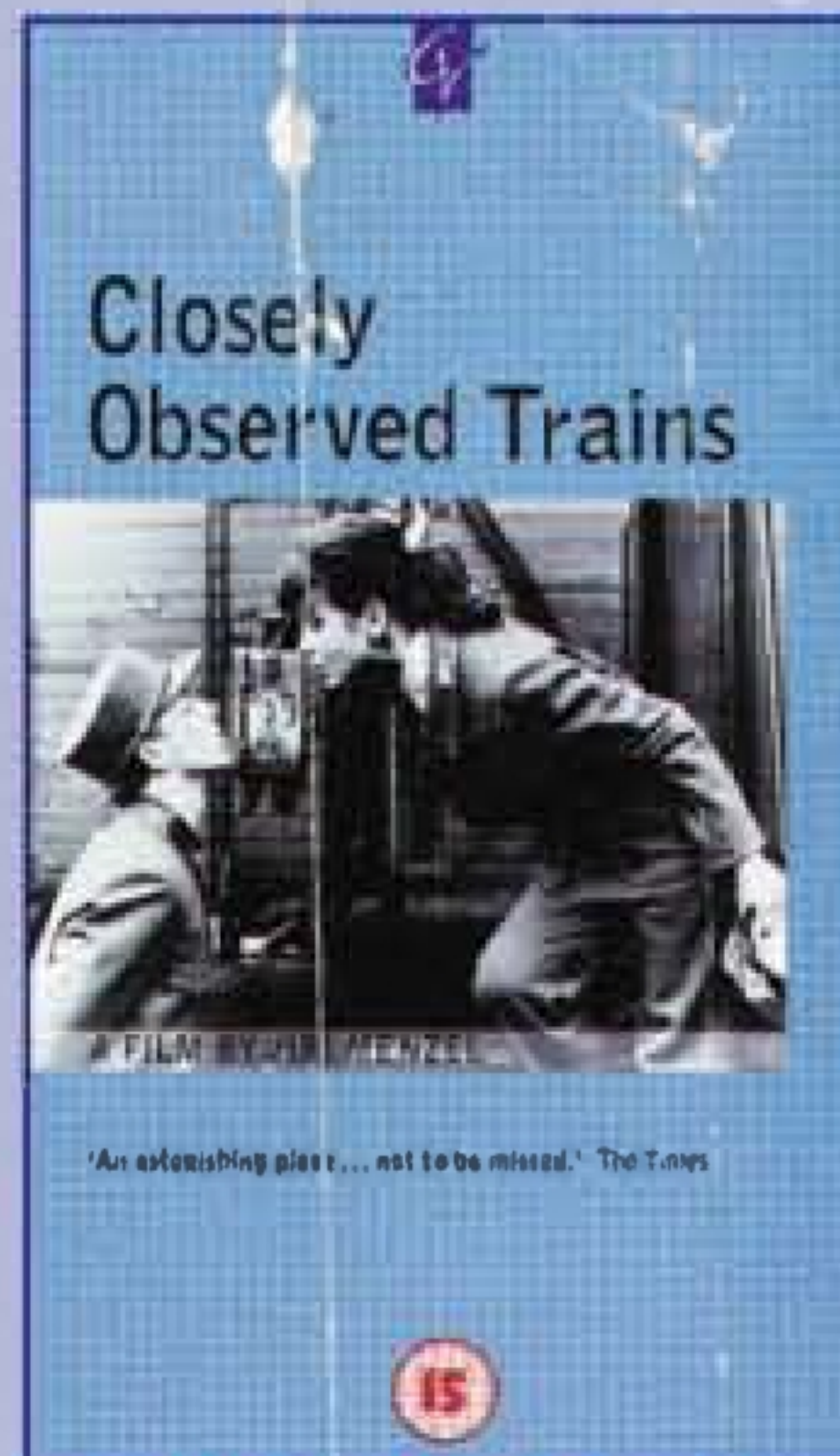
CR 137 £14.99



A Blonde in Love

A BLONDE IN LOVE A film from Milos Forman (One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest) A brilliant comic view of Czech life in the 60's '...one of the best films ever to come out of Czechoslovakia' The Guardian

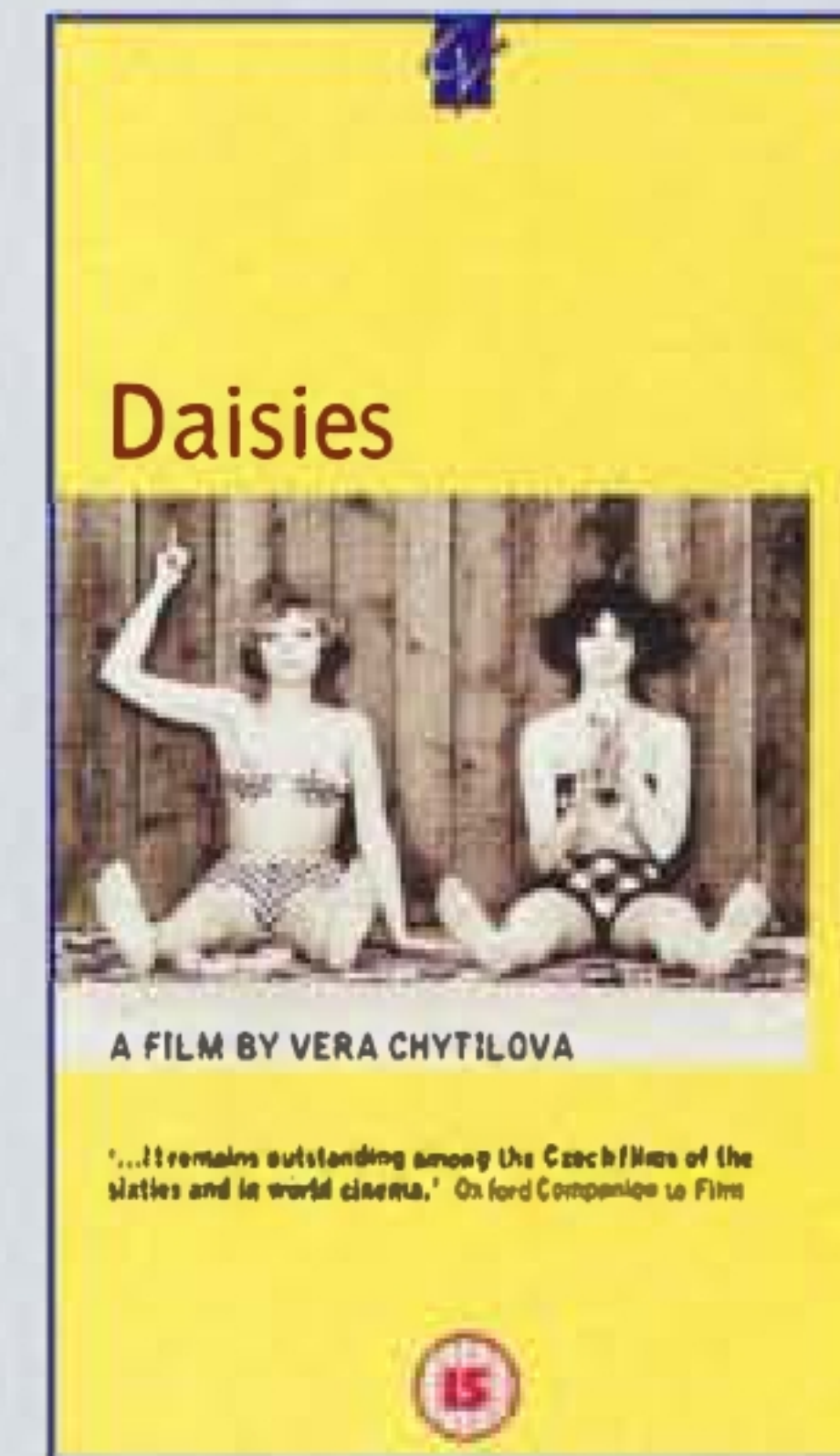
CR 138 £14.99



Closely Observed Trains

CLOSELY OBSERVED TRAINS 'An astonishing piece...not to be missed' The Times The most successful Czech film of the era winning best foreign oscar in 1967

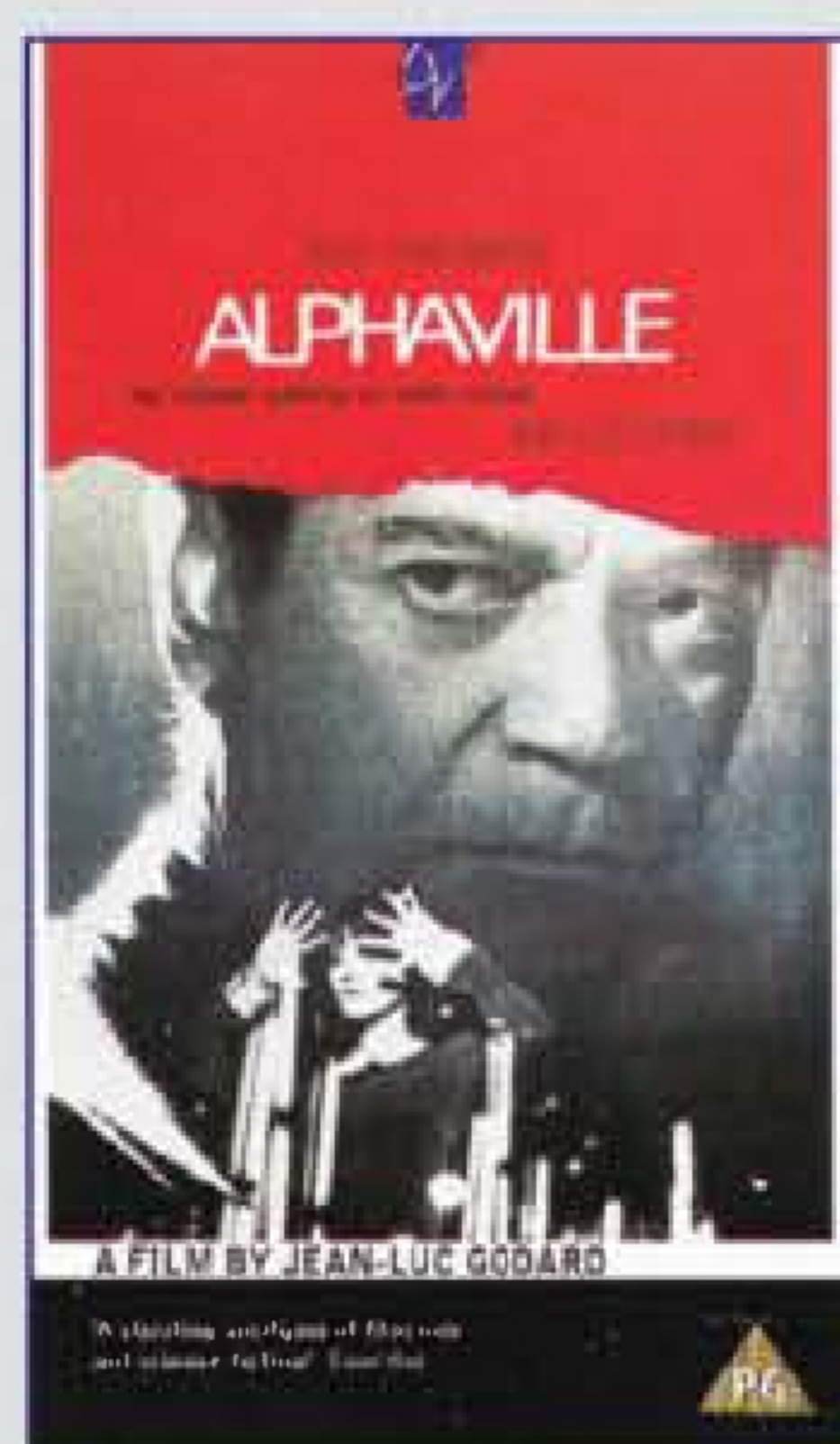
CR 139 £14.99



Daisies

DAISIES Madness mayhem and destruction in 60's Czechoslovakia which earned the film a ban on its release

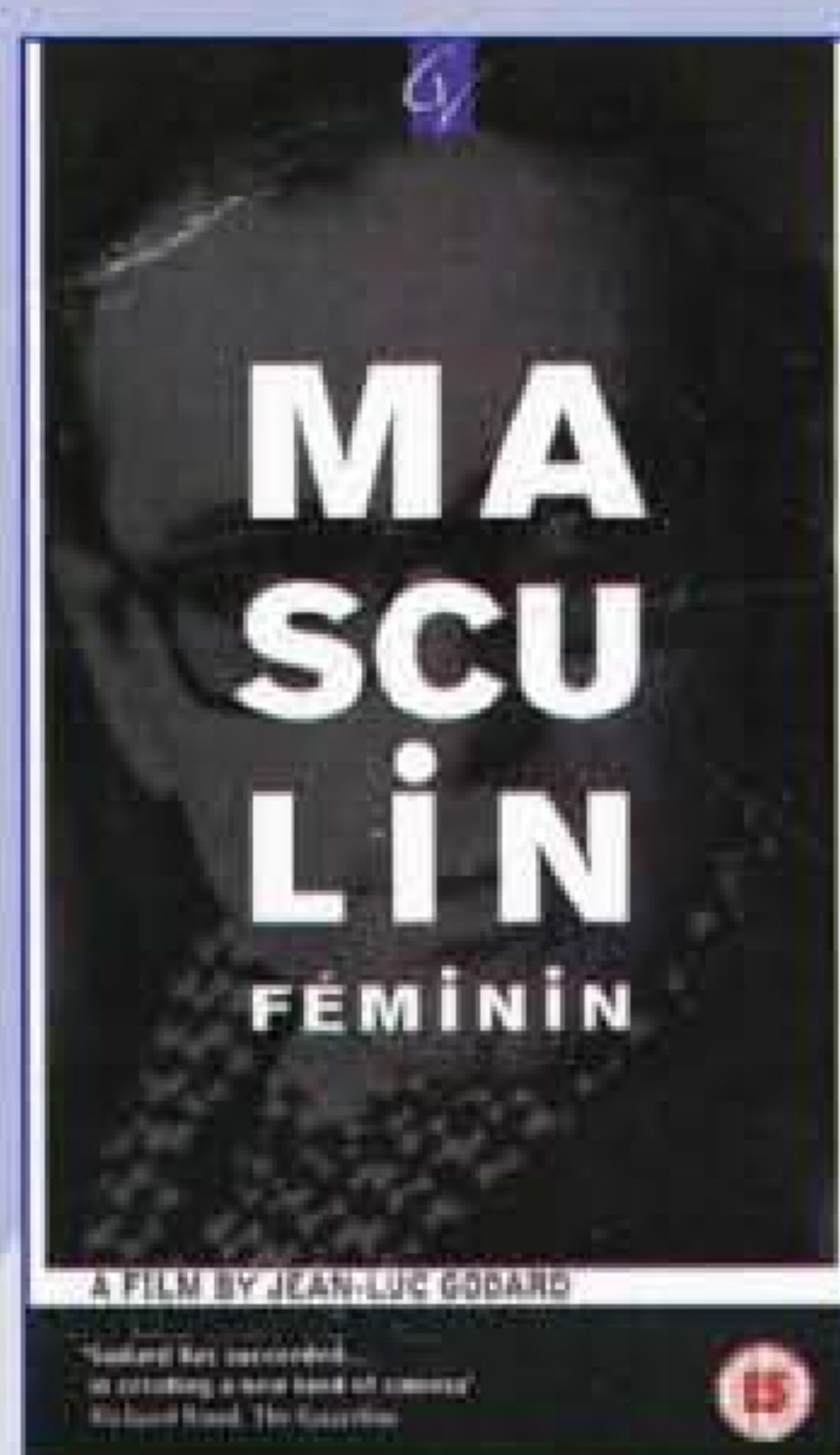
CR 140 £14.99



ALPHAVILLE

ALPHAVILLE Godard's only venture into science fiction which is an acknowledged masaterpiece 'An amazing amalgam of film-noir and science fiction' Time Out

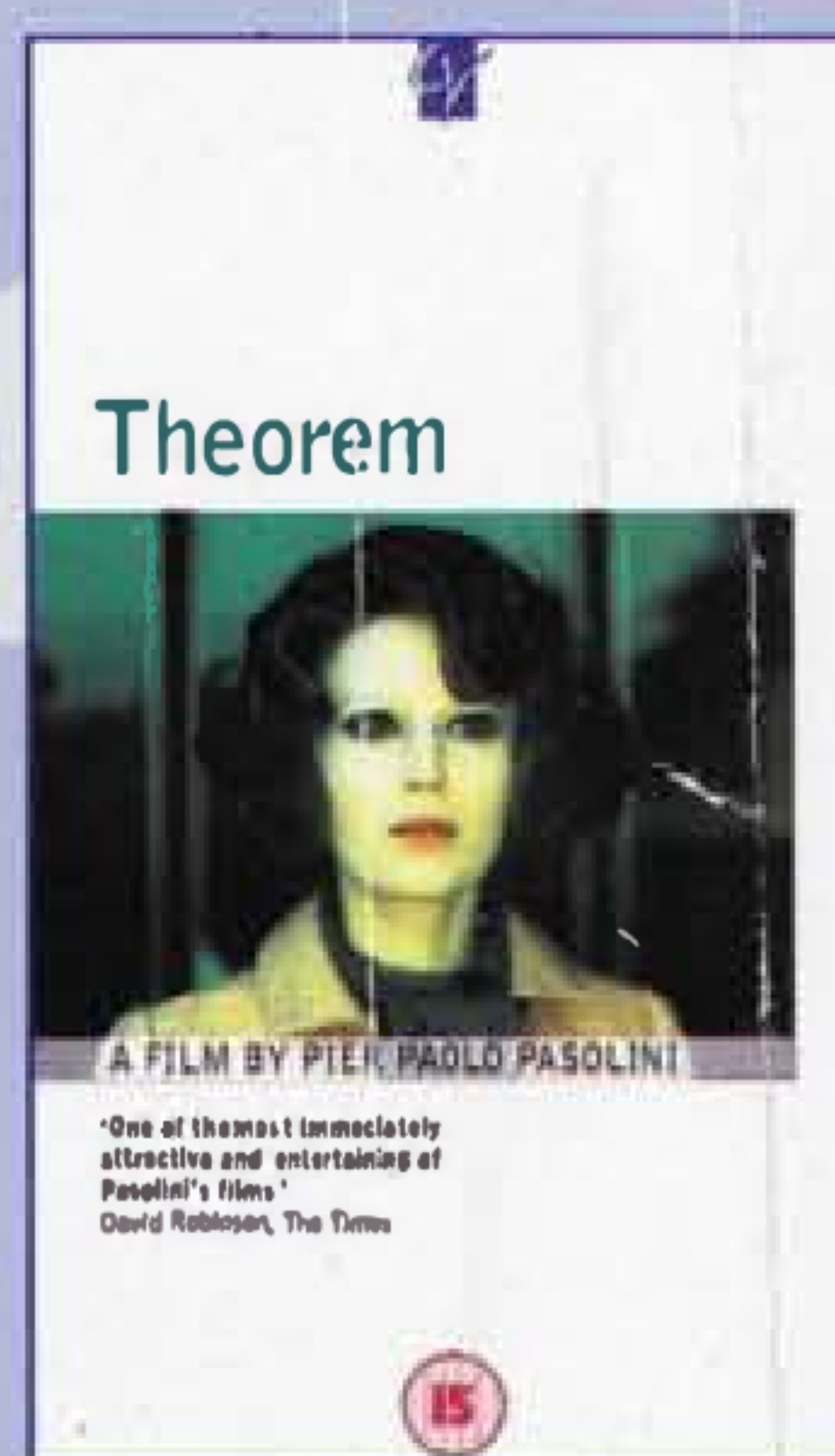
CR142 £14.99



MA SCU LIN FÉMININ

MASCULIN FÉMININ Godard's revealing harbinger of the Paris unrest of May 1968 'Godard has succeeded in creating a new kind of cinema' Richard Roud The Guardian

CR 141 £14.99



Theorem

THEOREM Pasolini's look at sexual repression with Terence Stamp as the 'Stranger' causing havoc in a bourgeois family

CR 144 £14.99



RoGoPaG

ROGOPAG Four of Europe's most exciting director's of the sixties-Rossellini, Godard, Pasolini and Gregoretti-combine in this episodic film

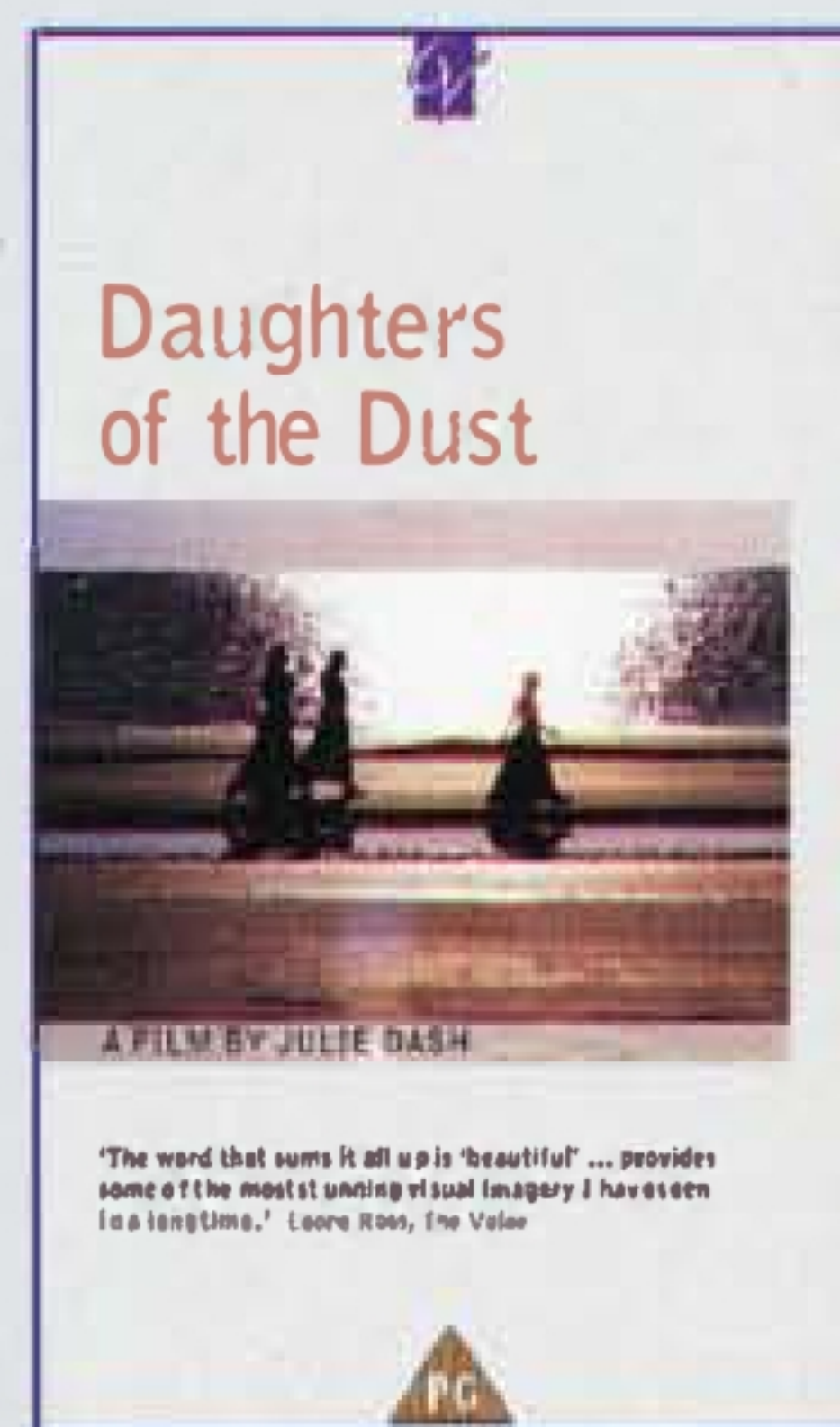
CR 143 £14.99



Un Chien Andalou

UN CHIEN ANDALOU Box set including two sound-track versions of Bunuel's surreal collaboration with Salvador Dali and the Faber & Faber book accompanying the film

CR129 £14.99



Daughters of the Dust

DAUGHTERS OF THE DUST '...an elegant meditation on the tug between ancestral roots and the New World...' Independent on Sunday

CR134 £12.99

All these titles are available from **CONNOISSEUR VIDEO** at the mail order price shown plus postage and packing of £1.50 for the first tape and 50p per tape thereafter.

- ◆ To order any of the videos listed, please tick the appropriate box.
- ◆ For multiple orders enter the number required in the box. ◆ Credit card bookings only on our Hotline **071 957 8960**.
- ◆ A full catalogue of over 100 Connoisseur and Academy titles can be obtained by telephoning **071 957 8957** during office hours or by leaving your name and address on our credit card hotline. ◆ Prices are inclusive of VAT.
- ◆ Please allow 28 days for delivery. ◆ Postage rates apply UK only.

Please cut this coupon and send to : Mail Order Offer, Connoisseur Video Ltd, 10a Stephen Mews, London W1P 0AX
Registered in England. Number 246 3593. VAT no. 448 8580 02

Photocopied coupons are also accepted

ORDER FORM

THE SHOP ON THE HIGH STREET	CR137	☐	A BLONDE IN LOVE	CR138	☐
CLOSELY OBSERVED TRAINS	CR139	☐	DAISIES	CR140	☐
MASCULIN FÉMININ	CR141	☐	ALPHAVILLE	CR142	☐
THEOREM	CR144	☐	ROGOPAG	CR143	☐
UN CHIEN ANDALOU	CR129	☐	DAUGHTERS OF THE DUST	CR134	☐

Please tick box(es) for required videos or enter number required for multiple orders of each title

Total order value £_____ plus £_____ p&p

I enclose a cheque for the total, payable to Connoisseur Video Limited, or charge my credit card for the total value of £_____

☐ Visa ☐ Access (tick box)

Card Number _____

Name _____

Address _____

Expiry date _____

Signature _____

Daytime phone no. _____

Delivery address (if different from above) _____

Connoisseur and Academy titles are also available from leading video stockists